



BIBLIOMANIA—BY SIR W. FETTES DOUGLAS.  
(By permission of the National Gallery of British Art, London.)

# READING AND THINKING

## BOOK VI

*A Collection of Prose and Verse  
Designed to Conduct the Reader  
to the Open Door of the Library*

EDITED BY RICHARD WILSON, B.A., D.LITT.



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*"Great Reading, without applying it,  
is like Corn heaped that is not stirred;  
it groweth musty."*

LORD HALIFAX (1633-95).



THE HARE.

(From an engraving by Dürer. See page 74.)

*"... one of the many unanswered questions, good to ask because it has no answer, only the suggestion of a train of thought; perhaps we are never so receptive as when with folded hands we say simply, 'This is a great mystery.'"*

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

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The Chapters on Picture Study were contributed by Henry T. Wyse.

# READING AND THINKING

## BOOK VI

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ BIBLIOMANIA ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., Scottish  
Artist, born 1822, died 1891.

THE Editor has placed this picture in the forefront of this book as a distinct warning!

A bibliomaniac is a person who is literally "mad on books"; one who collects books, hoards them, gloats over them, would do without other necessary things in order to obtain them, and very often *does not read them*.

Now a book, however beautiful externally, is nothing in itself. If it is loved only for its appearance, its fine binding, beautiful typography, and exquisite pictures, it is not nearly so worthy a thing as a lovely vase or an ivory statuette. For a vase or statuette was only intended to delight the eye, and its creator is content if that end is achieved. But a book was written not only to be read, but pondered over. It is nothing *as a book* if it does not instruct or inspire.

It is not asserted that the purchaser in this picture is going to neglect the reading of the books he buys, but it is clear that all his reading has had a bad effect upon his character; otherwise he would have buttoned up his gaiters before visiting the second-hand bookseller.

Having cleared the air in this manner, we are now free to study the picture.

The artist who painted the picture was also a book collector, and no doubt the volumes which appear in the picture were some of his own books. See how lovingly he has painted them,

giving each one a character of its own, as every real book always possesses. He has put the two principal figures as well as the most precious of the books right in the middle of the picture, as if to compel us to notice them first.

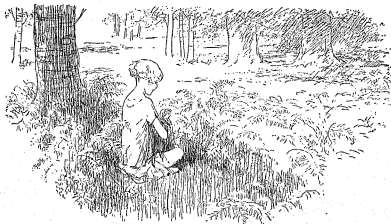
He has deliberately concentrated the light in the central part of the picture, allowing the edges of it to remain in comparative shadow. As the eye is naturally first attracted to the light part, it invites us to look at the most important figures and objects first. If you look at the picture with your eyes half shut, you will forget about all the detail and only notice the principal figures and what they are doing.

The old gentleman on our left hand is wiping his spectacles with his handkerchief so that he may see clearly the book which is being offered for his inspection by the old bookseller. Note the expression on the face of each of these two leading figures. The customer is eager to inspect the new treasure, and his face does not suggest that he will be very keen at a bargain, not so keen as the bookseller will be to get a good price ; though the latter has a fine face, and his close-set lips are probably only the result of having lost his teeth.

There are other people in the picture, but we do not notice them at first. The artist put them right and left out of the way, so that we would not notice them till we had seen the principal figures properly. Note the troubled face of the shopboy at the right, who is struggling manfully with a great pile of books, which he keeps from falling by pressing his chin on the top one ! At the left are two humble book buyers selecting volumes from "the penny box." In the background of the picture we see a small group of people, a street with houses (probably the Canongate in Edinburgh) and a smoky sky.

These are painted less carefully and clearly, so that they may appear some distance off. The whole picture is painted in warm colour, mostly of a rich golden brown. Some of the nearer books, as well as the boy's coat and the old gentleman's handkerchief, are bright scarlet, while touches of bright green here and there make a pleasing contrast of colour.

It is a pleasant picture, as you will probably agree, full of gentle human feeling and not a little fun. After all, it is better to be a maniac about books than about beer, though the effect upon the buttoning of gaiters appears to be the same.



❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ FAIRYLAND ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

**I**T was about three o'clock, this November afternoon, when I rode down into "Fairyland," as it is called about here. The birch trees there are more beautiful than any in the world; and when the clouds are streaming over in rain-grey, and the sky soaring above in higher blue, just seen, those gold and silver creatures have such magical loveliness as makes the hearts of mortals ache. The fairies, who have been driven off the moor, alone watch them with equanimity, if they be not indeed the birch trees themselves—especially those little very golden ones which have strayed out into the heather on the far side of the glen. "Revenge!" the fairies cried, when a century ago those whom they do not exist just to amuse made the new road over the moor, cutting right through the home of twilight, that wood above the "Falls," where till then they had always enjoyed inviolable enchantment. They trooped forthwith in their multitudinous secrecy down into the glen, to swarm about the old road. In half a century or so they had it almost abandoned, save for occasional horsemen and harmless persons seeking beauty, for whom the fairies have never had much feeling of aversion. And now, after a hundred years,

it is all theirs ; the ground so goldened with leaves and bracken that the old track is nothing but a vague hardness beneath a horse's feet, nothing but a runnel for the rains to gather in. There is everywhere that glen scent of mouldering leaves, so sweet when the wind comes down and stirs it and the sun frees and livens it. Not very many birds, perhaps because hawks are fond of hovering here. This was once the only road up to the village, the only communication with all that lies to the south and east. For the fairies have got it indeed, they have witched to skeletons all the little bridges across the glen stream ; they have mossed and thinned the gates to wraiths. With their dapple-gold revelry in sunlight, and their dance of pied beauty under the moon, they have made all their own.

I have ridden many times down into this glen, and slowly up among the beeches and oaks into the lanes again, hoping and believing that, some day, I should see a fairy take shape to my thick mortal vision ; and to-day, at last, I have seen.

I heard it first about half-way up the wood, a silvery voice piping out very true what seemed like mortal words, not quite to be caught. Resolved not to miss it this time, I got off quietly and tied my mare to a tree. Then, tiptoeing in the damp leaves which did not rustle, I stole up till I caught sight of it from behind an oak.

It was sitting in yellow bracken as high as its head, under a birch tree which had a few branches still gold-feathered. It seemed to be clothed in blue and to be swaying as it sang. There was something in its arms, as it might be a creature being nursed. Cautiously I slipped from that tree to the next till I could see its face, just like a child's, fascinating, very, very delicate, the little open mouth poised and shaped ever so neatly to the words it was singing ; the eyes wide apart and ever so wide open, fixed on nothing mortal. The song, and the little body, and the spirit in the eyes, all seemed to sway—sway together, like a soft wind that goes "sough-sough," swinging, in the tops of the ferns. And now it stretched out one arm and now the other, beckoning in to it those to which it was singing, so that one seemed to feel the invisible ones stealing up closer and closer.

These were the words which came so silvery and slow through that little mouth : " Chil-dren, chil-dren ! Hus-s-h ! "

It seemed as if the very rabbits must come and sit up there, the jays and pigeons settle above, everything in all the wood gather. Even one's own heart seemed to be drawn in by those beckoning arms, the slow enchantment of that tinkling voice, and the look in those eyes, which, lost in the unknown, were seeing no mortal glen, but only that mazed wood where friendly wild things come, who have no sound to their padding, no whirr to the movement of their wings; whose gay whisperings have no noise, whose eager shapes no colour—the fairy dream-wood of the unimaginable.

"Chil-dren, chil-dren! Hus-s-h!"

For just a moment I could see that spirit company—ghosts of the ferns and leaves, of butterflies and bees and birds, and four-footed things innumerable, ghosts of the wind, the sunbeams, and the raindrops, and tiny flickering ghosts of moon-rays. For just a moment I saw what the fairy's eyes were seeing, without knowing what they saw.

And then my mare trod on a dead branch and all vanished. My fairy was gone, and there was only little "Connemara," as we call her, nursing her doll, and smiling up at me from the fern, where she had come to practise her new school-song.



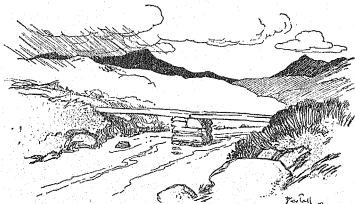
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

HE rode at furious speed to Broken Edge,  
 And he was very angry, very small ;  
 But God was kind, knowing he needed not  
 A scolding, nor a swift unpleasant fall,  
 Nor any high reproach of soul at all.  
 " It matters not," said Reason and Good Sense ;  
 " Absurd to let a trifle grow immense."  
 " It matters very much," said Busy Brain ;  
 " You cannot be content and calm again,  
 For you are angry in a righteous cause."  
 " Poor, queer old Waxy ! " laughed the hips and haws.  
 " God has a sense of humour," said a ball  
 Of orange-gold inside a spindle-berry—  
 " And ' Christ our Lorde is full exceeding merrie.' "

He lingered in the lane at Broken Edge,  
 Bryony berries burned from every hedge ;  
 Snails in the deep wet grass of fairy rings  
 Told him of unimaginable things.  
 Love was in all the colours of the sky,  
 Love in the folded shadows of the high  
 Blue hills, as quiet as any Easter Eve.  
 (O fool, O blind and earthbound thus to grieve !)

He turned his horse. Through level sunset-gleams  
 He saw a sudden little road that curled  
 And climbed elusive to a sky of dreams.  
 His anger over Broken Edge was hurled  
 To scatter into nothing on a gust  
 Of wind which brought the twilight to the trees.  
 The drifted leaves, the white October dust  
 Hiding the beechnuts for the squirrels' store,  
 Heard the low whisper spoken on his knees :—  
 " God, You have made a perfect world,  
 Don't let me spoil it ever any more."

V. L. EDMINSON.



THE DART

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

FROM the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains, where the red sundew glimmers and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song. Her pools and silent places mirror the dawn; noon-tide sunshine glitters along the granite aprons of her thousand falls; the wind catches her volume leaping downward, and flings it aloft into rainbows by day and moonlit veils by night. Beneath the echoing hills she passes, under the grey rain or silver mist she takes her most musical course; and presently, the richer by many a little sister river, grows into adult beauty of being, swells to the noblest stream in all the West Country, descends from her high places and winds, full fraught with mystery and loveliness, into the lives of men. Thereupon legends arise from her crystal depths; stories, sinister enough, are whispered; romance awakens to brood by her deep reaches and hanging woods. Henceforth humanity grows concerned with Dart, and, even as man pollutes her current with drosses and accretions from caldron or vat, so by him is her character clouded, her fair name maligned.

A mother of old story, with haunted pools; a flowing record of the past, whose silvery scroll is written close with chronicles of joy and grief, Dart hides many a deep grave



beneath her bosom, yet still takes the little children to her heart, that they may play there and shine like pink pearls upon her amber shallows. From happiest memory to darkest sorrow, ever rolling, ever changing, the river strays; and the nature of mankind is reflected in her many moods, in her peaceful and sunlit summer-time, in her autumn torrents and winter darkness banked with snow. To-day she glides and swirls in sleepy backwaters, and twinkles in a thousand separate threads over the great rocks; to-morrow she leaps and thunders cherry-red, with a storm message from the mountains; to-day the subaqueous mosses gasp as her receding stream leaves them shrunk under full blaze of light; to-morrow she foams in feshet, tosses her wild locks on high, shouts hoarsely, with echoing reverberations in deep gorges and old secret caves, drowns half a fathom deep the little flower that has budded and bloomed with trust beside her brink.

Innocent as yet of all story—a stream unblessed, uncursed—this virgin river shall be found winding upon Dartmoor's bosom. Untamed she riots here among the everlasting hills; untrammelled she leaps down her stairways, and rejoices to run her course. She brings goodness to the green things, light and flashing fire to the stone, life to the sequestered dwellers that throng her banks. As yet no bridge, save a rainbow on the mist, has ever spanned her stream, no wheel has stolen her strength, no keel has ridden her, no oar has struck. Younger than the young noon, older than the whole life of man, she passes from solitude to solitude; slides onward in sheets and twined threads of glassy crystal; mirrors the dark peat and shining gravel, the rush and thistle and cushions of pale ling bloom; she cuddles tiny islets where small rats dwell; she dimples into laughter when the trout rise; she smiles with a tremor of bubbles and shining wake as the flat-nosed otter paddles up-stream and leads her cubs to their hidden nursery. Out of the wilderness she passes onward and downward, with many a pause and acceleration, with many a curve and sweep and soft round confluxure, over marsh and peat tye and hollow to the land of ancient bridges, of forests, and placid water-meadows. Here red cattle come and little calves drink; in spring-time the mallows make a dawn of sudden pale gold; gorse and broom flame beside the great salmon pools;

and bluebells bring down a gleam of sky to the verdant earth.

But there is a region near her sources, where the river winds under huge hills crowned and scattered as to their grassy undulations with stone. The high lands clamber round about to a wild horizon that is roughly hurled upward in mighty confusion against the sky; and from the deep channels of the river's passage her music lulls or throbs at the will of the wind, and wakes or ceases suddenly as the breezes blow. Here, beneath the conical mitre of Longaford Tor, in Dartmoor's central waste and fastness, she sweeps along the fringes of a primeval forest. Upon the steep foot-hills of the tor, crooked, twisted, convulsed by centuries of western winds and bitter winters, like a regiment of old, chained and tortured ghosts, stands an ancient assemblage of dwarf oaks: that wonder of the Moor named Wistman's Wood. Grey lichens shroud each venerable bough, and heavy mosses—bronze and black—drip like wet hair from the joints and elbows of the trees, climb aloft within a span of the new year's leaves and fruit. In the deep laps of these shattered oaks, where rot and mould have built up rich root-room, grow whortleberries that hang out red bells in spring and ripen their purple fruit beside the acorn harvest in autumn; ivy strangles the sturdy dwarfs; the chaos of fern and boulders from which they grow swallows their fallen limbs and carcasses, but still they endure and still stoutly obey the call of the seasons. Their amber buds cast sheath at each new-born April; their lemon catkins powder the leaves again in May. After a thousand years life moves yet in their knotty hearts, and the young green of them is as fair as the fresh spike of the wild wood rush renewed beneath their shadows, or the dream-like corydalis, that here passes her brief summer at their feet.

---

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drown'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

TENNYSON.

IT'S a lonely road through bogland to the lake of Carrowmore,  
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the  
shore ;

Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are  
unfurled,

Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair :  
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him  
there :

And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery red  
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

" Come away," the red lips whisper, " all the world is weary  
now ;

'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the plough.

Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,

And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

" Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is  
near.

What's the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining  
clear ?

Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower-face glows  
above ?

'Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have opened once again,  
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men,  
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed with rainbow  
light and mirth,

And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-heart of earth.

A. E.



❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ HOPE IN FAILURE ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

THOUGH now thou hast failed and art fallen, despair not  
 because of defeat,  
 Though lost for a while be thy heaven and weary of earth be  
 thy feet,  
 For all will be beauty about thee hereafter through sorrowful  
 years,  
 And lovely the dews for thy chilling and ruby thy heart-drip  
 of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty that blinded  
 the eyes  
 Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow in alien skies.  
 The heart that had striven to beat in the heart of the Mighty  
 too soon  
 Shall still of that beating remember some errant and faltering  
 tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the secrets of  
 power ;  
 The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape of thy sorrow  
 a flower,  
 The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its tenderest rays,  
 The heart of whose shining is bright with the light of the  
 Ancient of Days.

° A. E.

---

ONE who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break ; never dreamed,  
 Though right were worsted, wrong would triumph ;  
 Held we fall—to rise ; are baffled—to fight better ;  
 Sleep—to wake.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

By Franz Hals, Dutch Painter, born 1580, died 1666.

WHY this picture should be named "The Laughing Cavalier" no one can say. The artist himself called it "Portrait of an Officer." Do you really think his face is a laughing one? Does he not look rather disdainful, as if he were very well pleased with himself, and a little supercilious, if not somewhat sly?

This is one of the artist's best-known pictures. The original painting hangs in the Wallace Collection in London, where some of our readers may be able to see it.

Franz Hals painted nothing but portraits. Some of them were "fancy" portraits, showing types rather than individuals, like this one. Many were portraits of the men and women of his own town of Haarlem, Holland. Others were very large canvases containing many portraits in one picture. Hals was regarded as the greatest portrait painter of his own day, and has not been surpassed since his time.

The English painter James Northcote, R.A. (1746-1831), said of him: "Franz Hals was a great painter; for truth of character, indeed, he was the greatest painter that ever existed. He made no 'beauties,' his portraits are of people such as we meet every day in the streets. He possessed one great advantage over other men—his mechanical power was such that he was able to hit off a portrait on the instant. He was able to shoot the bird flying—so to speak—with all its freshness about it, which even Titian does not seem to have done. If I had wanted an *exact* likeness, I should have preferred Franz Hals."

This is the verdict of a man who was himself a well-known portrait painter.

Some artists paint in the same manner all their lives. You cannot tell by looking at their pictures whether they were painted by a beginner or by a mature painter. Hans Holbein (1497-1543), for instance, painted in a careful, neat way all his life. Franz Hals did the same till he was about fifty years of age; but for the remaining thirty-four painting years of his life he painted more broadly and simply. He gradually



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER—BY FRANZ HALS.

learned that he did not need to represent each small detail he saw. He found that he could get a truer effect by painting the important things and omitting the unimportant.

The picture we are studying was painted in 1624, when he was forty-four years old. If you look at it very carefully, you will see that every detail is painted with equal neatness and care. The pattern on the sleeves, the lace collar and cuffs, are as neatly done as the face.

Which is the better kind of painting—the neat or the broad? Both kinds are praiseworthy. Holbein was a great painter all his life. Franz Hals was a great painter when he was young, but a still greater when he was older.

We notice that the colour of this picture is not bright, but it is very harmonious. It has been done with very few paints. Yellow ochre, light red, black, and white are the principal "colours" in it. Except in his large canvases containing many figures of gaily-dressed soldiers, most of Hals's pictures contain those four "colours" only.

What is the reason? There were really two reasons. The first was that Hals knew he could get harmony of colour more easily if he did not use very bright colours. The second was that yellow ochre, light red, black, and white were cheaper than the brighter colours!

Hals was often very poor, which was his own fault, as he was well paid for many of his pictures. Perhaps, at one of those periods when he could only afford the cheaper colours, he found out that he could paint quite well without the expensive ones. Then, when he had plenty of money, he spent it on other things. We know that when he was very old he had to sell three thin mattresses, an old oak table, and five oil paintings to pay his baker's bill! Poor Franz Hals—a great painter, but seemingly not very wise, at least for himself.

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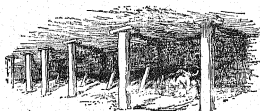
What would one have?

In Heaven perhaps, new chances, one more chance—  
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem  
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,  
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo, and me  
To cover.

ROBERT BROWNING.

**S**NUG in my easy-chair,  
 I stirred the fire to flame.  
 Fantastically fair,  
 The flickering fancies came,  
 Born of heart's desire :  
 Amber woodland streaming ;  
 Topaz islands dreaming ;  
 Sunset-cities gleaming,  
 Spire on burning spire ;  
 Ruddy-windowed taverns ;  
 Sunshine-spilling wines ;  
 Crystal-lighted caverns  
 Of Golconda's mines ;  
 Summers, unreturning ;  
 Passion's crater yearning ;  
 Troy, the ever-burning ;  
 Shelley's lustral pyre ;  
 Dragon-eyes, unsleeping ;  
 Witches' caldrons leaping ;  
 Golden galleys sweeping  
 Out from sea-walled Tyre :  
 Fancies, fugitive and fair,  
 Flashed with singing through the air :  
 Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,  
 I shut my eyes to heat and light ;  
 And saw, in sudden night,  
 Crouched in the dripping dark,  
 With streaming shoulders stark,  
 The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.







❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ✓ MRS. ADIS ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

IN North-East Sussex a great tongue of land runs into Kent by Scotney Castle. It is a land of woods—the old hammer woods of the Sussex iron industry—and among the woods gleam the hammer-ponds, holding in their mirrors the sunsets and sunrises. Owing to the thickness of the woods—great masses of oak and beech in a dense undergrowth of hazel and chestnut and frail willow—the road that passes Mrs. Adis's cottage is dark before the twilight has crept away from the fields beyond. That night there was no twilight and no moon, only a few pricks of fire in the black sky above the trees. But what the darkness hid the silence revealed. In the absolute stillness of the night, windless and clear with the first frost of October, every sound was distinct, intensified. The distant bark of a dog at Delmonden sounded close at hand, and the man who walked on the road could hear the echo of his own footsteps following him like a knell.

Every now and then he made an effort to go more quietly, but the roadside was a mass of brambles, and their crackling and rustling was nearly as loud as the thud of his feet on the marl. Besides, they made him go slowly, and he had no time for that.

When he came to Mrs. Adis's cottage he paused a moment. Only a small patch of grass lay between it and the road—he

went stealthily across it and looked in at the lighted, uncurtained window. He could see Mrs. Adis stooping over the fire, taking some pot or kettle off it. He hesitated and seemed to wonder. He was a big, hulking man, with reddish hair and freckled face, evidently of the labouring class, but not successful, judging by the vague grime and poverty of his appearance. For a moment he made as if he would open the window, then he changed his mind and went to the door instead.

He did not knock, but walked straight in.

The woman at the fire turned quickly round.

"What, you, Peter Crouch!" she said. "I didn't hear you knock."

"I didn't knock, ma'am. I didn't want anybody to hear."

"How's that?"

"I'm in trouble." His hands were shaking a little.

"What you done?"

"I shot a man, Mrs. Adis."

"You?"

"Yes—I shot him."

"You killed him?"

"I dunno."

For a moment there was silence in the small, stuffy kitchen. Then the kettle boiled over and Mrs. Adis sprang for it, mechanically putting it at the side of the fire.

She was a small, frail-looking woman, with a brown, hard face, on which the skin had dried in innumerable small, hair-like wrinkles. She was probably not more than forty-two, but life treats some women hard in the agricultural districts of Sussex, and Mrs. Adis's life had been harder than most.

"What do you want me to do for you, Peter Crouch?" she said a little sourly.

"Let me stay here a bit. Is there nowhere you can put me till they've gone?"

"Who's they?"

"The keepers."

"Oh, you've had a shine with the keepers, have you?"

"Yes. I was down by Cinder Wood seeing if I could pick up anything, and the keepers found me. There was four to one, so I used my gun. Then I ran for it. They're after me: reckon they aren't far off now."

Mrs. Adis did not speak for a moment.

Crouch looked at her searchingly, beseechingly.

"You might do it for Tom's sake," he said.

"You haven't been an over good friend to Tom," snapped Mrs. Adis.

"But Tom's been an unaccountable good friend to me; reckon he would want you to stand by me to-night."

"Well, I won't say he wouldn't, seeing as Tom always thought better of you than you deserved. Maybe you can stay till he comes home to-night, then we can hear what he says about it."

"That'll serve my turn, I reckon. He'll be up at Ironlatch for an hour yet, and the coast will be clear by then—I can get away out of the country."

"Where'll you go?"

"I dunno. There's time to think of that."

"Well, you can think of it in here," she said dryly, opening a door which led from the kitchen into the small lean-to of the cottage. "They'll never guess you're there, specially if I tell them I ain't seen you to-night."

"You're a good woman, Mrs. Adis. I know I'm not worth your standing by me, but maybe I'd have been different if I'd had a mother like Tom's."

She did not speak, but shut the door, and he was in darkness save for a small ray of light that filtered through one of the cracks. By this light he could see her moving to and fro, preparing Tom's supper. In another hour Tom would be home from Ironlatch Farm, where he worked every day. Peter Crouch trusted Tom not to revoke his mother's kindness, for they had been friends when they went together to the National School at Lamberhurst, and since then the friendship had not been broken by their very different characters and careers.

Peter Crouch huddled down upon the sacks that filled one corner of the lean-to and gave himself up to the dreary and anxious game of waiting. A delicious smell of cooking began to filter through from the kitchen, and he hoped Mrs. Adis would not deny him a share of the supper when Tom came home, for he was very hungry and he had a long way to go.

He had fallen into a kind of helpless doze, haunted by the

memories of the last two hours, recast in the form of dreams, when he was roused by the sound of footsteps on the road.

For a moment his poor heart nearly choked him with its beating. They were the keepers. They had guessed for a cert where he was—with Mrs. Adis, his old pal's mother. He had been a fool to come to the cottage. Nearly losing his self-control, he shrank into the corner shivering, half-sobbing. But the footsteps went by. They did not even hesitate at the door. He heard them ring away into the frosty stillness. The next minute Mrs. Adis stuck her head into the lean-to.

"That was them," she said shortly. "A party from the Castle. I saw them go by. They had lanterns, and I saw old Crotch and the two Boormans. Maybe it 'ud be better if you slipped out now and went towards Cansiron. You'd miss them that way and get over to Kent. There's a London train comes from Tunbridge Wells at ten to-night."

"That'd be a fine thing for me, ma'am, but I haven't the price of a ticket on me."

She went to one of the kitchen drawers. "Here's seven shillun. It'll be your fare to London and a bit over."

For a moment he did not speak, then he said: "I don't know how to thank you, ma'am."

"Oh, you needn't thank me. I am doing it for Tom. I know how unaccountable set he is on you and always was."

"I hope you won't get into trouble because of this."

"There ain't much fear. No one's ever likely to know you've been in this cottage. That's why I'd sooner you went before Tom came back, for maybe he'd bring a pal with him, and that'd make trouble. I won't say I shan't have it on my conscience for having helped you to escape the law, but shooting a keeper ain't the same as shooting an ordinary sort of man, as we all know, and maybe he ain't so much the worse, so I won't think no more about it."

She opened the door for him, but on the threshold they both stood still, for again footsteps could be heard approaching, this time from the far south.

"Maybe it's Tom," said Mrs. Adis.

"There's more than one man there, and I can hear voices."

"You'd better go back," she said shortly. "Wait till they've passed, anyway."

With an unwilling shrug he went back into the little dusty lean-to, which he had come to hate, and she locked the door upon him.

The footsteps drew nearer. They came more slowly and heavily this time. For a moment he thought they would pass also, but their momentary dulling was only the crossing of the strip of grass outside the door. The next minute there was a knock. It was not Tom, then.

Trembling with anxiety and curiosity, Peter Crouch put his eye to one of the numerous cracks in the lean-to door and looked through into the kitchen. He saw Mrs. Adis go to the cottage door, but before she could open it a man came quickly in and shut it behind him.

Crouch recognized Vidler, one of the keepers of Scotney Castle, and he felt his hands and feet grow leaden cold. They knew where he was, then. They had followed him. They had guessed that he had taken refuge with Mrs. Adis. It was all up. He was not really hidden; there was no place for him to hide. Directly they opened the inner door they would see him. Why couldn't he think of things better? Why wasn't he cleverer at looking after himself—like other men? His legs suddenly refused to support him, and he sat down on the pile of sacks.

The man in the kitchen seemed to have some difficulty in saying what he wanted to Mrs. Adis. He stood before her silently, twisting his cap.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"I want to speak to you, ma'am."

Peter Crouch listened, straining his ears, for his thudding heart nearly drowned the voices in the next room. Oh no, he was sure she would not give him away. If only for Tom's sake. . . . She was a game sort, Mrs. Adis.

"Well?" she said sharply, as the man remained tongue-tied.

"I have brought you bad news, ma'am."

Her expression changed.

"What? It ain't Tom, is it?"

"He's outside," said the keeper.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Adis, and she moved towards the door.

"Don't, ma'am. Not till I've told you."

"Told me what? Oh, be quick, man, for mercy's sake," and she tried to push past him to the door.

"There's been a row," he said, "down by Cinder Wood. There was a chap there snaring rabbits, and Tom was walking with the Boormans and me and old Crotch down from the Castle. We heard a noise in the Eighteen-pounder Spinney, and there . . . It was too dark to see who it was, and directly he saw us he made off—but we'd scared him, and he let fly with his gun. . . .

He stopped speaking and looked at her, as if beseeching her to fill in the gaps of his story. In his corner of the lean-to Peter Crouch was as a man of sawdust.

"Tom——" said Mrs. Adis.

The keeper had forgotten his guard, and before he could prevent her she had flung open the door.

The men outside had evidently been waiting for the signal, and they came in, carrying something on a hurdle, which they put down in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Adis without tears.

The men nodded. They could not find a dry voice like hers.

In the lean-to Peter Crouch had ceased to sweat and tremble. Strength had come with despair, for he knew he must despair now. Besides, he no longer wanted to escape from this thing that he had done. Oh, Tom!—and I was thinking it was one of them keepers. Oh, Tom! And it was you that got it—got it from me! Reckon I don't want to live!

And yet life was sweet, for there was a woman at Ticehurst, a woman as staunch to him as Tom, who would go with him to the world's end even now. But he must not think of her. He had no right: his life was forfeit to Mrs. Adis.

She was sitting in the old basket armchair by the fire. One of the men had helped her into it. Another man with rough kindness had poured her out something from a flask he carried in his pocket. "Here, ma'am, take a drop of this. It'll give you strength."

"We'll go round to Ironlatch Cottage and ask Mrs. Gain to come down to you."

"Reckon this is a turble thing to have come to you, but it's the will o' Providence, as some folks say; and as for the

man who did it—we've a middling good guess who he is, and he shall swing."

"We didn't see his face, but we've got his gun. He threw it into an alder when he bolted, and I swear that gun belongs to Peter Crouch, who's been up to no good since the day when Mus' Scales sacked him for stealing his corn."

"Reckon, tho', he didn't know it was Tom when he did it—he and Tom always being better friends than he deserved."

Peter Crouch was standing upright now, looking through the crack of the door. He saw Mrs. Adis struggle to her feet and stand by the table, looking down on the dead man's face. A whole eternity seemed to roll by as she stood there. He saw her put her hand into her apron pocket, where she had thrust the key of the lean-to.

"The Boormans have gone after Crouch," said Vidler, nervously breaking the silence. "They'd a notion as he'd broken through the woods Ironlatch way. There's no chance of his having been by here? You haven't seen him to-night, ma'am?"

There was a pause.

"No," said Mrs. Adis, "I haven't seen him. Not since Tuesday." She took her hand out of her apron pocket.

"Well, we'll be getting around and fetch Mrs. Gain. Reckon you'd be glad to have her."

Mrs. Adis nodded.

"Will you carry him in there first?" and she pointed to the bedroom door.

The men picked up the hurdle and carried it into the next room. Then silently each wrung the mother by the hand and went away.

She waited until they had shut the door, then she came towards the lean-to. Crouch once more fell a-shivering. He couldn't bear it. No, he'd rather swing than face Mrs. Adis. He heard the key turn in the lock, and he nearly screamed.

But she did not come in. She merely unlocked the door, then crossed the kitchen with a heavy, dragging footstep and shut herself into the room where Tom was.

Peter Crouch knew what he must do—the only thing she wanted him to do, the only thing he could possibly do. He opened the door and silently went out.

I

FROM the troubles of the world  
 I turn to ducks,  
 Beautiful comical things  
 Sleeping or curled  
 Their heads beneath white wings  
 By water cool,  
 Or finding curious things  
 To eat in various mucks  
 Beneath the pool.  
 Tails uppermost, or waddling  
 Sailor-like on the shores  
 Of ponds, or paddling  
 —Left ! right !—with fanlike feet  
 Which are for steady oars  
 When they (white galleys) float  
 Each bird a boat  
 Rippling at will the sweet  
 Wide waterway . . .  
 When night is fallen *you* creep  
 Upstairs, but drakes and dillies  
 Nest with pale water-stars,  
 Moonbeams and shadow bars,  
 And water-lilies :  
 Fearful too much to sleep  
 Since they've no locks  
 To click against the teeth  
 Of weasel and fox  
 And warm beneath  
 Are eggs of cloudy green  
 Whence hungry rats and lean  
 Would stealthily suck  
 New life, but for the mien,  
 The bold ferocious mien  
 Of the mother-duck.



## II

Yes, ducks are valiant things  
On nests of twigs and straws,  
And ducks are soothly things  
And lovely on the lake  
When that the sunlight draws  
Thereon their pictures dim  
In colours cool.  
And when beneath the pool  
They dabble, and when they swim  
And make their rippling rings,  
O ducks are beautiful things !

But ducks are comical things :—  
As comical as you.

Quack !

They waddle round, they do.  
They eat all sorts of things,  
And then they quack.  
By barn and stable and stack  
They wander at their will,  
But if you go too near  
They look at you through black  
Small topaz-tinted eyes  
And wish you ill.  
Triangular and clear  
They leave their curious track  
In mud at the water's edge,  
And there amid the sedge  
And slime they gobble and peer  
Saying " Quack ! quack ! "

## III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns  
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,  
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then  
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men

Should stiffen and become  
 Dull, humourless, and glum :  
 And so forgetful of their Maker be  
 As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.  
 Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns :  
 All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones !  
 And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit  
 Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.  
 And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of  
 its bill !

F. H. HARVEY.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ THE DOWNS ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

**O** BOLD majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely ;  
 O still solitude, only matched in the skies ;  
 Perilous in steep places,  
 Soft in the level races,  
 Where sweeping in phantom silence the cloudland flies ;  
 With lovely undulation of fall and rise ;  
 Entrenched with thickets thorned,  
 By delicate miniature flowers adorned !

I climb your crown, and lo ! a sight surprising  
 Of sea in front uprising, steep and wide ;  
 And scattered ships ascending  
 To heaven, lost in the blending  
 Of distant blues, where water and sky divide,  
 Urging their engines against wind and tide,  
 And all so small and slow  
 They seem to be wearily pointing the way they would go.

The accumulated murmur of soft plashing,  
 Of waves on rocks dashing and searching the sands,  
 Takes my ear, in the veering  
 Baffled wind, as rearing  
 Upright at the cliff, to the gullies and rifts he stands ;  
 And his conquering surges scour out over the lands ;  
 While again at the foot of the downs  
 He masses his strength to recover the topmost crowns.

ROBERT BRIDGES.



## ❧ "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE" ❧

By MICHAEL FAIRLESS

TO-DAY I have lived in a whirl of dust. To-morrow is the great annual cattle fair at E—, and through the long hot hours the beasts from all the district round have streamed in broken procession along my road, to change hands or to die. Surely the lordship over creation implies wise and gentle rule for intelligent use, not the pursuit of a mere immediate end, without any thought of community in the great sacrament of life.

❧ In olden days the herd led his flock, going first in the post of danger to defend the creatures he had weaned from their natural habits for his various uses. Now that good relationship has ceased for us to exist, man drives the beasts before him, means to his end, but with no harmony between end and means. All day long the droves of sheep pass me on their lame and patient way, no longer freely and instinctively following a protector and forerunner, but *driven*, impelled by force and resistless will—the same will which once went before without force. They are all trimmed as much as possible to one pattern, and all make the same sad plaint. It is a day on which to thank God for the unknown tongue. The

drover and his lad in dusty blue coats plod along stolidly, deaf and blind to all but the way before them; no longer wielding the crook, instrument of deliverance, or at most of gentle compulsion, but armed with a heavy stick and mechanically dealing blows on the short thick fleeces; without evil intent because without thought—it is the ritual of the trade.

Of all the poor dumb pilgrims of the road the bullocks are the most terrible to see. They are not patient, but go most unwillingly with lowered head and furtive sideways motion, in their eyes a horror of great fear. The sleek cattle, knee deep in pasture, massed at the gate, and stared mild-eyed and with inquiring bellow at the retreating drove; but these passed without answer on to the Unknown, and for them it spelt death.

Behind a squadron of sleek, well-fed cart horses, formed in fours, with straw braid in mane and tail, came the ponies, for the most part a merry company. Long strings of rusty, shaggy two-year-olds, unbroken, unkempt, the short Down grass still sweet on their tongues; full of fun, frolic, and wickedness, biting and pulling, casting longing eyes at the hedgerows. The boys appear to recognize them as kindred spirits, and are curiously forbearing and patient. Soon both ponies and boys vanish in a white whirl, and a long line of carts, which had evidently waited for the dust to subside, comes slowly up the incline. For the most part they carry the pigs and fowls, carriage folk of the road. The latter are hot, crowded, and dusty under the open netting; the former for the most part cheerfully remonstrative.

I drew a breath of relief as the noise of wheels died away and my road sank into silence. The hedgerows are no longer green, but white and choked with dust, a sight to move good sister Rain to welcome tears. The birds seem to have fled before the noisy confusion. I wonder whether my snake has seen and smiled at the clumsy ruling of the lord he so little heeds? I turned aside through the gate to plunge face and hands into the cool of the sheltered grass that side the hedge, and then rested my eyes on the stretch of green I had lacked all day. The rabbits had apparently played and browsed unmindful of the stir, and were still flirting their white tails along the hedgerows; a lark rose, another and another, and

I went back to my road. Peace still reigned, for the shadows were lengthening, and there would be little more traffic for the fair. I turned to my work, grateful for the stillness, and saw on the white stretch of road a lone old man and a pig. Surely I knew that tall figure in the quaint grey smock, surely I knew the face, furrowed like nature's face in springtime, and crowned by a round soft hat? And the pig, the black pig, walking decorously free? Ay, I knew them.

In the early spring I took a whole holiday and a long tramp; and towards afternoon, tired and thirsty, sought water at a little lonely cottage whose windows peered and blinked under overhanging brows of thatch. I had, not the water I asked for, but milk and a bowl of sweet porridge for which I paid only thanks; and stayed for a chat with my kindly hosts. They were a quaint old couple of the kind rarely met with nowadays. They enjoyed a little pension from the Squire and a garden in which vegetables and flowers lived side by side in friendliest fashion. Bees worked and sang over the thyme and marjoram, blooming early in a sunny nook; and in a homely sty lived a solemn black pig, a pig with a history.

It was no common utilitarian pig, but the honoured guest of the old couple, and it knew it. A year before, their youngest and only surviving child, then a man of five-and-twenty, had brought his mother the result of his savings in the shape of a fine young pig: a week later he lay dead of the typhoid that scourged Maidstone. Hence the pig was sacred, cared for and loved by this Darby and Joan.

"'Ee be mos' like a child to me and the mother, an' mos' as sensible as a Christian, 'ee be," the old man had said; and I could hardly credit my eyes when I saw the tall bent figure side by side with the black pig, coming along my road on such a day.

I hailed the old man, and both turned aside; but he gazed at me without remembrance.

I spoke of the pig and its history. He nodded wearily. "Ay, ay, lad, you've got it; 'tis poor Dick's pig right enow."

"But you're never going to take it to E——?"

"Ay, but I be, and comin' back alone, if the Lord be merciful. The missus has been terrible bad this two months and more; Squire's in foreign parts; and food-stuffs such

as the old woman wants is hard buying for poor folks. The stocking's empty, now 'tis the pig must go, and I believe he'd be glad for to do the missus a turn; she were terrible good to him, were the missus, and fond, too. I dursn't tell her he was to go; she'd sooner starve than lose poor Dick's pig. Well, we'd best be movin'; 'tis a fairish step."

The pig followed comprehending and docile, and as the quaint couple passed from sight I thought I heard Brother Death stir in the shadow. He is a strong angel and of great pity.

❖ ❖ ❖ TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER ❖ ❖ ❖

IT'S wonderful dogs they're breeding now :  
 Small as a flea or large as a cow ;  
 But my old lad Tim he'll never be bet  
 By any dog that ever he met.  
 "Come on," says he, " for I'm not kilt yet."

No matter the size of the dog he'll meet,  
 Tim trails his coat the length o' the street.  
 D'ye mind his scars an' his ragged ear,  
 The like of a Dublin Fusilier ?  
 He's a massacre dog that knows no fear.

But he'd stick to me till his latest breath ;  
 An' he'd go with me to the gates of death  
 He'd wait for a thousand years, maybe,  
 Scratching the door an' whining for me  
 If myself were inside in Purgatory.

So I laugh when I hear thim make it plain  
 That dogs and men never meet again.  
 For all their talk who'd listen to thim,  
 With the soul in the shining eyes of him ?  
 Would God be wasting a dog like Tim ?

W. M. LETTS.

## ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ SIBYLLA DELPHICA ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, English Painter,  
born 1833, died 1898.

BURNE-JONES would have laughed if any one had told him, when he was a boy at school, that he was to become a famous painter! He could not draw, and, besides, he had no particular interest in pictures. He was a diligent scholar, however, especially in Latin and Greek.

His parents intended him for the Church, so he went to Oxford University when he was twenty years of age. After he had been there some years, he suddenly changed his mind and determined to become an artist. His friends said that this was very foolish of him. It would require many years of practice in drawing and painting at an art school before he could begin to think of painting a picture—and so on.

But Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelite painter whom he consulted, advised him not to go to a drawing school. So he went and worked in Rossetti's studio instead. This method of learning was so successful that within ten years Burne-Jones became a well-known artist.

This new kind of training made a new kind of artist. Burne-Jones's mind was full of the old legends and myths of Ancient Greece and Rome. His strong desire to express them in paint enabled him to dispense with the usual long training of an artist. Because his experiences had been different from others, so his pictures were different.

We must not look for realism in his pictures. He had not the long training necessary to enable him to express this. His pictures are simple, straightforward decorations. He emphasized design and colour, and used the necessary form and light and shade. He did not attempt to make his picture look real. He is really a poet in paint, not a painter of ordinary scenes and things. If we remember this we shall enjoy the special beauty of his pictures.

"Sibylla Delphica" shows the priestess of Apollo at Delphi bringing from the temple an oracle, or wise saying, written



SIBYLLA DELPHICA—BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.



on the bay leaves which she carries in her hands. The story interest of the picture is not a strong one! Nor is its likeness to nature such as to make us admire the skill of the artist! Burne-Jones thought of a picture as a decoration, something beautiful, based on nature, but not copied from or expressing it!

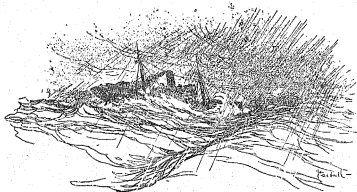
We expect to find beauty in a poem, not scientific truth! Every great artist gives us the best that is in him. The great portrait painter, like Hals or Raeburn, shows us character in faces. The great landscapist, like Constable, opens our eyes to the beauties of the country. Landscape painters, like Turner, show us a beauty not seen on land or sea. Burne-Jones shows us the beauty of the poet's world.

If we wish to find "faults" in Burne-Jones's picture, we shall notice that the priestess is taller than any real woman. We shall see that the flame on the brazier is not like a real flame. There are no large shadows cast by the figure on the ground.

But is it fair, we repeat, to expect to find realism in poetry, or scientific truth in a book of fairy tales? Let us rather look for Burne-Jones's beauty of design, form, and colour.

The priestess in her tall beauty is nobler and more impressive than an ordinary woman. We are attracted by the beautiful folds and colour of her dress. Notice how this colour is repeated, like an echo, in the flame. The beautiful green of the brazier is repeated in a darker tone in the branches of bay leaves in her hands.

Burne-Jones was not only a painter. He is equally well known for the hundreds of beautiful stained-glass windows which he designed for churches, such as those at Rottingdean near Brighton. During his lifetime he finished over two hundred pictures in oil and water-colour. More than a thousand designs for stained-glass windows, and hundreds of designs for tapestries, embroideries, and book illustrations were also made by him. You do not require to be told that he was a very industrious and, within his acknowledged limits, great artist!



## MY FIRST LONG VOYAGE

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

OUT we drove at last. It was December, but by luck we found a halcyon morning which had got lost in the year's procession. It was a Sunday morning, and it had not been ashore. It was still virgin, bearing a vestal light. It had not been soiled yet by any suspicion of this trampled planet, this muddy star, which its innocent and tenuous rays had discovered in the region of night. I thought it still was regarding us as a lucky find there. Its light was tremulous, as if with joy and eagerness. I met this discovering morning as your ambassador while you still slept, and betrayed not, I hope, any greyness and bleared satiety of ours to its pure, frail, and lucid regard. I was glad to see how well our old earth met such a light, as though it had no difficulty in looking day in the face. The world was miraculously renewed. It rose, and received the new-born of Aurora in its arms. There were clouds of pearl above hills of chrysoprase. The sea ran in volatile flames. The shadows on the bright deck shot to and fro as we rolled. The breakfast bell rang not too soon. This was a right beginning.

The pilot was dropped, and a course was shaped to pass between Lundy and Hartland. A strong north-wester and its seas caught us beyond the Mumbles, and the quality of the sunshine thinned to a flickering stuff which cast only grey

shadows. The *Capella* became quarrelsome, and began to strike the seas heavily. You may know the *Capella* when you see her. She is a modern three-thousand-ton freighter, with derrick supports fore and aft, and a funnel; and the three of them are so fearful of seeming rakish that they overdo the effect of stern utility, and appear to lean ahead. She is a three-island ship, the amidships section carrying the second mate's cabin, and the cabins of the four engineers, all of them excepting the Chief's cabin looking outwards overseas across a narrow sheltered alley-way; and on a narrower athwartship alley-way there, and opening astern, are the Chief's place, and the cook's galley, the entrance to the engine-room, and the engineers' messroom. Above this structure is the boat deck. You may reach the poop, which contains the master's and chief mate's quarters, the doctor's and steward's berths, and the saloon, by descending a perpendicular iron ladder to the long main deck, or else, as all did at sea, by a flying trestle bridge, which is dismantled when she is in port. Her black funnel is relieved by a cryptic design in white. . . . She might not take your eye, but a shipowner would see her points. She carries a cargo much greater than the tonnage by which she is registered for dock charges and other dues. The money that built her went mostly in hull and engines, and the latter do their work as sweetly as an eight-day clock, giving ten and a half knots, weather permitting, on a low consumption of coal. There was not much money left, therefore, for balm in the cabins, and that is the reason we do not find it there.

At sundown the sky cleared. The wind had increased, and had swept it of the last feather. Lundy was over our star-board bow, a small dark blot in a clear yellow light which poured, with the gale and rising seas, from the west. The glass was falling. Now, the Skipper has often told me how his *Capella* had faced hurricanes off Cape Hatteras, when laden with ore, and had kept her decks dry. There are other stories about her surprising buoyancy when deeply laden, and I have heard them all at home, and they are fine stories. But what lies they are! For there below me, with Lundy not even passed, and the Bay of Biscay to come (Para not to be thought of yet) were tons and tons of salt wash that could

not get time to escape by the scuppers, but plunged wearily amongst the hatches and winches.

"I've never seen her as dirty as this," grumbled the chief engineer apologetically, peeping from his cabin at green water lopping casually over the after deck. "It's that patent fuel—it's stowed wrong. Now she'll roll—you can feel it—the cat she is, she's never going to stop. It's that patent fuel and her new load line."

Certainly she sat close to the sea. I had never before seen so much lively water so close. She wallowed, she plunged, she rolled, she sank heavily to its level. I looked out from the round window of the Chief's cabin, and those green mounds of the swell swinging under us and away were superior, in apparition, to my outlook.

"Listen to it," said the Chief. He stopped triturating some shavings of hard tobacco between his huge palms, and sat quietly, hands clasped, as though in prayer. The surge mourned over the deck. The day, too, was growing towards the dusky hours of retrospection. That sombre monody outside was like the tremor and boom of the drums of the lament. . . . The Chief picked his flute out of a bookshelf which was fastened above his bunk, sat down over the steam heater, and broke out like a blackbird. Yet was it a well-remembered air he fluted so nicely. I listened for as long as respect for the artist demanded, then rose, filled my pipe from the fragrant grains on the log book, and left him. Presently I would listen to such airs; but this was too soon.

I repeat that I had confidence in the *Capella* to gain. I went forward to get it, mounting the bridge, where my cabin mate, the youthful second officer, was in charge, in his oilskins. A cheerful sight he looked. "I think," said he briskly, "we're going to catch it." He was puckering his face over our course. Lundy was looming large—even Rat Island was plain—but it looked so frail in that flood of seas, wind, and wild yellow light streaming together from the evening west, that I looked for the unsubstantial island to spring suddenly from its foundations, and to come down on us a stretched wisp of thinned and ragged smoke. The sea was adrift from its old confines. The flood was pouring past, and the wind was the drainage of interstellar space. Lundy was the last delicate

fragment of land. It still fronted the upheaval and rush of the ungoverned elements, but one looked for it to be swept away.

Yet that wild and scenic west, of such pallor and clarity that one shrank from facing its inhospitable spaciousness, with each shape of a wave there, black against the light as it reared ahead, a distinct individual foe in the host moving to the attack, was but the prelude. Night and the worst were to come. Just then, while the last of the light was shining on the officer's oilskins, I was merely surprised that our bulk was such a trifle after all. Our loaded vessel looked so bluff and massive when in dock. She began to attempt, off Lundy, the spring and jauntiness of a trawler. The bows sank to the rails in an acre of white, and the spume flew past the bridge like rain. The black bows lifted and swayed, buoyant on submarine upheavals, to cut out segments of the sunset; then sank again into dark hollows where the foam was luminous. The cold and wind were bitter dolours.

We rolled. I grasped the rail of the weather cloth, in the drive of wind and spume, and rode our charger like a valiant man; like a valiant man who is uncertain of his seat. Something like a valiant man. We advanced to the attack, masts and funnel describing great arcs, and steadily our bows shouldered away the foe. I think sailors deserve large monies. Being the less valiant—for the longer I watched, the more grew I wet and cold—it came to my mind that where we were, but a few weeks before, another large freighter had her hatches opened by the seas, and presently was but a trace of oil and cinders on the waters. You will remember I am on my first long voyage. The officer was quite cheerful and asked me if I knew Forest Gate. There were, he said, some fine girls at Forest Gate.

We rounded Hartland. It was growing dark, the weather now was directly upon our starboard beam, and the waves were coming solidly inboard. The main deck was white with plunging water. We rolled still more.

"I can't make out why you left London when you didn't have to," said the grinning sailor. "I'd like to be on the Stratford tram, going down to Forest Gate."

This was nearly as bad as the Chief's flute. I held up two

fingers over those hatches of ours, called silently on blessed Saint Anthony, who loves sailors, and went down the ladder ; for night had come, and the prospect from the *Capella* was not the less apprehensive to the mind of a landsman because the enemy could not be seen, except as flying ghosts. The noises could be heard all right.

I shut my heavy teak door amidships, shut out the daunting uproar of floods, and the sensation that the night was collapsing round our heaving ship. There was a home light far away, on some unseen Cornish headland, rising and falling like a soaring but tethered star. Nor did I want the lights of home.

"I love the sea," a beautiful woman once said to me. (We, then, stood looking out over it from a height, and the sea was but the sediment of the still air, the blue precipitation of the sky, for it was that restful time, early October. I also loved it then.)

I was thinking of this, when the concrete floor of the cabin nearly became a wall, and I fell absurdwise, striking nearly every item in the cabin. Was this the way to greet a lover ? Sitting on a sea-chest, and swaying to and fro because the ship compelled me to a figure of woe, I began to consider whether it was only the books about the sea which I had loved hitherto, and not the sea itself. Perhaps it is better not to live with it, if you would love it. The sea is at its best at London, near midnight, when you are within the arms of a capacious chair, before a glowing fire, selecting phases of the voyages you will never make. It is wiser not to try to realize your dreams. There are no real dreams. For as to the sea itself, love it you cannot. Why should you ? I will never believe again the sea was ever loved by any one whose life was married to it. It is the creation of Omnipotence, which is not of human kind and understandable, and so the springs of its behaviour are hidden. The sea does not assume its royal blue to please you. Its brute and dark desolation is not raised to overwhelm you ; you disappear then because you happen to be there. It carries the lucky foolish to fortune and drags the calculating wise to the strewn bones. Yet, thought I, that night off Cornwall, if I pray now as one of the privileged and lucky foolish, this very occasion may prove to be set apart for the sole use of the calculating wise. Because that is the way

things happen at sea. What else may we expect from It, the nameless thing, new-born with each dawn, but as old as the night? Now for me had it degenerated into its mood of old night, behaving as it did in the lightless days, before poetry came to change it with flattery. It was again as inhuman as when the poet was merely a wonderfully potential blob on a warm mudbank. . . .

I turned up the dull and stinking oil lamp, and tried to read; but that fuliginous glim haunted the pages. That black-edged light too much resembled my own thoughts made manifest. There were some bunches of my cabin mate's clothes hanging from hooks, and I watched their erratic behaviour instead. The water in the carafe was also interesting, because quite mad, standing diagonally in the bottle, and then reversing. A lump of soap made a flying leap from the wash-stand, and then slithered about the floor like something hunted and panic-stricken. I listened to numerous little voices. There was no telling their origins. There was a chorus in the cabin, whispers, complaints, creaks, wails, and grunts; but they were foundered in the din when the spittoon, which was an empty meat tin, got its lashings loose, and began a rioting fandango on the concrete. Over the clothes chest, which was also our table and a cabin fixture, was a portrait of the mate's sweetheart, and on its frame was one of my busy little friends the cockroaches; for the mate and I do not sleep alone in this cabin, not by hundreds. The cockroach stood in thought, waving his hands interrogatively, as one who talks to himself nervously. The ship at that moment received a seventh wave, lurched, and trembled. The cockroach fell. I rose, listening. I felt sure a new clamour would begin at once, showing we had reached another and critical stage of the fight. But no; the brave heart of her was beating as before. I could feel its steady pulse throbbing in our table. We were alive and strong, though labouring direfully.

It was when I was thinking whether bed would be, as I have so often found it, the best answer to doubt, that I heard a boatswain's pipe.

I fought one side of the door, and the wind fought the other. My hurry to open the door was great, but the obstinate wind held it firmly. Without warning, the wind released its

hold, the ship fell over to windward, the door flew open, and forth I went, clutching at the driving dark. Then up sailed my side of the ship, and the door shut with the sound of gunfire. I had never before experienced such insensate violence. These were the unlawful noises and movements of chaos. Hanging to a rail, I was puzzling out which was the head and which the stern of the ship, when a flying lump of salt water struck me in the face just as a figure (I thought it was the chief officer) hurried past me bawling "All hands."

The figure came back. "That you, purser? Number three hatch has gone," it said, and disappeared instantly.

So. Then this very thing had come to me, and at night! Our hatches were adrift. It was impossible. Why, we had only just left Swansea. It could not be true; it was absurdly unfair. This was my first long voyage, and it had only just begun. I stood like the cricketer who is out for a duck.

If I could tell you how I felt, I would. Somebody was shouting somewhere, but his words were cut off at once by the wind and blown away. I felt my way along a wet and dark alley-way which was giddily unstable, for sometimes it pressed hard against my feet, and then it would fall from under me. I got round by the engine-room entrance. Small gleams, shavings of light, were escaping from seams in the unseen structure, but they illuminated nothing, except a length of wet rail or a scrap of wet deck. The ship itself was a shade, manned by voices.

I could not see that anything was being done. Were they allowing her to fill up like an open barge? I became aware my surcharged feelings were escaping by my knees, which kept knocking in their tremors against a lower rail. I tried to stop this trembling by hardening my muscles, but my fearful legs had their own way. Yet it is plain there was nothing to fear. I told my legs so. Had we not but that day left Swansea? Besides, I had already commenced a letter which was to be posted at Para. The letter would have to be posted. They were waiting for it at home.

Somewhere below me a heavy mass of water plunged monstrously, and became a faintly luminous cloud over all

*Purser.* The writer had joined the ship as purser because it was not a passenger vessel; but his appointment was only nominal.



the main deck aft, actually framing the rectangular form of the deck in the night. It was unreasonable. I was not really one of the crew either, though on the articles. I was there by chance. No advantage should be taken of that. A torrent poured down the athwartships alley-way, and nearly swept me from my feet.

One could not watch what was happening. That was another cruel injustice. The wind and sea could be heard, and the ship could be felt. But how could I be expected to know what to do in the dark in such circumstances? There ought to be a light. This should have happened in the daytime. My garrulous knees struck the lower rail violently in their excitement. I leaned over the rail, shading my eyes. I grew savagely indignant with something having no name and no shape. I cannot even now give a name to the thing that angered me, but can just discern, in the twilight which shrouds the undiscovered, a vast calm face the rock of which no human emotion can move, with eyes that stare but see nothing, and a mouth that never speaks, and ears from which assailing cries and questions fall as mournful echoes, ironic repetitions.

Nevertheless, when the Chief, with his hurricane lamp, found me, he says I was smiling. The youth who was our second mate ran up and stood by us, the better to shout to the deck below. He shouted bending over the rail, till he was screaming through hoarseness. He turned to us abruptly. "They don't understand a word I say," he cried in despair. "There isn't a sailor or an Englishman in the crowd." This, I found afterwards, was nearly true. These men had been signed on at a Continental port. It was really our Dutch cook who saved us that night. It was the cook who first saw the hatch covers going.

The ship's head had been put to the seas to keep the decks as clear as possible, and as I was now more accustomed to the gloom I could make out the men below busy at the hatch. Most conspicuous among them was the cook, who had taken charge there, and he, with three languages, bludgeoned into surprising activity the inexperienced youngsters who were learning for the first time what happens to a ship when the carpenter's chief job on leaving port has its defects discovered by exceptional weather.

## ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ THE GREAT LOVER ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

**I** HAVE been so great a lover : filled my days  
 So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,  
 The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,  
 Desire illimitable, and still content,  
 And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,  
 For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear  
 Our hearts at random down the dark of life.  
 Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife  
 Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,  
 My night shall be remembered for a star  
 That outshone all the suns of all men's days.  
 Shall I not crown them with immortal praise  
 Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me  
 High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see  
 The inenarrable godhead of delight ?  
 Love is a flame ;—we have beacons the world's night.  
 A city :—and we have built it, these and I.  
 An emperor :—we have taught the world to die.  
 So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
 And the high cause of Love's magnificence,  
 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
 Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
 And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
 To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
 Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .

These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
 Ringed with blue lines ; the feathery, faery dust ;  
 Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight ; the strong crust  
 Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;  
 Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;  
 The radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;  
 And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours.  
 Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon ;  
 Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon  
 Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss  
 Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is  
 Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen

Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;  
 The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;  
 The good smell of old clothes ; the other such—  
 The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
 Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
 About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .

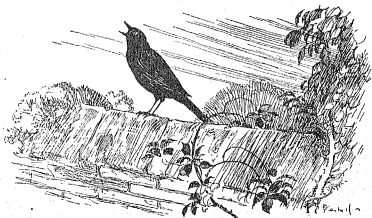
Dear names,  
 And thousand other throng to me ! Royal flames ;  
 Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring ;  
 Holes in the ground ; and voices that do sing ;  
 Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain,  
 Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-panting train ;  
 Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam  
 That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home ;  
 And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold  
 Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;  
 Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;  
 And oaks ; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new ;  
 And new peeled sticks ; and shining pools on grass ;—  
 All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,  
 Whatever passes not, in the great hour,  
 Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power  
 To hold them with me through the gate of Death.  
 They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,  
 Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust  
 And sacramented covenant to the dust.  
 —Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,  
 And give what's left of love again, and make  
 New friends, now strangers . . .

But the best I've known,  
 Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown  
 About the winds of the world, and fades from brains  
 Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again  
 This one last gift I give ; that after men  
 Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,  
 Praise you, " All these were lovely " ; say, " He loved."

RUPERT BROOKE.



❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ THE BLACKBIRD ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

HE was standing on the top of a stone fence singing as loud as he could. He was trying to drown the harsh babble of the sparrows that were perched in the ivy that grew on the face of the tiny cliff behind him. On three sides the tiny cliff encircled him, making a green sloping grassy valley about him and in front of him. Beyond the valley stretched a wide plain.

With his beak in the air and his throat swelling with sound he poured out his voice over the valley. The shrill chirping of the sparrows grated on his ears as it came from behind him in a confused babble. But he rejoiced, for his own delicious warble re-echoed again and again, high above every other sound in the valley. When the echo of his voice came back to him, with its loudness silvered into an enchanting softness by the creviced cliffs, he became so drunk with pride that he swayed on his slender legs and made his wing feathers flutter. He shut his eyes and bent forward his beak again and again to sing with greater strength. It seemed to him that his throat would melt.

The sun had set. The blue twilight was darkening in the valley. It was time for him to be asleep. But he sang on,

drunk with pride. So intent was he on his song that he never noticed the sudden silence that fell on all the birds that had been singing, chirping, and twittering behind him. Silence came suddenly except for the nervous, questioning, protracted whisper of a robin that hopped from stone to stone in the little rocky field beneath the cliff, thrusting out his breast defiantly with each hop. The ivy on the cliff face had been a moment ago alive with sound, and the ivy leaves had been shaking and fluttering as birds rushed hither and thither through them. Now the ivy was still. Not a bird moved. But the blackbird standing on the fence sang on.

A cat had entered the valley. He came over the brow of the little cliff, scrambled noiselessly down a crevice that was covered with moss and trotted swiftly along under the cliff until the birds stopped singing and chirping. As soon as their voices stopped the cat halted. He stopped dead with his right forepaw raised, his long black body half hidden in a hummock of grass he was passing through, his big eyes already gleaming in the half darkness. Then he began slowly to tip the grass around him with his snout as if he were going to eat it. He curled his tail up under him. He lay down slowly on his stomach, just for one moment, and then with a fierce flashing of his eyes he took a short rush forward close to the earth. He saw the blackbird singing on the fence that stretched across his path in front. The rush brought him as far as the fence where it ended in the cliff. Carefully planting paw after paw on the stones, and shaking each paw as he raised it to climb farther, he mounted the fence until he reached the top with his head. His large round whiskered head appeared over the top of the fence and began to roll around with an awful slowness. Again his eyes reached the blackbird singing on his right, ten yards in front of him. His eyes blinked and he made a little bored movement with his head from side to side as if he were heaving a sigh. He licked his paw. Then with a sudden and amazing spring he drew his body noiselessly to the top of the fence and rushed along it for five yards with his tail outstretched, his eyes blazing with an intense ferocity. The robin set up a piercing cry. The cat stopped dead.

The blackbird, conscious of the silence behind him, was full of vanity. He thought that he had overcome the sparrows,

and that they were listening in rapturous silence to his delicious warbling. He heard the robin shriek, and he thought that the warning shriek was a cry of jealous rage. He shook himself and let all the feathers on his dun body sway with the light breeze that came up from the valley across his round breast. Then pushing his head backwards until his neck was almost joined with his back he broke out into another peal. The cat began to smell the little patch of blackened moss that grew on a stone in front of him on the fence.

Then there was silence for several moments. The robin had suddenly taken fright and flew southwards into the darkness that seemed to hang in the distance. The blackbird was listening to the answering call of his own voice coming back to him. The cat crouched down very low with his head moving from side to side in an apologetic manner, the light breeze making little whitish ridges through the dark fur on his back. Then he moved forward again.

He moved forward just as the blackbird broke once more into song. His long black body, moving sinuously along the pointed grey stones, looked ghoulish. The rippling notes coming from the blackbird's full throat rose in a wild peal of joy as the cat stole nearer inch by inch until at last he was within striking distance. He measured the round dun body of the blackbird with his eyes, and he raised his right forepaw carefully to thrust it forward to a little round stone whence he intended to spring. His body shivered and then it stretched out. The right forepaw landed on the round stone and . . .

Just then a gust of wind struck the blackbird sideways and made him shiver. It was the first gust of the night wind. It filled him with cold and with the sudden realization that he was making a fool of himself singing out there in complete darkness when all the other birds were gone to bed. Suddenly he thought that the silence was on account of the darkness having fallen and not on account of his wonderful music. He was filled with disgust and, uttering three loud peals of bravado, he rose from the fence just as the cat plunged forward to grasp him. A claw landed in his tail and three little feathers fluttered behind as he flew away, his heart panting with fright, afraid to look behind him.

Behind him the cat lay at the foot of the fence, where he had

fallen after his fruitless plunge. His head was turned sideways, he was half fallen on his haunches and he was growling savagely. The sparrows began to twitter in the ivy.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ CORRYMEELA ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,  
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day ;  
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat !  
*Och ! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.*

There a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,  
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees ;  
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat  
*Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.*

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,  
There not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his  
shoes !  
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,  
*Och ! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,  
By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.  
" God save ye, colleen dhas," I said : the girl she thought me  
wild.  
*Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.*

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,  
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase ;  
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—  
*Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.*

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an' English town !  
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,  
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,  
*Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.*

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# THE WOODMAN

BY WILLIAM COBBETT

I CANNOT quit Battle without observing that the country is very pretty all about it. All hill or valley. A great deal of woodland, in which the underwood is generally very fine, though the oaks are not very fine, and a good deal covered with *moss*. This shows that the clay end before the *tap-root* of the oak gets as deep as it would go ; for when the clay goes the full depth, the oaks are always fine.

The woods are too large and too near each other for hare-hunting ; and as to coursing, it is out of the question here. But it is a fine country for shooting and for harbouring game of all sorts. It was rainy as I came home ; but the woodmen were at work. A great many *hop-poles* are cut here, which makes the coppices more valuable than in many other parts. The women work in the coppices, shaving the bark off the hop-poles, and, indeed, at various other parts of the business.

These poles are shaved to prevent *maggots* from breeding in the bark and accelerating the destruction of the pole. It is curious that the bark of trees should generate maggots ; but it has, as well as the wood, a *sugary* matter in it. The hickory wood in America sends out from the ends of the logs when these are burning, great quantities of the finest syrup that can be imagined. Accordingly, that wood breeds maggots, or worms as they are usually called, surprisingly. Our *ash* breeds worms very much. When the tree or pole is cut, the moist matter between the outer bark and the wood putrefies. Thence come the maggots, which soon begin to eat their way into the wood. For this reason the bark is shaved off the hop-poles, as it ought to be off all our timber trees, as soon as cut, especially the ash.

Little boys and girls shave hop-poles and assist in other coppice work very nicely. And it is pleasant work when the weather is dry overhead. The woods, bedded with leaves as they are, are clean and dry underfoot. They are warm too, even in the coldest weather. When the ground is frozen several inches deep in the open fields, it is scarcely frozen at all in a coppice where the underwood is a good plant, and



where it is nearly high enough to cut. So that the woodman's is really a pleasant life.

We are apt to think that the birds have a hard time of it in winter. But we forget the warmth of the woods, which far exceeds anything to be found in farm-yards. When Sidmouth started me from my farm, in 1817, I had just planted my farm round with a pretty coppice. But, never mind, Sidmouth and I shall, I daresay, have plenty of time and occasion to talk about that coppice, and many other things, before we die. And, can I, when I think of these things now, *pity* those to whom Sidmouth *owed his power* of starting me ! But let me forget the subject for this time at any rate.

Woodland countries are interesting on many accounts. Not so much on account of their masses of green leaves, as on account of the variety of sights and sounds and incidents that they afford. Even in winter the coppices are beautiful to the eye, while they comfort the mind with the idea of shelter and warmth. In spring they change their hue from day to day during two whole months, which is about the time from the first appearance of the delicate leaves of the birch to the full expansion of those of the ash ; and, even before the leaves come at all to intercept the view, what in the vegetable creation is so delightful to behold as the bed of a coppice bespangled with primroses and bluebells ?

The opening of the birch leaves is the signal for the pheasant to begin to crow, for the blackbird to whistle, and the thrush to sing, and, just when the oak-buds begin to look reddish, and not a day before, the whole tribe of finches burst forth in songs from every bough, while the lark, imitating them all, carries the joyous sounds to the sky. These are amongst the means which Providence has benignantly appointed to sweeten the toils by which food and raiment are produced ; these the English ploughman could once hear without the sorrowful reflection that he himself was a *pauper*, and that the bounties of nature had, for him, been scattered in vain !



## THE WAGGONER

THE old waggon drudges through the miry lane  
By the skulking pond where the pollards frown,  
Notched, dumb, surly images of pain ;  
On a dulled earth the night droops down.

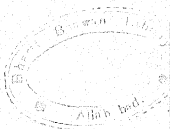
Wincing to slow and wistful airs  
The leaves on the shrubbed oaks know their hour,  
And the unknown wandering spoiler bares  
The thorned black hedge of a mournful shower.

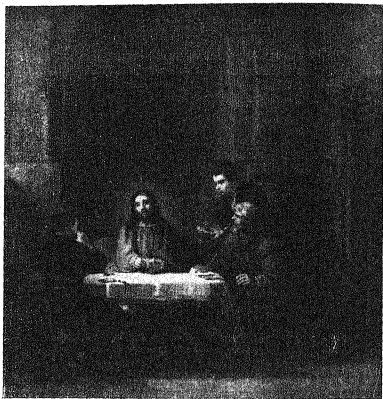
Small bodies fluster in the dead brown wrack  
As the stumbling shaft-horse jingles past,  
And the waggoner flicks his whip a crack :  
The odd light flares on shadows vast

Over the lodges and oasts and byres  
Of the darkened farm ; the moment hangs wan  
As though nature flagged and all desires.  
But in the dim court the ghost is gone

From the hug-secret yew to the penthouse wall,  
And stopping there seems to listen to  
The waggoner leading the grey to stall,  
As centuries past itself would do.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.





THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS—BY REMBRANDT.

## THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS

By Rembrandt, Dutch Painter, born 1606, died 1669.

THIS is a story picture, painted by the great Dutch artist Rembrandt. It is related in St. Luke's Gospel, chapter xxiv., that "two of the disciples went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs." You remember that Jesus joined them on the way, and that "their eyes were holden that they should not know Him." When they reached Emmaus, Jesus made as if He would continue His journey, "but they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him."

Rembrandt has chosen the moment of the breaking of bread. Pictures on this subject had been often painted before Rembrandt chose to represent the dramatic moment, but most of them were unreal, stiff, and artificial.

Rembrandt gave a human interest to all his pictures. The dresses and furniture are not "correct" for Palestine in Christ's time. But the truthful, human feeling that Rembrandt put into the action and expression of his picture makes us forget these smaller matters.

Rembrandt was great in very many ways. He was a sure observer of nature, and he expressed nature not in pieces but as a whole. Let us try to discover this in the picture before us.

To get this feeling of "oneness" or unity he used only a few colours. If he had dressed the four figures in white, blue, green, and red robes, he would have broken up this unity. Because he has used a few warm colours only, they all harmonize with each other. Notice that all the figures are surrounded by a warm brown shadow, which extends to the walls and the floor.

When we look at the picture for the first time we do not notice all its parts as different things. We notice, first, the grouping of the figures with regard to the action. Rembrandt

regarded this as the most important thing, as of course it is. It is the grouping of the figures with regard to the central point of the action that tells the story.

When we look a second time we are attracted by the figure of Christ. He is the central, lightest, and most attractive figure. His expression in looking up, while breaking the bread, has revealed Him to the disciples; possibly also the exact way in which He is breaking the bread, for we all do even the slightest and commonest things in our own individual way. Each of the disciples shows that he knows it is Jesus, and the breaking of this knowledge on the consciousness of each man is shown by his posture and expression of face.

If we look again at the picture as a whole we do not notice the details of each figure, or even where the figures merge into the background. The parts which help to tell the story—namely, the heads and hands—are prominent, well lit, and well seen. But the other parts, such as garments, legs, and feet, we do not see till we look closely for them.

This principle of artistic "emphasis," as it is called, is used by all dramatic artists. It consists of stressing or making prominent those things, and those things only, which really tell the story. The figures in this picture seem to rise out of deep shadows, which conceal what is of no value to the story. For the same reason, the space within the arch, and the large shadow on the wall to the right, are as dark as the shadows about the group of figures. The lighter parts of the arch and wall, and the foreground, are sufficient to let us know the kind of room we are looking into.

The lighting of the picture is interesting. The light seems to come from Christ Himself! We can see a halo behind His head. The tablecloth and the faces of the disciples seem to be lit by Christ's own presence; and this is one of the triumphs of this great painting, recalling vividly Christ's own words: "I am the Light of the world."

No matter from what point of view we consider the picture, it is deeply satisfying, and this satisfaction grows with contemplation. It tells the well-known story so simply that the youngest child could understand it. It tells it so interestingly and beautifully that the most experienced artist can learn much from it.

Its masses of light and shadow are large and simple in shape. This creates a feeling of repose and colour. By using so few colours the artist has secured that unity which is often absent in pictures. By showing us clearly only those things which help to tell the story, he has made the picture easily understood. He has thought only of his subject and of those who would see it, never of himself. When looking at the picture we do not say "How clever the artist is," but "How human, how true, how beautiful !"

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ TAM I' THE KIRK ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

O JEAN, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation  
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',  
When a'bod's thochts is set on his ain salvation,  
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word afore ye  
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,  
But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,  
He canna pray.

He canna pray ; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed him  
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',  
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd him—  
It an' us twa !

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,  
He canna see for the mist that's afore his een,  
And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the paraphrases,  
Cryin' " Jean, Jean, Jean ! "

VIOLET JACOB.

*A'bod's, Every one's.  
Keek, Peep.*

*Braw, Fine, beautiful.  
His lane, By himself.*

## ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ELEPHANT ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By ARNOLD BENNETT

*[As soon as you reach the sixth line of the following reading it is clear that it is an extract and not a complete story. It is an interesting game to try to piece together from the details of the extract something of what has gone before—who and what are the characters of the story, where do they live, what is the period, and so on. You will find that the extract tells a great deal to a very careful reader.]*

"SOPHIA, will you come and see the elephant? Do come!" Constance entered the drawing-room with this request on her eager lips.

"No," said Sophia, with a touch of condescension. "I'm far too busy for elephants."

Only two years had passed; but both girls were grown up now; long sleeves, long skirts, hair that had settled down in life; and a demeanour immensely serious, as though existence were terrific in its responsibilities; yet sometimes childhood surprisingly broke through the crust of gravity, as now in Constance, aroused by such things as elephants, and proclaimed with vivacious gestures that it was not dead after all. The sisters were sharply differentiated. Constance wore the black alpaca apron and scissors at the end of a long black elastic, which indicated her vocation in the shop. She was proving a considerable success in the millinery department. She had learnt how to talk to people, and was, in her modest way, very self-possessed. She was getting a little stouter. Everybody liked her. Sophia had developed into a student. Time had accentuated her reserve. Her sole friend was Miss Chetwynd, with whom she was, having regard to the disparity of their ages, very intimate. At home she spoke little. She lacked amiability; as her mother said, she was "touchy." She required diplomacy from others, but did not render it again. Her attitude, indeed, was one of half-hidden disdain, now gentle, now coldly bitter. She would not wear an apron, in an age when aprons were almost essential to decency. No! She would *not* wear an apron, and there was an end of it. She was not so tidy as Constance, and if Constance's hands had taken on the coarse texture

which comes from commerce with needles, pins, artificial flowers, and stuffs, Sophia's fine hands were seldom innocent of ink. But Sophia was splendidly beautiful. And even her mother and Constance had an instinctive idea that that face was, at any rate, a partial excuse for her asperity.

"Well," said Constance, "if you won't, I do believe I shall ask mother if she will."

Sophia, bending over her books, made no answer. But the top of her head said: "This has no interest for me whatever."

Constance left the room, and in a moment returned with her mother.

"Sophia," said her mother, with gay excitement, "you might go and sit with your father for a bit while Constance and I just run up to the playground to see the elephant. You can work just as well in there as here. Your father's asleep."

"Oh, very well!" Sophia agreed haughtily. "Whatever is all this fuss about an elephant? Anyhow, it'll be quieter in your room. The noise here is splitting." She gave a supercilious glance into the Square as she languidly rose.

It was the morning of the third day of Bursley Wakes; not the modern finicking and respectable, but the orgiastic carnival, gross in all its manifestations of joy. The whole centre of the town was given over to furious pleasures of the people. Most of the Square was occupied by Wombwell's Menagerie, in a vast oblong tent, whose raging beasts roared and growled day and night. And spreading away from this supreme attraction, right up through the market-place past the Town Hall to Duck Bank, Duck Square and the waste land called the "playground," were hundreds of booths with banners displaying all the delights of the horrible. You could see the atrocities of the French Revolution, and of the Fiji Islands, and the ravages of unspeakable diseases, and the living flesh of a human female guaranteed to turn the scale at twenty-two stone, and the skeletons of the mysterious phantoscope, and the contests of champions naked to the waist (with a chance of picking up a red tooth as a relic). You could try your strength by hitting an image of a fellow-creature in the stomach, and test your aim by knocking off the heads of other images with a wooden ball. You could also shoot with rifles at various targets. All the streets were ed



with stalls loaded with food in heaps, chiefly dried fish, the entrails of animals, and gingerbread. All the public-houses were crammed, and frenzied jolly drunkards, men and women, lounged along the pavements everywhere, their shouts vying with the trumpets, horns, and drums of the booths, and the shrieking, rattling toys that the children carried.

It was a glorious spectacle, but not a spectacle for the leading families. Miss Chetwynd's school was closed, so that the daughters of leading families might remain in seclusion till the worst was over. The Baineses ignored the Wakes in every possible way, choosing that week to have a show of mourning goods in the left-hand window, and refusing to let Maggie outside on any pretext. Therefore the dazzling social success of the elephant, which was quite easily drawing Mrs. Baines into the vortex, cannot imaginably be over-estimated.

On the previous night one of the three Wombwell elephants had suddenly knelt on a man in the tent ; he had then walked out of the tent and picked up another man at haphazard from the crowd which was staring at the great picture in the front, and tried to put this second man into his mouth. Being stopped by his Indian attendant with a pitchfork, he placed the man on the ground and stuck his tusk through an artery of the victim's arm. He then, amid unexampled excitement, suffered himself to be led away. He was conducted to the rear of the tent, just in front of Baines's shuttered windows, and by means of stakes, pulleys, and ropes forced to his knees. His head was whitewashed, and six men of the Rifle Corps were engaged to shoot him at a distance of five yards, while constables kept the crowd off with truncheons. He died instantly, rolling over with a soft thud. The crowd cheered, and, intoxicated by their importance, the volunteers fired three more volleys into the carcass, and were then borne off as heroes to different inns. The elephant, by the help of his two companions, was got on to a railway lorry and disappeared into the night. Such was the greatest sensation that has ever occurred, or perhaps will ever occur, in Bursley. The excitement about the repeal of the Corn Laws, or about Inkerman, was feeble compared to that excitement. Mr. Critchlow, who had been called on to put a hasty tourniquet round the arm of the second victim, had popped in afterwards to tell John Baines all about

it. Mr. Baines's interest, however, had been slight. Mr. Critchlow succeeded better with the ladies, who, though they had witnessed the shooting from the drawing-room, were thirsty for the most trifling details.

The next day it was known that the elephant lay near the playground, pending the decision of the Chief Bailiff and the Medical Officer as to his burial. And everybody had to visit the corpse. No social exclusiveness could withstand the seduction of that dead elephant. Pilgrims travelled from all the Five Towns to see him.

"We're going now," said Mrs. Baines, after she had assumed her bonnet and shawl.

"All right," said Sophia, pretending to be absorbed in study, as she sat on the sofa at the foot of her father's bed.

And Constance, having put her head in at the door, drew her mother after her like a magnet.

Then Sophia heard a remarkable conversation in the passage.

"Are you going up to see the elephant, Mrs. Baines?" asked the voice of Mr. Povey.

"Yes. Why?"

"I think I had better come with you. The crowd is sure to be very rough." Mr. Povey's tone was firm; he had a position.

"But the shop?"

"We shall not be long," said Mr. Povey.

"Oh yes, mother," Constance added appealingly.

Sophia felt the house thrill as the side-door banged. She sprang up and watched the three cross King Street diagonally, and so plunge into the Wakes. This triple departure was surely the crowning tribute to the dead elephant. It was simply astonishing. It caused Sophia to perceive that she had miscalculated the importance of the elephant. It made her regret her scorn of the elephant as an attraction. She was left behind; and the joy of life was calling her. She could see down into the Vaults on the opposite side of the street, where working men—potters and colliers—in their best clothes, some with high hats, were drinking, gesticulating, and laughing in a row at a long counter.

She noticed, while she was thus at the bedroom window, a young man ascending King Street, followed by a porter

with stalls loaded with food in heaps, chiefly dried fish, the entrails of animals, and gingerbread. All the public-houses were crammed, and frenzied jolly drunkards, men and women, lounged along the pavements everywhere, their shouts vying with the trumpets, horns, and drums of the booths, and the shrieking, rattling toys that the children carried.

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She noticed, while she was thus at the bedroom window, a young man ascending King Street, followed by a porter

trundling a flat barrow of luggage. He passed slowly under the very window. She flushed. She had evidently been startled by the sight of this young man into no ordinary state of commotion. She glanced at the books on the sofa, and then at her father. Mr. Baines, thin and gaunt, and acutely pitiable, still slept. His brain had almost ceased to be active now; he had to be fed and tended like a bearded baby, and he would sleep for hours at a stretch even in the daytime. Sophia left the room. A moment later she ran into the shop, an apparition that amazed the three young lady assistants. At the corner near the window on the fancy side a little nook had been formed by screening off a portion of the counter with large flower-boxes placed end-up. This corner had come to be known as "Miss Baines's corner." Sophia hastened to it, squeezing past a young lady assistant in the narrow space between the back of the counter and the shelf-lined wall. She sat down in Constance's chair and pretended to look for something. She had examined herself in the cheval-glass in the showroom, on her way from the sick-chamber. When she heard a voice near the door of the shop asking for Mr. Povey and then for Mrs. Baines, she rose, and seizing the object nearest to her, which happened to be a pair of scissors, she hurried towards the showroom stairs as though the scissors had been a grail, passionately sought and to be jealously hidden away. She wanted to stop to turn round, but something prevented her. She was at the end of the counter, under the curving stairs, when one of the assistants said:

"I suppose you don't know when Mr. Povey or your mother are likely to be back, Miss Sophia? Here's——"

It was a divine release for Sophia.

"They're—I——" she stammered, turning round abruptly. Luckily she was still sheltered behind the counter.

The young man she had seen in the street came boldly forward.

"Good-morning, Miss Sophia," said he, hat in hand. "It is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

Never had she blushed as she blushed then. She scarcely knew what she was doing as she moved slowly towards her sister's corner again, the young man following her on the customer's side of the counter.

# ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ MUSIC'S DUEL\* ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By RICHARD CRASHAW

NOW westward Sol had spent the richest beams  
 Of Noon's high glory, when hard by the streams  
 Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,  
 Under protection of an oak, there sate  
 A sweet Lute's-master ; in whose gentle airs  
 He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
 A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood :  
 (The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
 Their Muse, their Syren—harmless Syren she !)  
 There stood she list'ning, and did entertain  
 The music's soft report, and mould the same  
 In her own murmurs, that whatever mood  
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good :  
 The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art ;  
 Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,  
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come  
 Informs it in a sweet prelude  
 Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,  
 He lightly skirmishes on every string,  
 Charg'd with a flying touch : and straightway she  
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,  
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,  
 And reckons up in soft divisions,  
 Quick volumes of wild notes ; to let him know  
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string  
 A cap'ring cheerfulness ; and made them sing  
 To their own dance ; now negligently rash  
 He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash  
 Blends all together ; then distinctly trips

\* This old poem of the time of Charles II. will be specially interesting to wireless listeners who know that a lady has challenged a nightingale to a "duel" by means of a 'cello.

From this to that ; then quick returning skips  
And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
She measures every measure, everywhere  
Meets art with art ; sometimes as if in doubt  
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,  
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,  
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,  
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it  
With tender accents, and severely joint it  
By short diminutives, that being rear'd  
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,  
With her sweet self she wrangles. He, amaz'd  
That from so small a channel should be rais'd  
The torrent of a voice, whose melody  
Could melt into such sweet variety,  
Strains higher yet ; that tickled with rare art  
The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)  
Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling base  
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;  
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,  
Until his finger (Moderator) hides  
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,  
Hoarse, shrill at once ; as when the trumpets call  
Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo  
Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson too  
She gives him back ; her supple breast thrills out  
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,  
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill  
The pliant series of her slippery song ;  
Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
Of short, thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float  
And roll themselves over her lubric throat  
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,  
That ever-bubbling spring ; the sugared nest  
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie  
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;  
Music's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd airs  
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears  
His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath,

Which there reciprocally laboureth  
 In that sweet soil ; it seems a holy choir  
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,  
 Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes  
 Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats  
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then  
 Preferre soft-anthems to the ears of men,  
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring  
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing :  
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay,  
 Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing Day !  
 There you might hear her kindle her soft voice,  
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,  
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,  
 Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,  
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)  
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,  
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,  
 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,  
 Fluttering wanton shoals, and to the sky  
 Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.  
 She opens the floodgate, and lets loose a tide  
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride  
 On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,  
 Rising and falling in a pompous train.  
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal  
 Of flashing airs ; she qualifies their zeal  
 With the cool epode of a graver note,  
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat  
 Would reach the brazen voice of War's hoarse bird  
 Her little soul is ravish'd : and so pour'd  
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd  
 Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain  
 In the Musician's face ; " yet once again  
 (Mistress) I come ; now reach a strain my lute  
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute ;  
 Or tune a song of victory to me,  
 Or to thyself, sing thine own obsequy."  
 So said, his hands, sprightly as fire, he flings



And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings.  
 The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frightened,  
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted,  
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs  
 Are fann'd and frizzled, in the wanton airs  
 Of his own breath : which married to his lyre  
 Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look higher.  
 From this to that, from that to this he flies,  
 Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries ;  
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,  
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.  
 Following those little rills, he sinks into  
 A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go  
 Those paths of sweetness which with nectar drop,  
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.  
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch,  
 By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,  
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle  
 In shrill-tongu'd accents : striving to be single.  
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke  
 Gives life to some new grace ; thus doth h' invoke  
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely thus  
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)  
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,  
 Heav'd on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies,  
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air  
 With flash of high-born fancies : here and there  
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon  
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone ;  
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs  
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,  
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell

*Sweet-lipp'd sisters.* Here, I think, the poet means Erato and Euterpe the Muses of love, poetry, and song.

*Apollo,* God of the sun, carried a lyre, and was also patron of poets and musicians.

*Doth tune the spheres.* According to the old astronomers the earth was surrounded by revolving concentric spheres in which the stars were set.

*Helicon,* The mountain of Ancient Greece sacred to the Muses.

*Hebe* (two syllables), The cup-bearer of the gods of Olympus.

In Music's ravish'd soul, he dares not tell,  
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary  
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry  
 Their Master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears  
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres  
 Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high  
 In th' empyræan of pure harmony.  
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife  
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life  
 Of blest variety, attending on  
 His fingers' fairest revolution  
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)  
 A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,  
 And she (although her breath's late exercise  
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat),  
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.  
 Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul!) she tries  
 To measure all those wild diversities  
 Of chattering strings, by the small size of one  
 Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;  
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.  
 She dies; and leaves her life the Victor's prize  
 Falling upon his lute! O, fit to have  
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

---

O NIGHTINGALE, thou surely art  
 A creature of a "fiery heart":—  
 Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;  
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
 Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine  
 Had helped thee to a Valentine;  
 A song in mockery and despite  
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night;  
 And steady bliss, and all the loves  
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

W. WORDSWORTH.

*Diapason, Grand, swelling burst of harmony.*



# ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ HONEST PENNIES ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

By BLANCHE WILLS CHANDLER

I AM not by nature a reticent man, but on our daily journeys up to town I have not chosen to gratify the curiosity of Mellors as to the nature of my employment since the war. I have evaded his tactless inquiries, and merely given him to understand that, although not possessed like himself of an influential uncle able to push me into a lucrative job, I am quite satisfied with my occupation.

I felt there was no need for it to be spread from one end of our suburb to the other that I, a former company commander, had been compelled to accept a clerk's position in a mercantile office in the City.

Such is nevertheless the truth, and the salary, moreover, is so meagre that only once in a way can I indulge in any sort of entertainment, and then only in a cheap seat.

## *Doing Myself Well*

Last Saturday I was awaiting entrance to the pit of His Majesty's. I was in a somewhat reckless mood, and treated myself to a camp stool, and when chocolates and packets of biscuits were circulated in the queue I indulged in both. The usual succession of open-air turns took place, and, with a lack of caution for which I cannot account, I dropped a penny into each hat which came round.

It seemed impossible to differentiate.

If one rewarded the aged man with crutches who recited *The Dream of Eugene Aram* to us, how refuse the young woman with a baby who sang *Two Eyes of Grey*? Or the man in rags who picked up a pin with his eye, or the boy who tied himself into a knot, or the conjuror, or the ventriloquist, or the lightning artist?

The result was that, as the time of admission drew near, I found I was eightpence short of the necessary 3s. 6d.

### *The Dilemma*

It was a terrible blow. I had been waiting an hour and a half. I was in the forefront of the queue. I stood every chance of a seat in the middle of the first row. Must I resign my position for lack of eightpence? It was unthinkable.

Borrowing was impossible, for in my neighbourhood there were only ladies, and I could not bring myself to open an acquaintance with any one of them by a request for money. I might ask them collectively to guard my camp-stool while I ran and pawned my watch. But there were only ten minutes before the door opened, and the pawnbroker's might be a mile away. Should I explain matters to the man at the pay office and promise to call back with the deficit after the performance? The idea was ridiculous. Should I abandon the pit and join in at the rear of the gallery queue? My whole soul revolted at the prospect of standing room in the gallery.

### *The Bright Idea*

Suddenly an inspiration came to me.

I am the possessor of a rather good *baritone*. At amateur concerts I invariably get an encore for my *tour de force*, Tosti's *Good-Bye*. Why not give it at this crisis?

The lightning artist had just packed up his easel and gone. No other performer was in sight. I edged my way out and made for the tail end of the queue. I removed my hat, bowed, cleared my throat, threw out my chest.

"Falling leaf and fading flower"—I sang with the tremolo I always affect, and which was more pronounced now owing to the excitement of the occasion. I have never sung better in my life. At the close there was an outburst of applause. It nerved me to shuffle round with my hat.

Pennies poured into it, and even sixpences. I had to hold it with both hands.

### *Triumph*

I retired round a corner and counted the spoil. There was enough for a stall! My heart bounded. Why not? I had

earned it. They were honest pennies. Why should I grovel in the pit?

A minute later I was sailing up the red staircase. The best stalls were booked. I was ushered into one in the back row. It was disappointing, but still it was a stall. Before sitting down I could not help stealing a furtive glance at the pit immediately behind me. Would any of the pittites recognize me?

One did. He fixed me with a basilisk stare. His face wore a wide, triumphant smile.

It was Mellors!

It is all over the suburb.



## ❧ ❧ ALBRECHT DÜRER OF NÜRNBERG ❧ ❧

By W. B. Scott, Scottish Painter, born 1811,  
died 1900.

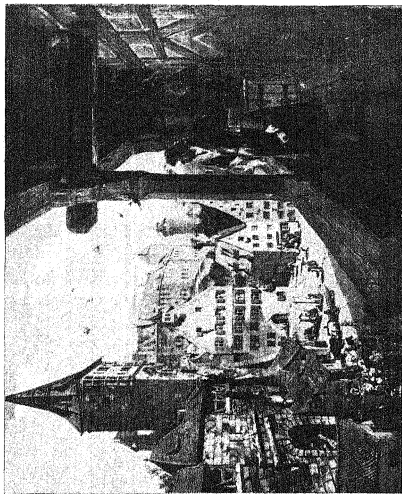
**A**LBRECHT or ALBERT DÜRER was a great German painter who was born in Nürnberg (or Nuremberg) in 1471, and died in 1528.

Our picture shows Dürer standing on the balcony of his own house in Nuremberg looking down upon the sunlit street. He has paint brushes in his hand, and we can just make out a painted panel at the end of the balcony just behind him. Perhaps he has been painting it, and has turned to look down at the sunny scene for a change.

He would have been surprised if some one had told him that a Scottish painter would stand on the same balcony and make a picture of his house and his town four hundred years later.

How bright the sunlit street and houses are, and how dark the balcony is! Why is this?

Artists say the street is "in light" and the balcony is "in



ALBRECHT DÜRER OF NÜRNBERG—BY W. R. SCOTT.

shadow." Everything in light is clear and bright with dark shadows. Everything in shadow is dull and indefinite. The portion of the picture "in light" is the more important part from the painter's point of view. This particular artist is not showing Dürer and his birthplace, but the birthplace as seen by Dürer; two different things, as you will readily agree.

We notice how curious the Nuremberg houses are. Some of the windows have shutters. We see an open balcony on the other side of the street. The roofs are covered with red tiles. We can see each separate stone in the nearest building.

Do you see the people at the pump and the oxen drawing the wagon? You see the birds flying near the balcony. We know what kind they are by their shape.

Dürer's father was a Hungarian goldsmith, and his interest in his father's work turned his own attention to engraving pictures on wood and on copper. He made many woodcut pictures for printers in his younger days, because it was easier to make money in this way than by painting in oils. On page 75 you will find the first woodcut ever made for a book by an unknown engraver. On page 77 appears one of Dürer's woodcuts, which shows how greatly he had improved the woodcut.

His engravings on copper are equally notable, not only for their draughtsmanship and modelling, but also for the wonderful fineness of detail and contrasts of light and shade.

Dürer's heart was, however, in the finest of the arts—namely, oil painting. He went to Italy to study and practise art, and wrote from Venice to a friend: "Know that my picture says you would give a ducat to see it. It is very good and beautiful in colour. I have silenced all the painters who said that I was good in engraving, but that in painting I did not know how to use my colours."

It is interesting to remember that Dürer was the first to employ water-colours, and made many sketches from nature in this medium during his many journeys. His paintings are in foreign galleries, but one of his portraits, that of his father, is in the National Gallery in London, which you may see some day. "It is a splendid piece of faithful, realistic work; but beneath the realism there is a profoundly moving strain of pathos. The peculiar soft brown tone and red background



THE FIRST WOODCUT, MADE IN GERMANY IN 1492.

The letters beneath the picture were cut in wood and not printed from movable metal types.



give a rich, harmonious sense of autumnal calm. In the firm-set mouth and grave, musing eyes we can read all that Dürer tells us of the man of few pleasures and few words, who did his daily work in the fear of God. There are no signs of disillusion or fretfulness in that wrinkled face, only the natural physical weariness which, after seventy-two years of toil, makes a man at last desirous of rest. Dürer shows us the simple, unquestioning fortitude which his own heart recognized in the father whom he honoured." \*

\* *Schools of Painting*, by Mary Innes, page 187.



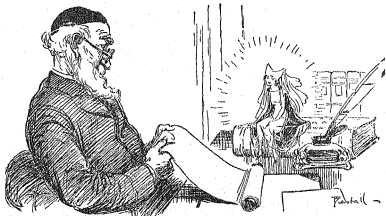
The Praying Hands.  
(From a copperplate engraving by Dürer.)



#### ST. CHRISTOPHER.

*From a wood-engraving designed by Dürer.*

*Compare the details with those of the rough wood-cut on page 75 which was cut on soft wood with the grain. Later, a harder wood was used, and the engraving was done on the end of the block—i.e. against the grain—with very sharp tools. Dürer was a pioneer in this marvellously skilful work.*



## ❧ "THE COSMOGRAPHY OF MUNSTER" ❧

Translated by LAFCADIO HEARN from ANATOLE FRANCE

I BEGAN to suspect that I was getting very sleepy indeed. I was looking at a chart of which the interest may be divined from the fact that it contained mention of a hutch sold to Jehan d'Estonville, priest, in 1312. But although, even then, I could recognize the importance of the document, I did not give it that attention it so strongly invited. My eyes would keep turning, against my will, towards a certain corner of the table where there was nothing whatever interesting to a learned mind. There was only a big German book there, bound in pigskin, with brass studs on the sides, and very thick cording upon the back. It was a fine copy of a compilation which has little to recommend it except the wood engravings it contains, and which is well known as the *Cosmography of Munster*. This volume, with its covers slightly open, was placed upon edge, with the back upwards.

I could not say for how long I had been staring causelessly at the sixteenth-century folio, when my eyes were captivated by a sight so extraordinary that even a person as devoid of imagination as I could not but have been greatly astonished by it.

I perceived, all of a sudden, without having noticed her

coming into the room, a little creature seated on the back of the book, with one knee bent and one leg hanging down—some-what in the attitude of the amazons of Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne on horseback. She was so small that her swinging foot did not reach the table, over which the trail of her dress extended in a serpentine line. But her face and figure were those of an adult. I will venture to add that she was very handsome, with a proud mien ; for my iconographic studies have long accustomed me to recognize at once the perfection of a type and the character of a physiognomy. The countenance of this lady who had seated herself inopportunistly on the back of a *Cosmography of Munster* expressed a mingling of haughtiness and mischievousness. She had the air of a queen, but a capricious queen ; and I judged, from the mere expression of her eyes, that she was accustomed to wield great authority somewhere, in a very whimsical manner. Her mouth was imperious and mocking, and those blue eyes of hers seemed to laugh in a disquieting way under her finely arched black eyebrows. I have always heard that black eyebrows are very becoming to blondes ; and this lady was very blonde. On the whole, the impression she gave me was one of greatness.

It may seem odd to say that a person who was no taller than a wine-bottle, and who might have been hidden in my coat-pocket—but that it would have been very disrespectful to put her in it—gave me precisely an idea of greatness. But in the fine proportions of the lady seated upon the *Cosmography of Munster* there was such a proud elegance, such a harmonious majesty, and she maintained an attitude at once so easy and so noble, that she really seemed to me a very great person. Although my ink-bottle, which she examined with an expression of such mockery as appeared to indicate that she knew in advance every word that could ever come out of it at the end of my pen, was for her a deep basin I can assure you that she was great, and imposing even in her sprightliness.

Her costume, worthy of her face, was extremely magnificent ; it consisted of a robe of gold-and-silver brocade, and a mantle of nazarat velvet, lined with vair. Her head-dress was a sort of *hennin*, with two high points ; and pearls of splendid lustre made it bright and luminous as a crescent moon. Her

little white hand held a wand. That wand drew my attention very strongly, because my archaeological studies had taught me to recognize with certainty every sign by which the notable personages of legend and of history are distinguished. This knowledge came to my aid during various very queer conjectures with which I was labouring. I examined the wand, and saw that it appeared to have been cut from a branch of hazel.

"Then it is a fairy's wand," I said to myself; "consequently the lady who carries it is a fairy."

Happy at thus discovering what sort of a person was before me, I tried to collect my mind sufficiently to make her a graceful compliment. It would have given me much satisfaction, I confess, if I could have talked to her about the part taken by her people, not less in the life of the Saxon and Germanic races, than in that of the Latin Occident. Such a dissertation, it appeared to me, would have been an ingenious method of thanking the lady for having thus appeared to an old scholar, contrary to the invariable custom of her kindred, who never show themselves but to innocent children or ignorant village-folk.

Because one happens to be a fairy, one is none the less a woman, I said to myself; and since Madame Récamier, according to what I heard J. J. Ampère say, used to blush with pleasure when the little chimney-sweeps opened their eyes as wide as they could to look at her, surely the supernatural lady seated upon the *Cosmography of Munster* might feel flattered to hear an erudite man discourse learnedly about her, as about a medal, a seal, a fibula, or a token. But such an undertaking, which would have cost my timidity a great deal, became totally out of the question when I observed the Lady of the *Cosmography* suddenly take from an alms-purse hanging at her girdle the very smallest nuts I had ever seen, crack the shells between her teeth, and throw them at my nose, while she nibbled the kernels with the gravity of a child.

At this conjuncture, I did what the dignity of science demanded of me—I remained silent. But the nut-shells caused such a painful tickling that I put up my hand to my nose, and found, to my great surprise, that my spectacles were straddling the very end of it—so that I was actually looking

at the lady, not through my spectacles, but over them. This was incomprehensible, because my eyes, worn out over old texts, cannot ordinarily distinguish anything without glasses—could not tell a melon from a decanter, though the two were placed close up to my nose.

That nose of mine, remarkable for its size, its shape, and its coloration, legitimately attracted the attention of the fairy; for she seized my goose-quill pen, which was sticking up from the ink-bottle like a plume, and she began to pass the feather-end of that pen over my nose. I had had more than once, in company, occasion to suffer cheerfully from the innocent mischief of young ladies, who made me join their games, and would offer me their cheeks to kiss through the back of a chair, or invite me to blow out a candle which they would lift suddenly above the range of my breath. But until that moment no person of the fair sex had ever subjected me to such a whimsical piece of familiarity as that of tickling my nose with my own feather pen. Happily I remembered the maxim of my late grandfather, who was accustomed to say that everything was permissible on the part of ladies, and that whatever they do to us is to be regarded as a grace and a favour. Therefore, as a grace and a favour I received the nutshells and the titillations with my own pen, and I tried to smile. Much more!—I even found speech.

"Madame," I said, with dignified politeness, "you accord the honour of a visit not to a silly child, nor to a boor, but to a bibliophile who is very happy to make your acquaintance, and who knows that long ago you used to make elf-knots in the manes of mares at the crib, drink the milk from the skimming-pails, slip *graines-à-gratter* down the backs of our great-grandmothers, make the hearth sputter in the faces of the old folks, and, in short, fill the house with disorder and gaiety. You can also boast of giving the nicest frights in the world to lovers who stayed out in the woods too late of evenings. But I thought you had vanished out of existence at least three centuries ago. Can it really be, madame, that you are still to be seen in this age of railways and telegraphs? My concierge, who used to be a nurse in her young days, does not know your story; and my little boy-neighbour declares that you do not exist."

"What do you yourself think about it?" she cried, in a

silvery voice, straightening up her royal little figure in a very haughty fashion, and whipping the back of the *Cosmography of Munster* as though it were a hippogriff.

"I don't really know," I answered, rubbing my eyes.

This reply, indicating a deeply scientific scepticism, had the most deplorable effect upon my questioner.

"Monsieur Sylvestre Bonnard," she said to me, "you are nothing but an old pedant. I always suspected as much. The smallest little ragamuffin who goes along the road knows more about me than all the old spectacled folks in your Institutes and your Academies. To know is nothing at all; to imagine is everything. Nothing exists except that which is imagined. I am imaginary. That is what it is to exist, I should think! I am dreamed of, and I appear. Everything is only dream; and as nobody ever dreams about you, Sylvestre Bonnard, it is *you* who do not exist. I charm the world; I am everywhere—on a moonbeam, in the trembling of a hidden spring, in the moving of leaves that murmur, in the white vapours that rise each morning from the hollow meadow, in the thickets of pink brier—everywhere! . . . I am seen; I am loved. There are sighs uttered, weird thrills of pleasure felt by those who follow the light print of my feet, as I make the dead leaves whisper. I make the little children smile; I give wit to the dumbest-minded nurses. Leaning above the cradles, I play, I comfort, I lull to sleep—and you doubt whether I exist! Sylvestre Bonnard, your warm coat covers the hide of an ass!"

She ceased speaking; her delicate nostrils swelled with indignation; and while I admired, despite my vexation, the heroic anger of this little person, she pushed my pen about in the ink-bottle, backward and forward, like an oar, and then suddenly threw it at my nose, point first.

I rubbed my face, and felt it all covered with ink. She had disappeared. My lamp was extinguished. A ray of moonlight streamed down through a window and descended upon the *Cosmography of Munster*. A strong cool wind, which had arisen very suddenly without my knowledge, was blowing my papers, pens, and wafers about. My table was all stained with ink. I had left my window open during the storm. What an imprudence!

*Dramatist and Poet, 1564-1616*

### Mercy

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice. *The Merchant of Venice*

### The End of the Play

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep. *The Tempest.*

\* The poems so far included in this book are by poets of to-day. Now our modern poets must study the Master Poets of past ages, however much they may differ from them in style, method, and subject ; and the three greatest Masters of English poetry are Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, while the greatest of Scottish poets is Robert Burns. We give, therefore, a few typical passages from each of these Masters. (See also pages 159, 220, and 262.)



## Lear's Three Daughters

*King Lear's palace.**[Present : Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.**Sennel. Enter one bearing a coronet, King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.]**Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.**Glou. I shall, my liege.**[Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.]**Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.*

Give me the map there. Know we have divided  
 In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent  
 To shake all cares and business from our age,  
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
 Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,  
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
 We have this hour a constant will to publish  
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,  
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
 And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,  
 Since now we will divest us both of rule,  
 Interest of territory, cares of state,  
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
 That we our largest bounty may extend  
 Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,  
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon. I love you more than words can wield the matter.  
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty,  
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,  
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,  
 As much as child e'er loved or father found;  
 A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;  
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*

*Cor. [Aside.] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.*

*Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,*

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue  
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short: that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,  
And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] Then poor Cordelia!  
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's  
More ponderous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee and thine hereditary ever  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,  
No less in space, validity and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,  
Although the last, not least, to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd, what can you say to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing!

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty :  
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
 To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this ?

*Cor.*

Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young and so untender ?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so ; thy truth then be thy dower ;  
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;  
 By all the operation of the orbs  
 From whom we do exist and cease to be ;  
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
 Propinquity and property of blood,  
 And as a stranger to my heart and me  
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,  
 Or he that makes his generation messes  
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied and relieved,  
 As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.*

Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.  
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest  
 On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight !  
 So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
 Her father's heart from her ! Call France. Who stirs ?  
 Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,  
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :  
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
 I do invest you jointly with my power,  
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,  
 With reservation of an hundred knights  
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain  
 The name and all the additions to a king ;  
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
 Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,  
 This coronet part betwixt you.

## The Murder of Duncan

[Enter Macbeth and a Servant.]

*Macbeth.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd  
murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
stealthy pace,  
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-  
set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk,  
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat,  
he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath  
gives.

[A bell rings.]



I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*

[*Enter Lady Macbeth.*]

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark ! Peace !

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it :

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [*Within.*]

Who's there ? what, ho !

*Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done. The attempt not the deed

Confounds us.—Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembl'd

My father as he slept, I had done't.

[*Enter Macbeth.*]

My husband !

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

*Macb.*

When ?

*Lady M.*

Now.

*Macb.*

As I descended.

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

*Lady M.*

Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
" Murder ! "

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them :

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say "God bless us!"

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy  
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from  
the place?

They must lie there: go carry them;  
and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and  
the dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of child-  
hood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,



I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

*Macb.*

Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green—one red.

[*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*]

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour ; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a  
knocking

At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it, then ! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark, more  
knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst.

[*Exeunt.*



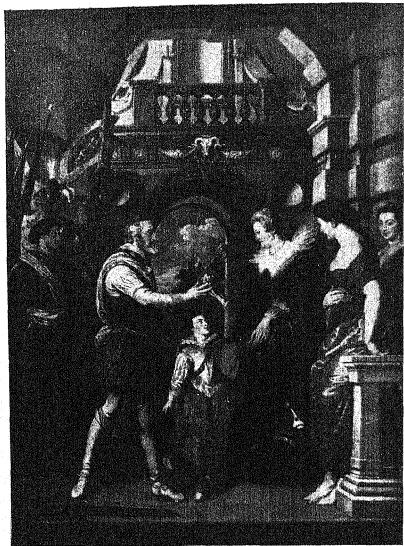
Sonnet

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Sonnet

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove :  
  
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
  
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.





HENRY IV. OF FRANCE LEAVING FOR A CAMPAIGN—BY  
PETER PAUL RUBENS.

## HENRY IV. LEAVING FOR A CAMPAIGN

By Rubens, Flemish Painter, born 1577,  
died 1640.

RUBENS was born in Siegen, Germany, in 1577. His father removed soon afterwards to Antwerp, where the boy Peter Paul received his education. He left school at the early age of thirteen to become a page in the service of a widowed countess, whose husband had been one of the governors of Antwerp. In this service he acquired those courtly manners which marked him throughout his life.

Three or four years afterwards he begged his mother to allow him to learn to be a painter; so that at the outset of his career he was learning by daily practice to become the great painter-ambassador, Sir Peter Paul Rubens. He had advanced so far as an artist by the time he was twenty years of age that he was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke, the Society of Painters of Antwerp. The following year he was engaged in painting decorations for the city.

When he was twenty-three years of age he went to Italy to see the pictures by the Italian Old Masters. The Duke of Mantua, having seen some of his pictures, sent for him. He appointed the young Flemish artist his own court painter and art guide. He travelled with the duke to Mantua, Florence, Genoa, and Rome. In these cities he had leisure to study the great canvases and frescoes which adorn the churches and palaces there. That the duke thought well of him as a courtier is shown by his being sent with presents to Philip the King of Spain.

Rubens spent nearly a year in Madrid before he returned to Antwerp in 1608. He now began to see that he would have a better chance of becoming a great painter if he left the Duke of Mantua's service. So he wrote to him, thanking him for all his kindness and giving up his position with him. He now began to receive so many orders for pictures that he could not execute them all. So he did what other busy artists of his time did—he opened a school of painting.

It was well that Rubens's business ability was as great as

his capacity to paint. In this painting-school his assistants helped him with his pictures, which Rubens designed and his pupils painted. Sometimes the master did not see the works till they were drawn out full size on the big canvas. Then he would look at them keenly, and with a brush or crayon make what changes in drawing he thought would improve them. After a few weeks, when they were coloured, he again looked at them, sometimes painting heads or hands himself.

Pictures of this kind are known as "School Pictures," designed and painted under the direction of a great painter, but not painted entirely by his own hand. The picture on page 92 is one of this kind. It is one of a set of twenty enormous canvases, painted for the queen who appears in it, and designed for the Palace of the Luxembourg. This picture is now in the Louvre, Paris. The whole twenty were painted between 1621 and 1625.

From 1625 onwards Rubens must be regarded as part artist and part diplomat. In 1628 he was sent again to the Spanish court, and there met Velasquez, the great Spanish painter. We hear of him next at Paris and London on political business. When in London he was knighted by Charles I. Twice he was in Holland, where he sat for his portrait to Franz Hals. Rubens is well known for his portraits also. These were painted entirely by the artist himself.

In the picture before us we see Henry IV. of France leaving for the wars. He is handing to his queen, Marie de Médicis, the globe which is the emblem of State. By this act he is giving her the right to reign in his absence. The boy in the scarlet robe between them is the Prince or Dauphin of France. To the left of the picture a warrior carries the banner of France, on which we can see the fleur-de-lis.

The picture tells its story clearly and well. The principal figures occupy the centre of it. The colouring is very pleasing and varied. Rubens was a great painter rather than a great artist. By this is meant that, so far as actual painting is concerned, few painters could excel him. He was not an original artist. That is, he did not show the world any new or specially beautiful ideas. Let us admire him for what he did and for what he was—a man of varied gifts, very vigorous, industrious, courtly, a great painter and a worthy ambassador.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

By LORD MACAULAY

[*Henry IV. of France (1553-1610), known as Henry of Navarre, was at first the champion of the Protestant party, or Huguenots, and spent the greater part of his life in fighting. He succeeded to the crown of France after the assassination of Henry III., but had to fight for his crown. One day a carrier pigeon came into his camp, bringing a slip of paper enclosed in a quill, and inscribed with the words, "Come, come, come!" The king knew at once that his friends in Paris were in need of him, and he hastened towards the city, which was in the hands of his enemies. On the way he fought and won the battle of Ivry in 1590. In 1593 the king became a Catholic in order to win Paris, saying, so it is reported, that the city was "worth a mass," but five years later he enacted the Edict of Nantes, giving freedom of worship to the French Protestants. A Huguenot is supposed to be speaking the following lines.*]

**N**OW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are,  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of  
Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land  
of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls  
annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of  
war,

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

*Rochelle*, The chief stronghold of the Huguenots.

*The League*, A combination of the Catholics not only of France, but  
also of other surrounding countries.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled  
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our Lord the  
King ! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks  
of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne,  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white  
crest ;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned  
his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.

*Seine's empurpled flood.* A reference to the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day, in 1572, when Admiral Coligni, a Huguenot leader, was among the slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven  
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew" was passed from man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe :  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
Oh ! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France  
to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;  
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His  
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point  
of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall  
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's  
souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be  
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Geneviève, keep watch and ward to-  
night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the  
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the  
brave.

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## ❧ THE MEANING OF THE CONQUEST ❧

By Professor G. M. TREVELYAN

THE celebrations in France,\* in honour of the nine hundredth anniversary of the birth of William the Conqueror, remind us in England of the Norman Conquest and its immense consequences to our island, and more particularly of the very curious history of English relations to France down the ages.

The Norman Conquest of 1066 deflected English history from the Scandinavian to the French connection. It was no mere accident that Harald Hardrada, of Norway, invaded Harold's England in the same autumn as William of Normandy; that coincidence represented the actual rivalry of Scandinavia and France for predominance in an island that had not yet a sufficiently strong "English" civilization of its own to be independent of its more forceful and energetic neighbours. Thirty years before, the political union of England with Scandinavia had been a reality under Canute (1016-36). The facts of geography and the sundering sea had since then somewhat loosened the Scandinavian grip on England; but only the Norman Conquest put an end to it, by reorganizing the sluggish Anglo-Saxon polity and civilization on a new Norman-French model.

\* In the year 1927; William I. died in 1087.

*France and Scandinavia*

There was, in 1066, a much greater kinship in language, blood, and customs between Anglo-Danish England and Scandinavia than between Anglo-Danish England and French Normandy. Yet William succeeded in Frenchifying English civilization for three hundred years, while Canute's Scandinavian empire failed to hold England, in spite of the fact that he and his Danes had treated the English as equals and brothers, whereas the Norman barons treated them, at first, like dogs. The reason of the Norman success and the Scandinavian failure was partly that Normandy and France are much nearer to Dover than Stavanger is to Whitby; and partly because the French civilization imported by the Normans, though more alien to England than the Scandinavian, was at that time a more advanced and better organized civilization than that of the Norwegian fiords. If William, and the barons and churchmen who followed him, had not given England new and better institutions than she herself possessed or could have acquired from Norway, Hastings would have been a long-forgotten skirmish instead of one of the great turning-points in history.

For nearly three centuries after Hastings English civilization in its higher aspects was, at least in appearance and to a great extent in reality, a branch of French civilization. The upper classes talked French; the schools were until the time of the Hundred Years' War conducted in French, the tongue of the educated laity, as Latin was that of the priesthood. Hastings relegated the tongue of Bede and Alfred to three centuries of obscurity and contempt. The English language hibernated as a peasant's patois. But during that long seclusion it secretly gathered strength, suppleness, and beauty, absorbed many French and Latin words, and so fitted itself for the reconquest of the educated world. The Scandinavian traditions of Edda and Saga, magnificent as they were, were lost in England even in the Danelaw; and the kindred Saxon tradition of the Beowulf type also fell out of fashion. When, therefore, native English literature began its wonderful second career, and "burst out into sudden blaze" with Chaucer and Wycliffe, with Bible and Prayer Book,

with Shakespeare and Milton, it poured the English spirit of poetry and religion, and the English sense of humour into forms partly suggested by French and Italian tradition.

### *The Founding of Order*

So, too, the political and legal institutions of our island, though they stand in strong contrast to those of France, prove to be of Norman-French origin, if we look far enough back. Not the Saxon Witanagemot, but the feudal Consilium of the Norman kings is the origin of our Parliament. French-speaking barons, enforcing continental feudal law, dictated Magna Carta to King John. French-speaking lawyers evolved the common law of England with very little reference to old Anglo-Danish custom. As in the case of the language, so in the case of the law and politics, Norman-French forms and Norman-French mental training were necessary to create the body in which the native English spirit was finally reincarnated. "How shall one write a single sentence about law," says Maitland, "without using some such word as *debt, contract, heir, trespass, pay, money, court, judge, jury*? But all these words have come to us from the French. In all the world-wide lands where English law prevails, homage is done daily to William of Normandy and Henry of Anjou."

And yet though the words and the forms were in origin imported from France or invented by French-speaking statesmen and lawyers, the institutions and the spirit behind them were neither French nor old Anglo-Saxon, but something altogether new in the world—English. When the Hundred Years' War took place, only three centuries after Hastings, the social and political difference between France and England was already very great, though not, of course, as immense as it became after the Reformation. Already at the time of Crécy and Agincourt England had become a unified kingdom with a strong royal administration, tempered by public rights publicly enforced through national law courts and Parliament. France was still a congeries of feudal lordships, with no effective protection for the peasant serf against his feudal oppressor. England already boasted of her prosperous and free-hearted yeomen, in war-time her terrible archers, while France had

no arm more modern than the old feudal levy of mounted knights, who had won Hastings, but who lost Crécy.

### *The Secret of English Progress*

Why then had England made progress so much more rapid than France, both towards order and towards liberty, in the three hundred years following the Conquest? Partly, no doubt, because she was an island; but before the Norman Conquest she had been a very distracted island, incapable of her own defence or of her own proper governance. Part of the secret of English progress from 1066 onwards was that the Conquest was not a *French* conquest, but a *Norman* conquest. It was not mere French feudalism that came over, but Norman dukedom, capable of expanding into English kingship.

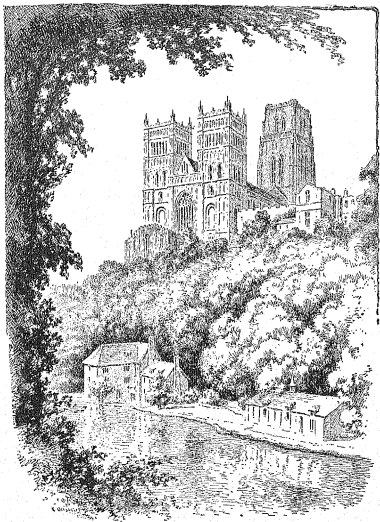
This, perhaps, is the point that recent historical research has done most to bring out. The introduction of French feudalism has always been rightly associated in the popular mind with the victory of Hastings; and the real nature of that French feudalism as introduced into our island was explained a generation ago by Mr. Round and other scholars. It is also some time since Maitland emphasized the Norman-French origins of our law and constitution. But it is even more recently that the work of the American scholar, Professor Haskins of Harvard, has traced the origins of the strong kingship of mediæval England in the strong dukedom that William had established in Normandy before ever he came to England. William, great man that he was, was not a mere predatory leader of disorderly feudal barons, but a monarch who had fought and beaten feudal anarchy in Normandy, at least to a greater degree than it had then been beaten elsewhere in France, or, indeed, in any part of Europe. And he was a man prepared not only to conquer the English by the help of his Norman-French barons, but to keep those barons in order afterwards, if necessary, with occasional help from the conquered English. Such was William's policy, and such was the policy of the Norman and Angevin kings who followed him, all save the hapless Stephen, in whose reign England for a short while relapsed into the purely French model of a feudal kingdom.

*A Williamite Polity*

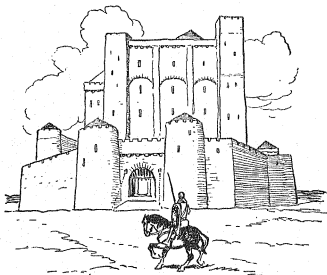
So if the culture that was established in England was a French culture, the polity was a Norman polity—or a Williamite polity we might rather say. And the Normans and French who came over, soldiers and clergy alike, were not only men of their hands, but men of brains, apt at organization, capable of inducing order and progress. They were fierce and cruel men, at least as inhumane and murderous as the Scandinavians of Canute's time, and apparently less kindly. But they made in the end an ordered and well-organized State, in which justice, humanity, and even liberty could ere long safely rear their heads as they never can in a land of anarchy and weak rule. For a monument of the Norman Conquest, look up at Durham Castle and Cathedral. They were reared—at least in great part—within a generation of that cruel "harrying of the North" by William the Conqueror which turned North Yorkshire and Durham into a wilderness. Yet from the charred ashes of that barbarous land the conquerors raised the Durham Cathedral that we know, which Anglo-Danish Northumbria could never have produced. It was a new Latin civilization, super-imposed by an energetic foreign soldiery and clergy on those wild moorlands, a civilization soon to penetrate under David I. into Scotland (1124-53), and found modern Scotland also under Norman leadership. Bruce and Balliol were Anglo-Norman families.

*The Vikings from France*

The Norman aristocracy, who conquered England and colonized Scotland, were descendants of the Scandinavian vikings who had conquered Normandy several generations before Hastings. They had, on the banks of the Seine, adopted the language, religion, and civilization of the French among whom they lived, and the methods of warfare of the French against whom they fought. They had learned in France to fight from horseback as cavalry, instead of riding to battle as mounted infantry, and then fighting on foot, like their viking ancestors, and like Harold's huscarls, whom the



DURHAM CATHEDRAL ABOVE THE RIVER WEAR.



A Norman Castle.

Norman cavalry overcame at Hastings. The Normans had also learnt in France how to build a castle, piling up a high, circular mound, and placing on the top a wooden fort, in later times replaced by a stone donjon. Those circular mounds of earth that we see by scores all over the island, some grazed by cattle in green fields, some buried in copse and woodland, some few still surmounted by a fort, those are the forgotten footsteps of the Conqueror and of the Conquest from which modern English history dates.



# THE LETTER

By WILLIAM MORRIS

[The following extract is from a long poem by William Morris, entitled "The Man born to be King." Michael was the motherless son of a peasant who was bought from his father by the King because an old sage had foretold that the child should be king after him. The child was secretly thrown into a stream, but was rescued and reared by a miller. One day, fourteen years later, the King visited the miller, saw Michael, and after inquiry concluded that the boy was his destined successor. He therefore pretended to take Michael into his service, but sent him away with a squire with orders to kill him. The squire left Michael for dead, but the boy was found by some monks and made a man-at-arms in their monastery, which was visited by the King with results which you can guess. The King now took Michael into his service, and sent him to the Castle of the Rose, where his daughter, the Princess Cicely, was staying, with a sealed letter which ordered the Seneschal of the castle to kill him.]

DEEP within the archway's shade  
The warder on his cloak was laid  
Dozing, one hand upon a harp.  
And nigh him a great golden carp  
Lay stiff with all his troubles done,  
Drawn from the moat ere yet the sun  
Was high, and nigh him was his bane,  
An angling rod of Indian cane.

Now hearing Michael's horse-hooves smite  
The causeway, shading from the light  
His eyes, as one scarce yet awake,  
He made a shift his spear to take,  
And, eyeing Michael's badge the while,  
Rose up, and with a lazy smile,  
Said, "Ho! fair sir, abide, abide,  
And show why hitherward ye ride  
Unto my lady's royal home."  
Said Michael, "From the King I come,  
As by my badge ye well may see;  
And letters have I here with me  
To give my lord the Seneschal."

"Yea," said the man, "but in the hall



He feasteth now ; what haste is there,  
 Certes full quickly cometh care ;  
 And sure I am he will not read  
 Thy letters, or to aught give heed  
 Till he has played out all the play,  
 And every guest has gone away ;  
 So thou, O damoiseau, must wait ;  
 Tie up thine horse anigh the gate,  
 And sit with me, and thou shalt hear  
*The Kaiser lieth on his bier.*  
 Thou laughest—hast thou never heard  
 Of this same valorous Red Beard,  
 And how he died ? Well, I can sing  
 Of many another dainty thing,  
 Thou wilt not a long while forget,  
 The budget is not empty yet.  
 —Peter ! I think thou mockest me,  
 But thou art young and fair perdie,  
 I wish thee luck—well, thou mayest go  
 And feel the afternoon wind blow  
 Within Dame Bertha's pleasance here ;  
 She who was held so lief and dear,  
 All this was built but for her sake,  
 Who made the hearts of men to ache ;  
 And dying full of years and shame  
 Yet left an unforgotten name—  
 God rest her soul ! ”

Michael the while

Hearkened his talking with a smile,

*The Kaiser*, Frederick Barbarossa (Redbeard) (1194-1250), ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, who went on a crusade and captured Jerusalem. He died from the effects of a chill caught while crossing a river in Asia Minor, and a legend afterwards arose that he had not really died, but would come again at need to fight his country's battles. "He sits within a hill near Salzburg yonder," writes Thomas Carlyle, "and a peasant once stumbling into the interior saw the kaiser in his stone cavern. He sat at a marble table leaning upon his elbows, winking, only half asleep. His beard had grown through the table, and streamed out upon the floor. He looked at the peasant one moment, asked him something about the time, then dropped his eyelids again. Not yet time, but will be soon. He is winking as if to awake."

Then said, "O friend, I think to hear  
 Both *The King lieth on his bier*  
 And many another song of thee,  
 Ere I depart ; but now show me  
 The pleasance of the ancient queen,  
 For these red towers above the green  
 Show like the gates of Paradise,  
 That surely somewhere through them lies."  
 Then said the warder, "That may be  
 If thou know'st what may come to thee—  
 When past the drawbridge thou hast gone,  
 Upon the left three steps of stone  
 Lead to a path beneath the wall  
 Of the great court, that folk now call  
 The falconer's path, nor canst thou miss  
 Going thereby, to find the bliss  
 Thou look'st for, since the path ends there,  
 And through a wicket gilded fair  
 The garden lies where thou wouldst be :  
 Nor will I fail to come to thee  
 Whene'er my lord the Seneschal  
 Shall pass well fed from out the hall."

Then Michael, thanking him, passed on,  
 And soon the gilded wicket won,  
 And entered that pleasance sweet,  
 And wandered there with wary feet  
 And open mouth, as though he deemed  
 That in some lovely dream he dreamed,  
 And feared to wake to common day,  
 So fair was all ; and e'en decay  
 Brought there but pensive loveliness,  
 Where autumn those old walls did bless  
 With wealth of fruit, and through the grass  
 Unscared the spring-born thrush did pass,  
 Who yet knew nought of winter-tide.

So wandering, to a fountain's side  
 He came, and o'er the basin hung,

Watching the fishes, as he sung  
Some song remembered from of old,  
Ere yet the miller won that gold.  
But soon made drowsy with his ride,  
And the warm hazy autumn-tide,  
And many a musical sweet sound,  
He cast him down upon the ground,  
And watched the glittering water leap,  
Still singing low, nor thought to sleep.

But scarce three minutes had gone by  
Before, as if in mockery,  
The starling chattered o'er his head,  
And nothing he remembered,  
Nor dreamed of aught that he had seen.

Meanwhile unto that garden green  
Had come the Princess, and with her  
A maiden that she held right dear,  
Who knew the inmost of her mind.  
Now those twain, as the scented wind  
Played with their raiment or their hair,  
Had late been running here and there,  
Chasing each other merrily,  
As maids do, thinking no one by ;  
But now, well wearied therewithal,  
Had let their gathered garments fall  
About their feet, and slowly went :  
And through the leaves a murmur sent,  
As of two happy doves that sing  
The soft returning of the spring.  
Now of these twain the Princess spoke  
The less, but into laughter broke  
Not seldom, and would redder oft,  
As on her lips her fingers soft  
She laid, as still the other maid,  
Half grave, half smiling, follies said.

So in their walk they drew anigh  
That fountain in the midst, whereby  
Lay Michael sleeping, dreaming nought



CHANGING THE LETTER—BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL, A.R.W.S.  
(By permission of the Birmingham Art Gallery.)

Of such fair things so nigh him brought ;  
They, when the fountain shaft was past,  
Beheld him on the ground down-cast,  
And stopped at first, until the maid  
Stepped lightly forward to the shade,  
And when she had gazed there awhile  
Came running back again, a smile  
Parting her lips, and her bright eyes  
Afire with many fantasies ;  
And ere the Lady Cecily  
Could speak a word, " Hush ! hush ! " said she  
" Did I not say that he would come  
To woo thee in thy peaceful home  
Before thy father brought him here ?  
Come, and behold him, have no fear !  
The great bell would not wake him now,  
Right in his ears."

" Nay, what dost thou ? "  
The Princess said ; " Let us go hence ;  
Thou know'st I give obedience  
To what my father bids ; but I  
A maid full fain would live and die,  
Since I am born to be a queen."

" Yea, yea, for such as thou hast seen,  
That may be well," the other said.  
" But come now, come ; for by my head  
This one must be from Paradise ;  
Come swiftly then, if thou art wise  
Ere aught can snatch him back again."

She caught her hand, and not in vain  
She prayed ; for now some kindly thought  
To Cecily's brow fair colour brought,  
And quickly 'gan her heart to beat  
As love drew near those eyes to greet,  
Who knew him not till that sweet hour.

*Did I not say ?* The companion of the Princess had told the latter  
that a certain noble lord was seeking her in marriage.

So over the fair, pink-edged flower  
Softly she stepped ; but when she came  
Anigh the sleeper, lovely shame  
Cast a soft mist before her eyes  
Full filled of many fantasies.  
But when she saw him lying there  
She smiled to see her mate so fair ;  
And in her heart did Love begin  
To tell his tale, nor thought she sin  
To gaze on him that was her own,  
Not doubting he was come alone  
To woo her, whom midst arms and gold  
She deemed she should at first behold ;  
And with that thought love grew again  
Until departing was a pain,  
Though fear grew with that growing love ;  
And with her lingering footsteps strove  
As from the place she turned to go,  
Sighing and murmuring words full low.  
But as her raiment's hem she raised,  
And for her merry fellow gazed  
Shamefaced and changed, she met her eyes  
Turned grave and sad with ill surprise ;  
Who while the Princess mazed did stand  
Had drawn from Michael's loosened band  
The King's scroll, which she held out now  
To Cecily, and whispered low,  
" Read, and do quickly what thou wilt,  
Sad, sad ! such fair life to be spilt :  
Come further first."

With that they stepped  
A pace or two from where he slept,  
And then she read,

*Lord Seneschal,  
On thee and thine may all good fall ;  
Greeting hereby the King sendeth,  
And biddeth thee to put to death  
His enemy who beareth this ;  
And as thou lovest life and bliss,*

*And all thy goods thou holdest dear,  
Set thou his head upon a spear  
A good half furlong from the gate,  
Our coming hitherward to wait—  
So perish the King's enemies !*

She read, and scarcely had her eyes  
Seen clear her father's name and seal,  
Ere all love's power her heart did feel,  
That drew her back in spite of shame,  
To him who was not e'en a name  
Unto her a short hour ago.  
Panting she said, " Wait thou alone  
Beside him, watch him carefully  
And let him sleep if none draw nigh :  
If of himself he waketh, then  
Hide him until I come again,  
When thou hast told him of the snare—  
If thou betrayest me beware !  
For death shall be the least of all  
The ills that on thine head shall fall—  
What say I, thou art dear to me,  
And doubly dear now shalt thou be.  
Thou shalt have power and majesty,  
And be more queen in all than I—  
Few words are best, be wise, be wise ! "

Withal she turned about her eyes  
Once more, and swiftly as a man  
Betwixt the garden trees she ran,  
Until, her own bower reached at last,  
She made good haste, and quickly passed  
Unto her secret treasury.  
There, hurrying since the time was nigh  
For folk to come from meat, she took  
From 'twixt the leaves of a great book  
A royal scroll, signed, sealed, but blank,  
Then, with a hand that never shrank  
Or trembled, she the scroll did fill  
With these words, writ with clerkly skill,—

*Unto the Seneschal, Sir Rafe,  
Who holdeth our fair castle safe,  
Greeting and health ! O well-beloved,  
Know that at this time we are moved  
To wed our daughter, so we send  
Him who bears this, our perfect friend,  
To be her bridegroom ; so do thou  
Ask nought of him, since well we know  
His race and great nobility,  
And how he is most fit to be  
Our son ; therefore make no delay,  
But wed the twain upon the day  
Thou readest this : and see that all  
Take oath to him, whate'er shall fall  
To do his bidding as our heir ;  
So doing still be lief and dear  
As I have held thee yet to be.*

She cast the pen down hastily  
At that last letter, for she heard  
How even now the people stirred  
Within the hall : nor dared she think  
What bitter potion she must drink  
If now she failed, so falsely bold  
That life or death did she enfold  
Within its cover, making shift  
To seal it with her father's gift,  
A signet of cornelian.

Then swiftly down the stairs she ran  
And reached the garden ; but her fears  
Brought shouts and thunder to her ears  
That were but lazy words of men  
Full-fed, far off ; nay, even when  
Her limbs caught up her flying gown  
The noise seemed loud enough to drown  
The twitter of the autumn birds,  
And her own muttered breathless words  
That to her heart seemed loud indeed.

Yet therewithal she made good speed



And reached the fountain seen of none  
Where yet abode her friend alone,  
Watching the sleeper, who just now  
Turned in his sleep and muttered low.  
Therewith fair Agnes saying nought  
From out her hand the letter caught ;  
And while she leaned against the stone  
Stole up to Michael's side alone,  
And with a cool, unshrinking hand  
Thrust the new scroll deep in his band,  
And turned about unto her friend ;  
Who having come unto the end  
Of all her courage, trembled there  
With face upturned for fresher air,  
And parted lips grown grey and pale,  
And limbs that now began to fail,  
And hands wherefrom all strength had gone,  
Scarce fresher than the blue-veined stone  
That feeble still she strove to clutch.

But when she felt her lady's touch,  
Feebly she said, " Go ! let me die  
And end this sudden misery  
That in such wise has wrapped my life.  
I am too weak for such a strife,  
So sick I am with shame and fear ;  
Would thou hadst never brought me here ! "

But Agnes took her hand and said,  
" Nay, queen, and must we three be dead  
Because thou fearest ; all is safe  
If boldly thou wilt face Sir Rafe."

So saying, did she draw her hence,  
Past tree and bower, and high pleached fence  
Unto the garden's further end,  
And left her there and back did wend,  
And from the house made haste to get  
A gilded maund wherein she set

*Sir Rafe, The seneschal.*

A flask of ancient island wine,  
 Ripe fruits and wheaten manchets fine,  
 And many such a delicate  
 As goddesses in old time ate,  
 Ere Helen was a Trojan queen ;  
 So passing through the garden green  
 She cast her eager eyes again  
 Upon the spot where he had lain,  
 But found it empty, so sped on  
 Till she at last the place had won  
 Where Cecily lay weak and white  
 Within that fair bower of delight.

Her straight she made to eat and drink,  
 And said, " See now thou dost not shrink  
 From this thy deed ; let love slay fear  
 Now, when thy life shall grow so dear,  
 Each minute should seem loss to thee  
 If thou for thy felicity  
 Couldst stay to count them ; for I say,  
 This day shall be thy happy day."

Therewith she smiled to see the wine  
 Embraced by her fingers fine ;  
 And her sweet face grow bright again  
 With sudden pleasure after pain.

Again she spoke, " What is this word  
 That dreaming, I perchance, have heard,  
 But certainly remember well ;  
 That some old soothsayer did tell  
 Strange things unto my lord, the King,  
 That on thy hand the spousal ring  
 No Kaiser's son, no King should set,  
 But one a peasant did beget—  
 What sayst thou ? "

But the Queen flushed red ;  
 " Such fables I have heard," she said ;  
 " And thou—is it such scathe to me,

The bride of such a man to be ? ”  
“ Nay,” said she, “ God will have him King ;  
How shall we do a better thing  
With this or that one than He can ;  
God’s friend must be a goodly man.”

But with that word she heard the sound  
Of folk who through the mazes wound  
Bearing the message ; then she said,  
“ Be strong, pluck up thine hardihead,  
Speak little, so shall all be well,  
For now our own tale will they tell.”

And even as she spoke they came  
And all the green place was aflame  
With golden raiment of the lords ;  
While Cecily, noting not their words,  
Rose up to go ; and for her part  
By this had fate so steeled her heart,  
Scarce otherwise she seemed, than when  
She passed before the eyes of men  
At tourney or high festival.  
But when they now had reached the hall,  
And up its very steps they went,  
Her head a little down she bent ;  
Nor raised it till the dais was gained  
For fear that love some monster feigned  
To be a god, and she should be  
Smit by her own bolt wretchedly.  
But at the rustling, crowded dais  
She gathered heart her eyes to raise,  
And there beheld her love, indeed,  
Clad in her father’s serving weed,  
But proud, and flushed, and calm withal,  
Fearless of aught that might befall,  
Nor too astonished, for he thought,—  
“ From point to point my life is brought  
Through wonders till it comes to this ;  
And trouble cometh after bliss,  
And I will bear all as I may,

And ever as day passeth day,  
My life will hammer from the twain,  
Forging a long enduring chain."

But midst these thoughts their young eyes met,  
And every word did he forget  
Wherewith men name unhappiness,  
As read again those words did bless  
With double blessings his glad ears.  
And if she trembled with her fears,  
And if with doubt, and love, and shame,  
The rosy colour went and came  
In her sweet cheeks and smooth bright brow,  
Little did folk think of it now,  
But as of maiden modesty,  
Shamefaced to see the bridegroom nigh.

And now when Rafe the Seneschal  
Had read the message down the Hall,  
And turned to her, quite calm again  
Her face had grown, and with no pain  
She raised her serious eyes to his  
Grown soft and pensive with his bliss,  
And said,  
" Prince, thou art welcome here,  
Where all my father loves is dear,  
And full trust do I put in thee,  
For that so great nobility  
He knoweth in thee ; be as kind  
As I would be to thee, and find  
A happy life from day to day,  
Till all our days are passed away."

What more than found the bystanders  
He found within this speech of hers,  
I know not ; some faint quivering  
In the last words ; some little thing  
That checked the cold words' even flow.  
But yet they set his heart aglow,  
And he in turn said eagerly :—

"Surely I count it nought to die  
For him who brought me unto this ;  
For thee, who givest me this bliss ;  
Yea, even dost me such a grace  
To look with kind eyes in my face,  
And send sweet music to my ears."

But at his words she, mazed with tears,  
Seemed faint, and failing quickly, when  
Above the low hum of the men  
Uprose the sweet bells' sudden clang,  
As men unto the chapel rang ;  
While just outside the singing folk  
Into most heavenly carols broke.  
And going softly up the hall  
Boys bore aloft the verges tall  
Before the bishop's gold-clad head.

Then forth his bride young Michael led,  
And nought to him seemed good or bad  
Except the lovely hand he had ;  
But she the while was murmuring low,  
"If he could know, if he could know,  
What love, what love, his love should be !"

[Hearing of his royal master's approach, the Seneschal met him in state with Michael and Cicely, now man and wife. The King was at first taken aback, but recovered sufficiently to ask for an explanation. When he had heard it he raised his face with a smile.

"Shout aloud for joy," he cried, "for the wedding of the Princess !"

At once the glad cries of the assembled company rent the air.

Then the King turned to Michael, and said, "My lord, wear from to-day the royal collar of a prince, and from henceforth your servants shall bear before you the banner of a duke."

Then there arose a mighty shout of joy from the company. The monarch leapt to the ground and took the hands of the young bridegroom and his lovely bride.

"How many days of bliss and happiness I should have enjoyed," he said, "if I had schooled my heart to humility, and left alone what was no concern of mine. Yet I will strive for the rest of my time to live my life from day to day without thought of what lies behind me and before."]



## THE TYRANNY OF BIRDS

*(From a Correspondent to the "Times.")*

NO bird lover should live in the country. In towns one dreams of the song of birds and sighs for the chance to watch their little ways. When we lived in London we longed for these delights and wistfully watched the sparrows destroying the buds of our one anæmic lilac bush ; the fat, possessive pigeons strutting in St. Paul's Churchyard ; or the wizard man who sat in Hyde Park covered with birds which fed from his hands. He seemed happy, but this can only have been because he was free to leave Hyde Park and the tyranny of birds when he pleased.

Here, in the country, we are bullied by birds and cannot escape them. In a moment of optimism we built a loggia on the south side of our house, hoping to sun ourselves therein. But, before the summer came, two swallows took possession of it and built their nest up in its rafters and there hatched out their eggs. Whenever we came out into the loggia the birds flew out in terror. If we arranged ourselves comfortably there in cushioned chairs, the mother swallow harrowed our hearts by flying distractedly to the entrance and skimming away again, returning in a few seconds, with her mate to strengthen her resolution, only to waver outside and dart away with a piteous squeak of protest. Sometimes she would gain sufficient courage to flutter in and perch on the brink of the nest, but, if we were rash enough to be drinking tea below, we ran the risk of some noisome insect being dropped into our teacup by an agitated parent bird.

Always the swallows won. We sat in the loggia as intruders or we retired indoors feeling like brutes. We grew to long for the moment when the young swallows should be fledged and fly away ; but hardly had this happened when those same

endeavouring birds decided to begin all over again. The year was young as yet; there was ample time to bring up another family. Clearly we were not to use our loggia that summer.



Another pair of swallows, mentally deficient, as I believe, started to build a nest across the hinge of an out-house where chicken food was stored. Every day when the door was opened their work was destroyed, but they patiently and sorrowfully persisted, until we were obliged to give orders that the door be left permanently open—risking the theft of forage—for the convenience of these half-wits, who eventually built a beautiful little nest in the safe interior of the shed.

Every morning these four parent birds woke me at sunrise by perching on the trough above my window and exchanging interminable family gossip. There is no baby-bore so devastating as the maternal swallow. She twitters of the plumage of Mary Jane, of the appetite of Albert Edward, of the prowess of Baby Bill, and her confidences are incessant.



The loggia being banned, we sought shelter under the trees by the pool in our orchard, hoping—more fools we!—to enjoy the peace of our garden. But we soon discovered that a pair of moorhens had taken possession of our pool, had built a nest among the yellow iris, and hatched out seven promising balls of black fluff. Our appearance disturbed the proud mamma in the act of teaching her progeny to “walk the plank” in procession, a spear of iris foliage having been broken

down by her to enable them more easily to reach the water. At sight of us there was a sudden panic. James and Gerald overbalanced and fell into the water; Patricia and Geraldine rushed back into the nest; mamma dived into the rushes with Richard, Jemima, and Charles; and papa, having a hatred of

domestic scenes, retired precipitately to his study under the bank. We, feeling like uninvited guests profaning the sanctity of the home, took up our cushions and retired to the house. The orchard was henceforth forbidden ground.

This year the same scenes are being enacted. We have not even been permitted to use our loggia during the interval when the swallows were bullying the Africans, for a wren took up her residence in their old nest and the loggia was once more "taboo." Now they are back again, busy as ever; our white garden tables are splashed with mud, and the puppy's drinking water is always befouled with grit from their building and house decoration.

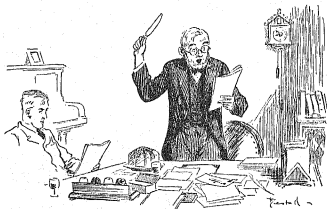
The half-wits are attempting to build their home this year in our garage, just above our shining new car, which must, in consequence, be shielded by a tarpaulin, and the garage door left open at night. I tremble to think what our insurance company would say. I fear they would consider the convenience of mentally deficient swallows an inadequate reason for the risk of theft.

No! decidedly bird lovers should not live in the country.

*By kind permission of the proprietors of the "Times."*







## MR. CROWFOOT



By E. F. BENSON

MR. CROWFOOT, under whom David was to sit and possibly learn that morning, was a bustling, chirpy little body, who always dressed in a tail-coat, a bowler hat, and buttoned boots which turned up at the toes. He had a round face, the lower portion of which was covered with a round beard, and he wore round spectacles of peculiar construction. They had extra lenses like blinkers hinged to their outer margins, and these could be turned back over the others, so as to give an additional magnifying power. He whisked these backwards and forwards as he lectured, using one pair for the larger type of his text, and adding the second for the smaller type of his notes, and poured forth a swift gabble of confused exposition, as if he was just going to catch a train and had only a minute or two to spare.

He had never been seen otherwise than in a hurry, which caused him constantly to drop whatever he was carrying. To-day as he scurried up the lecture-room a cataract of books and papers spirted from below his arm, and as he gathered them up and put them back they kept pushing each other out and falling down again. A pencil popped out of his waistcoat pocket as he bent down, like a torpedo from its tube, and his watch fell out and dangled by its chain in the air.

He continued to clear his throat and smile and murmur, "Dear me! how awkward I am! Very tiresome! Thank you, Blaize," as David helped him to recover and retain these treasures.

Mr. Crowfoot was full of what he called "dodges," like the White Knight in *Alice in Wonderland*. On the writing-table in his rooms where he corrected Latin proses, and made memoranda and never could find what he had put there, was a row of ink-bottles which you could upset without anything coming out, containing polychromatic fluids—purple ink, green ink, red ink, everything but black ink—and it was popularly supposed that he was thinking out a dodge of using black paper (which would probably be cheaper than white, owing to its not being bleached) and writing upon it with white ink (which would probably be cheaper than black, because it hadn't got any colouring matter). These inks he used week by week in rotation for his correspondence and the correction of proses, red ink one week and purple the next, so that merely by looking at the colour you could ascertain the date of the piece in question.

There was a pen by each ink-pot, dedicated to its use alone; but being always in a hurry, he usually dipped the red-ink pen into the green-ink bottle and the purple-ink pen into the red-ink bottle, thus producing curious colours of mixed date, and all the nibs had to be cleaned. He had a drawer full of small hanks of string which he unravelled from parcels received and used again. They were seldom, of course, precisely the length required (that would have been too much to expect), so he knotted a couple of them together, or three if necessary, and there you were! But he ceased to be quite so much there when the knots came undone, for the contents of the parcel fell out, and he had to begin again. In another drawer were sheets of brown paper, which had already been through the post, but could be turned inside-out and used again. If too small, two pieces could be gummed together; if too large, one piece could be torn in half. More ingenious yet was his cuckoo-clock, which was adjusted to strike the hour two minutes before the right time.

"Because," so he gleefully explained, "if you want to do something at eleven o'clock—or say ten—it's too late to get

ready for it when the clock strikes and it's time to begin. But if your clock strikes two minutes before the hour, there you are all cool and comfortable." In practice, Mr. Crowfoot generally began to do something else when this dodgy clock struck, because there were two minutes to spare yet, which it was a pity to waste. After that he forgot the time altogether until the cuckoo performed again, and he found that he ought to have begun the first thing fifty-eight minutes ago.

Below his table was a fur foot-warmer (why not fill it with ice in the summer?) in which he inserted his feet while he worked. But the buttons or the turned-up toes of his boots often got caught in the torn lining of it, so that when he tried to stand up he sat down again, or lurched forward among the ink-bottles. In extricating himself a button or two sometimes came off the boots, which he put in his waistcoat pocket and forgot about; so that when, in a great hurry, he took out his pencil-sharpener, which was like a small candle-extinguisher and cut your finger instead of the pencil unless you knew the dodge of it (and sometimes even then), the buttons came out too, and rolled about the carpet like the bright black eyes of birds. He picked them up and put them on the chimney-piece, and naturally forgot to sharpen the pencil with which he was just going to make a most important memorandum concerning a motion of his at the next Council meeting. He had always half a dozen motions down on the most various subjects, such as the cutting of the lawn, the cleaning of the lightning-conductors on the chapel, the quality of the beer supplied by the buttery, or a scheme for feeding the fish in the Cam and fattening them for the use of Fellows. Sometimes his own arguments converted him to the opposite way of thinking, and he voted against the motion which he had himself proposed. Especially was this the case when A. G. agreed with his original motion, for he would do anything rather than be agreed with by A. G. Whenever he was in the company of his fellow-dons he was rich in incoherent arguments about some abuse that needed rectification, and got up round-robins, and had hares to start and bones to pick, and schemes to moot, none of which ever came to anything.

Mr. Crowfoot was of a highly social disposition, and his favourite hospitality was the glee-singing parties which he

gave in his rooms after Hall\* every week. They took place on Wednesday in the summer and Thursday in the winter, and he had some reason, which no one could ever remember (so abstruse was it), why Wednesday was more suitable to the long days and Thursday to the short ones. He had collected an enormous quantity of old English glees and madrigals, and his guests, who were entirely undergraduates (except when A. G. came in unasked), sat round his dining-room table, and, with him as conductor and chief vocalist, produced very pleasant and extraordinary noises for an hour or two with intervals for unusual refreshments. To-night, Frank, David, and Bags all went together as soon as Hall was over, and found themselves the earliest to arrive. This was Bags's first appearance.

Mr. Crowfoot was employed in transporting stacks of glee-books from the bookcase by the piano to the table. They reached from the stretch of his arms to his chin, and he welcomed them over the top.

"Very glad to see you all—Maddox, and Blaize, and Crabtree, isn't it? Help yourselves, won't you? . . . Let me see, what have I done with the buns?—oh yes, in the fender to keep warm—and a small Borneo cigar, won't you, and some chocolates? I don't think you've been to my glee-parties before, have you, Crabtree? What do you sing?"

"I think a sort of bass," said Bags coyly.

Mr. Crowfoot was handing buttered buns and pouring out Tintara, which was mulled and steaming from having been put close to the fire, and distributing glee-books and pressing small cigars on everybody, and talking all the time with the greatest animation and incoherence.

"We'll soon find out; and then there's Maddox and Blaize, and I think Tomlin's coming, and me, and two choral scholars, that makes six—or is it eight?—and some more are sure to drop in. And a bun, Blaize? Quite alliterative, isn't it? Alliteration is the key to poetry: if I say 'pretty tunes,' it's prose, but if I say 'melodious music,' it's poetry. Let me see: have we enough chairs? Ah, here are Tomlin and Kenneth, and—I forget your name for a moment—oh yes, Horncastle. That's a quorum, isn't it? Will you

\* After the evening meal in the College Hall.

help yourselves to cigars and buns and everything, and we might begin."

They began with the famous catch, "Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late," with a fine lead for the first voice, which Mr. Crow-foot performed solo, in a high quavering tenor, beating time with a paper-knife. As directed by the composer of this remarkable piece, he gradually quickened the time from *andante* to *prestissimo*, and the paper-knife flew out of his hand and, narrowly missing David's head, crashed among the buttered buns in the fender. But he made no pause, and merely snatched up the cake-knife, which flashed like Excalibur in his nimble hand. His voice rang out shrill above all the others as he feverishly declaimed, "Order! order! Hear him! Hear!"; a wisp of his hair fell over his eyes, his face grew red and shining with exertion and pleasure, and it was only when he was breathless and exhausted that he brought the cake-knife down among the ink-bottles, which signified that the catch was finished.

David's methods in the matter of part-singing were sound, though slightly elementary. The object in view was to sing firmly and unwaveringly the notes that were set down for him, and he found that if he put his fingers in his ears, so as not to be distracted by the voices of others, he could keep to his notes pretty well; but if he heard the air, he could not help joining in it. So he sat during the next part-song frowning with concentration on his page, all other noises completely banished from his sealed ears, making a loud bumble-bee noise and occasionally only looking up at the movements of the paper-knife, which had been recovered from the fender and cleansed from the fragments of buttered buns. When they had got well embarked on the glee, Frank said in a voice audible to all but him:

"I say, let's stop singing, but keep our mouths going, and then David will have a solo."

This was done; David looked up occasionally and saw the paper-knife going, and the mouths of his fellow-melodists opening and shutting. So he went on completely by himself in his booming voice:

"I loved thee beautiful and kind,  
And plighted an eternal vow."

His own voice, ringing through his head behind his stopped ears, sounded wonderfully sonorous and true, and he was feeling immensely pleased with himself. As the paper-knife was plied more encouragingly he bellowed with the greater vigour, and at last after singing a page or two he thought he had got so firm a hold of his part that he might venture to uncork his ears. This he did, and was amazed to find dead silence all round him.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Ripping good solo: encore," said Frank.

Roars of laughter.

"How long have I been going on?" he asked.

"Since the third bar."

David howled.

"You utter brute! Sorry, Mr. Crowfoot. Oh, I wish I'd heard it; it must have been funny! Jolly good singing faces you all made."

"You ought to be in the choir, David," said Tommers.

"Ought I? You ought to be in——" He couldn't think of a sufficiently degraded place for Tommers to be in. . . .

David got his own back pretty soon, for being asked to strike the chord of F on the piano, he gave them a chord two tones higher. Consequently when the top voices were called upon to sing A, they had to make a shrill approximation to C sharp, and that was a very interesting noise. This could not possibly be kept up, and they got flatter and flatter, sinking like a barometer before a storm, and carrying every one with them till they ended in precisely the key they should have begun in. David verified the amazing fact that they had not sunk a quarter of a tone. . . .





MAY MORNING—BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.

By Holman Hunt, born 1827, died 1910.

OUR first glance at the picture on the opposite page shows us a group of boys and men singing in a place which seems to be part of a church, and the title of the picture, "May Morning," suggests that the time is the morning of the first day of May. So much we gather from the picture itself.

Most of you know that the 1st of May is a "red letter" day in the calendar—a special day standing out among all the days of the year. On the 1st of May country maidens get up very, very early and climb to the top of the nearest hill to see the sun rise, while at the same time they wash their faces with dew from the grass-May-dew, so that they may keep themselves beautiful all the year.

Thousands of years ago the sun-worshippers of Persia and Central America greeted the rising sun with music and dancing, and the maidens who rise early on May morning and the boys and men in the picture are keeping up this old ceremony of welcoming the sun on May morning.

If we look at the picture more carefully we shall recognize that the singers are choir boys and men. They are keeping up the old custom of greeting the sun on May morning on the roof of Magdalen Tower, Oxford, where it has been observed for hundreds of years.

We scarcely need to be told that the time is early morning. The artist was such a conscientious man that he went to the top of the tower every morning at four o'clock before sunrise for several weeks so as to make sure he would get the right sky effect for his picture. You will probably agree that he has succeeded very well in this respect.

There are a great many people in the picture. Can you count them? How many boys and how many men? Notice the two principal colours in the gowns, the sunlit white and the shadow white (purple or grey).

Do you see the basket and the flowers lying on the roof of the tower? How do we know that it is a roof, and how can we tell that it is high up above the earth?



Do you think the artist has imagined the faces of the boys and men, or are they painted from life?

You may remember another picture painted by the same artist and entitled "The Scapegoat," which is printed on page 218 of Book V. of this Series. We see that both pictures are painted in the same careful way. Holman Hunt belonged to a group of painters who called themselves the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." They were all young men who had banded themselves together to paint good pictures and to *paint them very carefully* with close attention to details.

We can see this care in all this artist's pictures. Notice the details of features and hair in each head. No part of the picture is painted carelessly; flowers, basket, sky, birds, and stonework show the same thoroughness. Such painters are sometimes spoken of as "realistic" painters.

A poet thus describes the scene on Magdalen Tower:

"Lo, a tuneful choir,  
White-robed, bare-headed, all eyes one way thrown  
As erst men waited till the eastern fire  
Kindled the tremulous chords of Memnon's lyre,  
And hark, that well-known plaintive prelude o'er,  
Five pulses of the clock—which scarce expire,  
Eare soft as dew amid the silence soar  
Seraphic sounds aloft, and this the strain they pour."

The "strain" referred to is the "May Morning Hymn," the first stanza of which is as follows:

"To Thee, O God, the Father—Thee  
All worship, praise and glory be:  
Thy Hand bestows our daily bread,  
And that wherewith our souls are fed."





THE LEMNIAN

By JOHN BUCHAN

I

HE pushed the matted locks from his brow as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts—Carians with thin bird-like faces—were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar-weals and the lash marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill-usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before the storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Ægean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. But the sea had burst his water-jars, and the torments of drought had been added to his toil. He had been driven south almost to Scyros, but had found no harbour. Then a weary day with the oars had brought him close to the Eubœan shore, when a freshet of storm drove him seaward again. Now at last in this northerly creek of Sciathos he had found shelter and a spring. But it was a perilous place, for there were robbers

*Lemnian*, A native of the isle of Lemnos. (See map on page 133.)

in the bushy hills—mainland men, who loved above all things to rob an islander; and out at sea, as he looked towards Pelion, there seemed something a-doing which boded little good. There was deep water beneath a ledge of cliff, half-covered by a tangle of wildwood. So Atta lay in the bows, looking through the trails of vine at the racing tides now reddening in the dawn.

The storm had hit others besides him, it seemed. The channel was full of ships, aimless ships that tossed between tide and wind. Looking closer, he saw that they were all wreckage. There had been tremendous doings in the north, and a navy of some sort had come to grief. Atta was a prudent man, and knew that a broken fleet might be dangerous. There might be men lurking in the maimed galleys who would make short work of the owner of a battered but navigable craft. At first he thought that the ships were those of the Hellenes. The troublesome fellows were everywhere in the islands, stirring up strife and robbing the old lords. But the tides running strongly from the east were bringing some of the wreckage in an eddy into the bay. He lay closer and watched the spars and splintered poops as they neared him. These were no galleys of the Hellenes. Then came a drowned man: then another—swarthy, hook-nosed fellows, all yellow with the sea. Atta was puzzled. They must be the men from the East about whom he had been hearing. Long ere he left Lemnos there had been news about the Persians. They were coming like locusts out of the dawn, swarming over Ionia and Thrace, men and ships numerous beyond telling. They meant no ill to honest islanders: a little earth and water were enough to win their friendship. But they meant death to the ὕβρις of the Hellenes. Atta was on the side of the invaders; he wished them well in their war with his ancient foes. They would eat them up—Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Corinthians, Æginetans, men of Argos and Elis—and none would be left to trouble him. But in the

*Hellenes*, The name given to themselves by the inhabitants of Ancient Greece or Hellas.

*ὕβρις* (pronounce *hubris*), Greek for pride, arrogance.

*The invaders*. The Persians first invaded Greece in 492 B.C.

*His ancient foes*, The Greeks of the mainland whose names follow.



meantime something had gone wrong. Clearly there had been no battle. As the bodies butted against the side of the galley he hooked up one or two and found no trace of a wound. Poseidon had grown cranky, and had claimed victims. The god would be appeased by this time, and all would go well.

Danger being past, he bade the men get ashore and fill the water-skins. "God's curse on all Hellenes," he said, as he soaked up the cold water from the spring in the thicket.

## II

About noon he set sail again. The wind sat in the north-east, but the wall of Pelion turned it into a light stern breeze which carried him swiftly westward. The four slaves, still leg-weary and arm-weary, lay like logs beside the thwarts. Two slept; one munched some salty figs; the fourth, the headman, stared wearily forward, with ever and again a glance back at his master. But the Lemnian never looked his way. His head was on his breast, as he steered, and he brooded on the sins of the Hellenes. He was of the old Pelasgian stock, the first lords of the land, who had come out of the soil at the call of God. The pillaging northmen had crushed his folk out of the mainlands and most of the islands, but in Lemnos they had met their match. It was a family story how every grown male had been slain, and how the women long after had slaughtered their conquerors in the night. "Lemnian deeds," said the Hellenes, when they wished to speak of some shameful thing; but to Atta the shame was a glory to be cherished for ever. He and his kind were the ancient people, and the gods loved old things, as those new folk would find. Very especially he hated the men of Athens. Had not one of their captains, Miltiades, beaten the Lemnians, and brought the island under Athenian sway? True, it was a rule only in name, for any Athenian who came alone to Lemnos would soon be cleaving the air from the highest

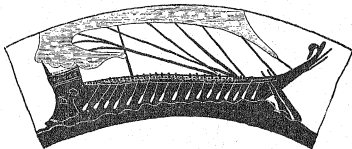
*Poseidon*, The god of the sea, named Neptune by the Romans.

*Pelion*, A lofty mountain near the coast of Thessaly. (See map.)

*Miltiades*, A celebrated Athenian general who fought against the Persians at Marathon, 490 B.C.

cliff-top. But the thought irked his pride, and he gloated over the Persians' coming. The Great King from beyond the deserts would smite those outrageous upstarts. Atta would willingly give earth and water. It was the whim of a fantastic barbarian, and would be well repaid if the Hellenes were destroyed. They spoke his own tongue, and worshipped his own gods, and yet did evil. Let the nemesis of Zeus devour them!

The wreckage pursued him everywhere. Dead men shouldered the sides of the galley, and the straits were stuck



A Greek galley about 500 B.C.  
(From a vase-painting.)

full of things like monstrous buoys, where tall ships had foundered. At Artemision he thought he saw signs of an anchored fleet with the low poops of the Hellenes, and sheered off to the northern shores. There, looking towards Æta and the Malian Gulf, he found an anchorage at sunset. The waters were ugly and the times ill, and he had come on an enterprise bigger than he had dreamed. The Lemnian was a stout fellow, but he had no love for needless danger. He laughed mirthlessly as he thought of his errand, for he was going to Hellas, to the shrine of the Hellenes.

Up in the keep of Larisa, on the windy hillside, there had been heart-searching and talk about the gods. The little olive-wood Hermes, the very private and particular god of Atta's folk, was good enough in simple things like a lambing or

*The Great King.* The title given to the Persian monarch Xerxes.

a harvest, but he was scarcely fit for heavy tasks. Atta's wife declared that her lord lacked piety. There were mainland gods who repaid worship, but his scorn of all Hellenes made him blind to the merits of those potent divinities. At first Atta resisted. There was Attic blood in his wife, and he strove to argue with her unorthodox craving. But the woman persisted, and a Lemnian wife, as she is beyond other wives in virtue and comeliness, excels them in stubbornness of temper. Nothing would content her but that Atta should make his prayers to the stronger gods.

Dodona was far away, and long ere he reached it his throat would be cut in the hills. But Delphi was but two days' journey from the Malian coast, and the god of Delphi, the Far-Darter, had surprising gifts, if one were to credit travellers' tales. Atta yielded with an ill grace, and out of his wealth devised an offering to Apollo. So on this July day he found himself looking across the gulf to Kallidromos, bound for a Hellenic shrine, but hating all Hellenes in his soul. A verse of Homer consoled him—the words which Phocion spoke to Achilles. "Verily even the gods may be turned, they whose excellence and honour and strength are greater than mine; yet even these do men, when they pray, turn from their purpose with offerings of incense and pleasant vows." The Far-Darter must hate the ἑβρῆς of those Hellenes, and be the more ready to avenge it since they dared to claim his countenance. "No race has ownership in the gods," a Lemnian song-maker had said when Atta had been questioning the ways of Poseidon.

*Attic blood.* Some of her ancestors had hailed from Athens.

*Dodona*, in Epirus (Central Greece), a sacred grove of oaks or beech trees which, when stirred by the wind, pronounced the will of Zeus. The sounds were interpreted at first by men, afterwards by aged women.

*Delphi*, A small town in Phocis, on the southern slope of Mount Parnassus, which contained the temple of Apollo, the god of the sun. In the centre of the temple was a small opening in the ground from which came an intoxicating vapour, and over which stood a tripod on which a priestess seated herself when the oracle, or the expression of the will of the god, was to be proclaimed. (See page 37.)

*The Far-Darter*, The name given to Apollo with reference to the far-reaching beams of the sun.

## III

The following dawn found him coasting past the north end of Eubœa in the thin fog of a windless summer morn. He steered by the peak of Othrys and a spur of Ceta, as he had learned from a slave who had travelled the road. Presently he was in the muddy Malian waters, and the sun was scattering the mist on the landward side. And then he became aware of a greater commotion than Poseidon's play with the ships off Pelion. A murmur like a winter's storm came seawards. He lowered the sail, which he had set to catch a chance breeze, and bade the men rest on their oars. An earthquake seemed to be tearing at the roots of the hills.

The mist rolled up, and his hawk eyes saw a strange sight. The water was green and still around him, but shoreward it changed its colour. It was a dirty red, and things bobbed about in it like the Persians in the creek of Sciathos. On the strip of shore, below the sheer wall of Kallidromos, men were fighting—myriads of men, for away towards Locris they stretched in ranks and banners and tents till the eye lost them in the haze. There was no sail on the queer, muddy, red-edged sea; there was no man on the hills; but on that one flat ribbon of sand all the nations of the earth were warring. He remembered about the place: Thermopylæ they called it, the Gate of the Hot Springs. The Hellenes were fighting the Persians in the pass for their fatherland.

Atta was prudent and loved not other men's quarrels. He gave the word to the rowers to row seaward. In twenty strokes they were in the mist again. . . .

Atta was prudent, but he was also stubborn. He spent the day in a creek on the northern shore of the gulf, listening to the weird hum which came over the waters out of the haze. He cursed the delay. Up on Kallidromos would be clear dry

*Thermopylæ*, A narrow pass in Northern Greece commanding the road from Thessaly to Southern Greece. Here, in 480 B.C., Leonidas, at the head of 300 Spartans, opposed the Persian army. Every one of the defenders perished. This is one of the most famous fights of history.



air and the path to Delphi among the oak woods. The Hellenes could not be fighting everywhere at once. He might find some spot on the shore, far in their rear, where he could land and gain the hills. There was danger indeed, but once on the ridge he would be safe ; and by the time he came back the Great King would have swept the defenders into the sea, and be well on the road for Athens. He asked himself if it were fitting that a Lemnian should be stayed in his holy task by the struggles of Hellene and Barbarian. His thoughts flew to his steading at Larisa, and the dark-eyed wife who was awaiting his home-coming. He could not return without Apollo's favour : his manhood and the memory of his lady's eyes forbade it. So late in the afternoon he pushed off again and steered his galley for the south.

About sunset the mist cleared from the sea ; but the dark falls swiftly in the shadow of the high hills, and Atta had no fear. With the night the hum sank to a whisper ; it seemed that the invaders were drawing off to camp, for the sound receded to the west. At the last light the Lemnian touched a rock point well to the rear of the defence. He noticed that the spume at the tide's edge was reddish. Of a surety much blood was flowing on that coast.

He bade his slaves return to the north shore and lie hidden to await him. When he came back he would light a signal fire on the topmost bluff of Kallidromos. Let them watch for it and come to take him off. Then he seized his bow and quiver, and his short hunting-spear, buckled his cloak about him, saw that the gift to Apollo was safe in the folds of it, and marched sturdily up the hillside.

#### IV

The moon was in her first quarter, a slim horn which at her rise showed only the faint outline of the hill. Atta plodded steadfastly on, but he found the way hard. This was not like the crisp sea-turf of Lemnos, where among the barrows of the ancient dead sheep and kine could find sweet fodder. Kalli-

*Steading, Homestead.*

dromos ran up as steep as the roof of a barn. Cytisus and thyme and juniper grew rank, but above all the place was strewn with rocks, leg-twisting boulders, and great cliffs where eagles dwelt. Being a seaman, Atta had his bearings. The path to Delphi left the shore road near the Hot Springs, and went south by a rift of the mountain. If he went up the slope in a bee-line he must strike it in time and find better going. Still it was an eerie place to be tramping after dark. The Hellenes had strange gods of the thicket and hillside, and he had no wish to intrude upon their sanctuaries. He told himself that next to the Hellenes he hated this country of theirs, where a man sweltered in hot jungles or tripped among hidden crags. He sighed for the cool beaches below Larisa, where the surf was white as the snows of Samothrace, and the fisher-boys sang round their smoking broth-pots.

Presently he found a path. It was not the mule road, worn by many feet, that he had looked for, but a little track which twined among the boulders. Still it eased his feet; so he cleared the thorns from his sandals, strapped his belt tighter, and stepped out more confidently. Up and up he went, making odd detours among the crags. Once he came to a promontory, and, looking down, saw lights twinkling from the Hot Springs. He had thought the course lay more southerly, but consoled himself by remembering that a mountain path must have many windings. The great matter was that he was ascending, for he knew that he must cross the ridge of Ceta before he struck the Locrian glens that led to the Far-Darter's shrine.

At what seemed the summit of the first ridge he halted for breath, and, prone on the thyme, looked back to sea. The Hot Springs were hidden, but across the gulf a single light shone from the far shore. He guessed that by this time his galley had been beached and his slaves were cooking supper. The thought made him homesick. He had beaten and cursed these slaves of his times without number, but now in this strange land he felt them kinsfolk, men of his own household. Then he told himself he was no better than a woman. Had he not gone sailing to Chalcedon and distant Pontus, many

*Strange gods, Pan, the god of the woods, and his attendant fauns.*

months' journey from home, while this was but a trip of days? In a week he would be welcomed by a smiling wife, with a friendly god behind him.

The track still bore west, though Delphi lay in the south. Moreover, he had come to a broader road running through a little tableland. The highest peaks of Æta were dark against the sky, and around him was a flat glade where oaks whispered in the night breezes. By this time he judged from the stars that midnight had passed, and he began to consider whether, now that he was beyond the fighting, he should not sleep and wait for dawn. He made up his mind to find a shelter, and, in the aimless way of the night traveller, pushed on and on in the quest of it. The truth is his mind was on Lemnos and a dark-eyed, white-armed dame spinning in the evening by the threshold. His eyes roamed among the oak trees, but vacantly and idly, and many a mossy corner was passed unheeded. He forgot his ill-temper, and hummed cheerfully the song his reapers sang in the barley-fields below his orchard. It was a song of seamen turned husbandmen, for the gods it called on were the gods of the sea. . . .

## V

Suddenly he found himself crouching among the young oaks, peering and listening. There was something coming from the west. It was like the first mutterings of a storm in a narrow harbour, a steady rustling and whispering. It was not wind; he knew winds too well to be deceived. It was the tramp of light-shod feet among the twigs—many feet, for the sound remained steady, while the noise of a few men will rise and fall. They were coming fast and coming silently. The war had reached far up Kallidromos.

Atta had played this game often in the little island wars. Very swiftly he ran back and away from the path up the slope which he knew to be the first ridge of Kallidromos. The army, whatever it might be, was on the Delphian road. Were the Hellenes about to turn the flank of the Great King?

A moment later he laughed at his folly. For the men began to appear, and they were crossing to meet him, coming

from the west. Lying close in the brushwood he could see them clearly. It was well he had left the road, for they stuck to it, following every winding—crouching, too, like hunters after deer. The first man he saw was a Hellene, but the ranks behind were no Hellenes. There was no glint of bronze or gleam of fair skin. They were dark, long-haired fellows, with spears like his own, and round Eastern caps, and egg-shaped bucklers. Then Atta rejoiced. It was the Great King who was turning the flank of the Hellenes. They guarded the gate, the fools, while the enemy slipped through the roof.

He did not rejoice long. The van of the army was narrow and kept to the path, but the men behind were straggling all over the hillside. Another minute and he would be discovered. The thought was cheerless. It was true that he was an islander and friendly to the Persian, but up on the heights who would listen to his tale? He would be taken for a spy, and one of those thirsty spears would drink his blood. It must be farewell to Delphi for the moment, he thought, or farewell to Lemnos for ever. Crouching low, he ran back and away from the path to the crest of the sea-ridge of Kallidromos.

The men came no nearer him. They were keeping roughly to the line of the path, and drifted through the oak wood before him, an army without end. He had scarcely thought there were so many fighting men in the world. He resolved to lie there on the crest, in the hope that ere the first light they would be gone. Then he would push on to Delphi, leaving them to settle their quarrels behind him. These were the hard times for a pious pilgrim.

But another noise caught his ear from the right. The army had flanking squadrons, and men were coming along the ridge. Very bitter anger rose in Atta's heart. He had cursed the Hellenes, and now he cursed the Barbarians no less. Nay, he cursed all war, that spoiled the errands of peaceful folk. And then, seeking safety, he dropped over the crest on to the steep shoreward face of the mountain.

In an instant his breath had gone from him. He slid down a long slope of screes, and then with a gasp found himself falling sheer into space. Another second and he was caught in a tangle of bush, and then dropped once more upon

screes, where he clutched desperately for hand-hold. Breathless and bleeding he came to anchor on a shelf of greensward and found himself blinking up at the crest which seemed to tower a thousand feet above. There were men on the crest now. He heard them speak and felt that they were looking down.

The shock kept him still till the men had passed. Then the terror of the place gripped him, and he tried feverishly to retrace his steps. A dweller all his days among gentle downs, he grew dizzy with the sense of being hung in space. But the only fruit of his efforts was to set him slipping again. This time he pulled up at a root of gnarled oak which overhung the sheerest cliff on Kallidromos. The danger brought his wits back. He sullenly reviewed his case, and found it desperate.

He could not go back, and, even if he did, he would meet the Persians. If he went on he would break his neck, or at the best fall into the Hellenes' hands. Oddly enough, he feared his old enemies less than his friends. He did not think that the Hellenes would butcher him. Again, he might sit perched in his eyrie till they settled their quarrel, or he fell off. He rejected this last way. Fall off he should for certain, unless he kept moving. Already he was sick with the vertigo of the heights. It was growing lighter. Suddenly he was looking not into a black world, but to a pearl-grey floor far beneath him. It was the sea, the thing he knew and loved. The sight screwed up his courage. He remembered that he was a Lemnian and a seafarer. He would be conquered neither by rock, nor by Hellene, nor by the Great King. Least of all by the last, who was a Barbarian. Slowly, with clenched teeth and narrowed eyes, he began to clamber down a ridge which flanked the great cliff of Kallidromos. His plan was to reach the shore and take the road to the east before the Persians completed their circuit. Some instinct told him that a great army would not take the track he had mounted by. There must be some longer and easier way debouching farther down the coast. He might yet have the good luck to slip between them and the sea.

The two hours which followed tried his courage hard. Thrice he fell, and only a juniper root stood between him and death. His hands grew ragged, and his nails were worn to

the quick. He had long ago lost his weapons ; his cloak was in shreds, all save the breast-fold which held the gift to Apollo. The heavens brightened, but he dared not look around. He knew he was traversing awesome places, where a goat could scarcely tread. Many times he gave up hope of life. His head was swimming, and he was so deadly sick that often he had to lie gasping on some shoulder of rock less steep than the rest. But his anger kept him to his purpose. He was filled with fury at the Hellenes. It was they and their folly that had brought him these mischances. Some day . . .

## VI

He found himself sitting blinking on the shore of the sea. A furlong off the water was lapping on the reefs. A man, larger than human in the morning mist, was standing above him.

"Greeting, stranger," said the voice. "By Hermes, you choose the difficult roads to travel."

Atta felt for broken bones, and, reassured, struggled to his feet.

"God's curse upon all mountains," he said. He staggered to the edge of the tide and laved his brow. The savour of salt revived him. He turned to find the tall man at his elbow, and noted how worn and ragged he was, and yet how upright.

"When a pigeon is flushed from the rocks there is a hawk near," said the voice.

Atta was angry. "A hawk!" he cried. "Nay, an army of eagles. There will be some rare flushing of Hellenes before evening."

"What frightened you, islander?" the stranger asked. "Did a wolf bark up on the hillside?"

"Ay, a wolf. The wolf from the East with a multitude of wolfings. There will be fine eating soon in the pass."

The man's face grew dark. He put his hand to his mouth

*Hermes*, The god with winged cap and sandals who acted as messenger to the gods of Olympus, and whom the Romans named Mercury.

and called. Half a dozen sentries ran to join him. He spoke to them in the harsh Lacedæmonian speech which made Atta sick to hear. They talked with the back of the throat, and there was not an "s" in their words.

"There is mischief in the hills," the first man said. "This islander has been frightened down over the rocks. The Persian is stealing a march on us."

The sentries laughed. One quoted a proverb about island courage. Atta's wrath flared and he forgot himself. He had no wish to warn the Hellenes, but it irked his pride to be thought a liar. He began to tell his story hastily, angrily, confusedly; and the men still laughed.

Then he turned eastward and saw the proof before him. The light had grown and the sun was coming up over Pelion. The first beam fell on the eastern ridge of Kallidromos, and there, clear on the sky-line, was the proof. The Persian was making a wide circuit, but moving shoreward. In a little he would be at the coast, and by noon at the Hellenes' rear.

His hearers doubted no more. Atta was hurried forward through the lines of the Greeks to the narrow throat of the pass, where behind a rough rampart of stones lay the Lacedæmonian headquarters. He was still giddy from the heights, and it was in a giddy dream that he traversed the misty shingles of the beach amid ranks of sleeping warriors. It was a grim place, for there were dead and dying in it, and blood on every stone. But in the lee of the wall little fires were burning and slaves were cooking breakfast. The smell of roasting flesh came pleasantly to his nostrils, and he remembered that he had had no meal since he crossed the gulf.

Then he found himself the centre of a group who had the air of kings. They looked as if they had been years in war. Never had he seen faces so worn and so terribly scarred. The hollows in their cheeks gave them the air of smiling, and yet they were grave. Their scarlet vests were torn and muddied, and the armour which lay near was dented like the scrap-iron before a smithy door. But what caught his attention were the eyes of the men. They glittered as no eyes he had ever seen before glittered. The sight cleared his bewilderment and

*Lacedæmonian.* The city of Sparta was in Lacedæmonia.

took the pride out of his heart. He could not pretend to despise a folk who looked like Ares fresh from the wars of the Immortals.

They spoke among themselves in quiet voices. Scouts came and went, and once or twice one of the men, taller than the rest, asked Atta a question. The Lemnian sat in the heart of the group, sniffing the smell of cooking, and looking at the rents in his cloak and the long scratches on his legs. Something was pressing on his breast, and he found that it was Apollo's gift. He had forgotten all about it. Delphi seemed beyond the moon, and his errand a child's dream.

## VII

Then the king, for so he thought of the tall man, spoke:

"You have done us a service, islander. The Persian is at our back and front, and there will be no escape for those who stay. Our allies are going home, for they do not share our vows. We of Lacedæmon wait in the pass. If you go with the men of Corinth you will find a place of safety before noon. No doubt in the Euripus there is some boat to take you to your own land."

He spoke courteously, not in the rude Athenian way; and somehow the quietness of his voice and his glittering eyes roused wild longings in Atta's heart. His island pride was face to face with a greater—greater than he had ever dreamed of.

"Bid yon cooks give me some broth," he said gruffly. "I am faint. After I have eaten I will speak with you."

He was given food, and as he ate he thought. He was on trial before these men of Lacedæmon. More, the old faith of the islands, the pride of the first masters, was at stake in his hands. He had boasted that he and his kind were the last of the men; now these Hellenes of Lacedæmon were preparing a great deed, and they deemed him unworthy to share it. They offered him safety. Could he brook the insult? He had forgotten that the cause of the Persian was his; that the Hellenes were the foes of his race. He saw only that the

*Ares*, The god of war, known to the Romans as Mars.



last test of manhood was preparing, and the manhood in him rose to greet the trial. An odd wild ecstasy surged in his veins. It was not the lust of battle, for he had no love of slaying, or hate of the Persian, for he was his friend. It was the joy of proving that the Lemnian stock had a starker pride than these men of Lacedæmon. They would die for their fatherland, and their vows; but he, for a whim, a scruple, a delicacy of honour. His mind was so clear that no other course occurred to him. There was only one way for a man. He, too, would be dying for his fatherland, for through him the island race would be ennobled in the eyes of gods and men.

Troops were filing fast to the east—Thebans, Corinthians.

"Time flies, islander," said the king's voice. "The hours of safety are slipping past."

Atta looked up carelessly. "I will stay," he said. "God's curse on all Hellenes! Little I care for your quarrels. It is nothing to me if your Hellas is under the heel of the East. But I care much for brave men. It shall never be said that a man of Lemnos, a son of the old race, fell back when Death threatened. I stay with you, men of Lacedæmon."

The king's eyes glittered; they seemed to peer into his heart.

"It appears they breed men in the islands," he said. "But you err. Death does not threaten. Death awaits us."

"It is all one," said Atta. "But I crave a boon. Let me fight my last fight by your side. I am of older stock than you, and a king in my own country. I would strike my last blow among kings."

### VIII

There was an hour of respite before battle was joined, and Atta spent it by the edge of the sea. He had been given arms, and in girding himself for the fight he had found Apollo's offering in his breastfold. He was done with the gods of the Hellenes. His offering should go to the gods of his own people. So, calling upon Poseidon, he flung the little gold cup far out to sea. It flashed in the sunlight, and then sank in the soft green tides so noiselessly that it seemed as if the

hand of the sea-god had been stretched to take it. "Hail, Poseidon!" the Lemnian cried. "I am bound this day for the Ferryman. To you only I make prayer, and to the little Hermes of Larisa. Be kind to my kin when they travel the sea, and keep them islanders and seafarers for ever. Hail and farewell, God of my own folk!"

Then, while the little waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs, looking over to the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool wind would be blowing, and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the chequered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's heart. It was not regret, but joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island creed the death he was awaiting was not other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows.

So Atta made the Song of Atta, and sang it then, and later in the press of battle. It was a simple song, like the lays of seafarers. It put into rough verse the thought which cheers the heart of all adventurers—nay, which makes adventure possible for those who have much to leave. It spoke of the shining pathway of the sea which is the Great Uniter. A man may lie dead in Pontus or beyond the Pillars of Herakles, but if he dies on the shore there is nothing between him and his fatherland. It spoke of a battle all the long dark

*The Ferryman, Charon, who ferried the souls of the dead across the waters of the river Styx to Hades.*

*Pontus, The Black Sea.*

*Pillars of Herakles, The high land on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar.*

night in a strange place—a place of marshes and black cliffs and shadowy terrors.

*"In the dawn the sweet light comes," said the song, "and the salt winds and the tides will bear me home. . . ."*

## IX

When in the evening the Persians took toll of the dead, they found one man who puzzled them. He lay among the tall Lacedæmonians, on the very lip of the sea, and around him were swathes of their countrymen. It looked as if he had been fighting his way to the water, and had been overtaken by death as his feet reached the edge. Nowhere in the pass did the dead lie so thick, and yet he was no Hellene. He was torn like a deer that the dogs have worried, but the little left of his garments and his features spoke of Eastern race. The survivors could tell nothing except that he had fought like a god and had been singing all the while.

The matter came to the ear of the Great King, who was sore enough at the issue of the day. That one of his men had performed feats of valour beyond the Hellenes was a pleasant tale to tell. And so his captains reported it. Accordingly when the fleet from Artemision arrived next morning, and all but a few score Persians were shovelled into holes, that the Hellenes might seem to have been conquered by a lesser force, Atta's body was laid out with pomp in the midst of the Lacedæmonians. And the seamen rubbed their eyes and thanked their strange gods that one man of the East had been found to match those terrible warriors whose name was a nightmare. Further, the Great King gave orders that the body of Atta should be embalmed and carried with the army, and that his name and kin should be sought out and duly honoured. This latter was a task too hard for the staff, and no more was heard of it till months later, when the King, in full flight after Salamis, bethought him of the one man who had not played him false. Finding that his lieutenants had nothing to tell him, he eased five of them of their heads.

As it happened, the deed was not quite forgotten. An islander, a Lesbian and a cautious man, had fought at Thermopylæ in the Persian ranks, and had heard Atta's singing and seen how he fell. Long afterwards some errand took this man to Lemnos, and in the evening, speaking with the Elders, he told his tale and repeated something of the song. There was that in the words which gave the Lemnians a clue, the mention, I think, of the olive-wood Hermes and the snows of Samothrace. So Atta came to great honour among his own people, and his memory and his words were handed down to the generations. The song became a favourite island lay, and for centuries throughout the Ægean seafaring men sang it when they turned their prows to wild seas. Nay, it travelled farther, for you will find part of it stolen by Euripides and put in a chorus of the *Andromache*. There are echoes of it in some of the epigrams of the *Anthology*; and, though the old days have gone, the simple fisher-folk still sing snatches in their barbarous dialect. The Klephts used to make a catch of it at night round their fires in the hills, and only the other day I met a man in Scyros who had collected a dozen variants, and was publishing them in a dull book on island folklore.

In the centuries which followed the great fight, the sea fell away from the roots of the cliffs and left a mile of marsh-land. About fifty years ago a peasant, digging in a rice-field, found the cup which Atta had given to Poseidon. There was much talk about the discovery, and scholars debated hotly about its origin. To-day it is in the Berlin Museum, and according to the new fashion in archæology it is labelled "Minoan," and kept in the Cretan Section. But any one who looks carefully will see behind the rim a neat little carving of a dolphin; and I happen to know that that was the private badge of Atta's house.

*Anthology*. An ancient collection of Greek poetry.

*Minoan*. The Minoans lived in Crete, and had reached a high degree of civilization long before the time of the Hellenes. One of their famous monarchs was Minos, the king who made the labyrinth for the Minotaur, which devoured the tribute of young people sent yearly from Athens, and was finally destroyed by Theseus according to the old myth, which seems to have a basis of history.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ATTA'S SONG ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Roughly translated by JOHN BUCHAN

I WILL sing of thee,  
Great Sea-Mother,  
Whose white arms gather  
Thy sons in the ending :  
And draw them homeward  
From far sad marches—  
Wild lands in the sunset,  
Bitter shores of the morning—  
Soothe them and guide them  
By shining pathways  
Homeward to thee.

All day I have striven in dark glens  
With parched throat and dim eyes,  
Where the red crags choke the stream  
And dank thickets hide the spear.  
I have spilled the blood of my foes,  
But their wolves have torn my flanks.  
I am faint, O Mother,  
Faint and aweary.  
I have longed for thy cool winds  
And thy kind grey eyes  
And thy lover's arms.

At the even I came  
To a land of terrors,  
Of hot swamps where the feet mired  
And streams that flowered red with blood.  
There I strove with thousands,  
Wild-eyed and lost,  
As a lion among serpents.  
—But sudden before me  
I saw the flash  
Of the sweet wide waters  
That wash my homeland  
And mirror the stars of home.  
Then sang I for joy,

For I knew the Preserver,  
Thee, the Uniter,  
The great Sea-Mother.  
Soon will the sweet light come,  
And the salt winds and the tides  
Will bear me home.

Far in the sunrise,  
Nestled in thy bosom,  
Lies my own green isle.  
Thither wilt thou bear me  
To where, above the sea-cliffs,  
Stretch mild meadows, flower-decked, thyme-scented,  
Crisp with sea breezes.  
There my flocks feed  
On sunny uplands,  
Looking over the waters  
To where the Mount Saos  
Raises pure snows to God.

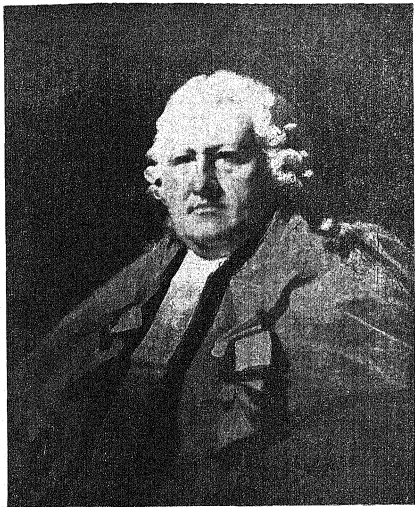
Hermes, guide of souls,  
I made thee a shrine in my orchard,  
And round thy olive-wood limbs  
The maidens twined Spring blossoms—  
Violet and helichryse  
And the pale wind flowers.  
Keep thou watch for me,  
For I am coming.  
Tell to my lady  
And to all my kinsfolk  
That I who have gone from them  
Tarry not long, but come swift o'er the sea-path,  
My feet light with joy,  
My eyes bright with longing.  
For little it matters  
Where a man may fall,  
If he fall by the sea-shore ;  
The kind waters await him,  
The white arms are around him,

And the wise Mother of Men  
Will carry him home,

I who sing  
Wait joyfully on the morning.  
Ten thousand beset me  
And their spears ache for my heart.  
They will crush me and grind me to mire,  
So that none will know the man that once was me.  
But at the first light I shall be gone,  
Singing, flitting, o'er the grey waters,  
Outward, homeward,  
To thee, the Preserver,  
Thee, the Uniter,  
Mother the Sea.



JOHN BUCHAN.



LORD NEWTON---BY RAEURN.



By Raeburn, Scottish Painter, born 1756, died 1823.

**P**ORTRAIT painting may be considered by some people to be the easiest kind of painting; easy because the artist has always his sitter before him. He has no difficulties of composition to trouble him, and usually no problems of colour harmony to solve. It is so easy that a camera can do it, and, as we all know, a camera has no brains! The camera makes its picture in a second or less. The artist cannot work so quickly, so that he may have to spend many hours in doing what the camera does in an instant.

Now this is just where the portrait painter's difficulties begin. He must be able to keep his sitter interested while he paints him. This means that he must talk to him, and get him to talk in return. If the sitter is lively and interested, he gradually loses his set position, which increases the portrait painter's difficulties. If the artist asks him to sit quite still and not talk, he gradually gets an expression not fit to be put on canvas, and in any case not the man's usual expression.

When the artist is painting a portrait he is doing not one but two things—making the portrait like his sitter, and at the same time making the painting a work of art.

The portrait of Lord Newton before us fulfils those two conditions. It is, in the first place, a good likeness; and, secondly, a beautiful and arresting picture on which we are pleased to look and look again. How did the artist secure these two essential qualities? The following was his method of painting, as described by one of his sitters. "He spoke a few words to me in his brief and kindly way—evidently to put me into an agreeable mood; and then, having placed me in a chair on a platform at the end of his painting-room, in the posture required, set up his easel beside me with the canvas ready to receive the colour. When he saw all was right, he took his palette and his brush, retreated back step by step with his face toward me, till he was nigh the other end of the room; he stood and studied for a minute or more, then came up to the canvas and, without looking at me, wrought upon it

with colour for some time. Having done this, he retreated in the same manner, studied my looks at that distance for about another minute, then came hastily up to the canvas and painted for a few minutes more."

He never drew in his heads or figures, but began straight off with brush and colour! The forehead, chin, nose, and mouth were his first touches. Raeburn had found out this method of painting for himself. He had no regular instruction in drawing or painting. His success as an artist was due to his continual study of nature, and his own capacity and industry.

We may gather a good deal of information about his ideas if we study this portrait carefully. Notice that the head strikes you at once as being the most important part of the picture. This should be the case, of course, in any portrait, but here we feel the personality of the head which dominates the canvas. Raeburn achieved this result by two different means. He placed the head in the brightest light, and by his skill characterized it more thoroughly than any other part of the portrait.

If you look at the brilliant red robe, you will notice that it is brightest near the head, and that it gradually gets darker as it reaches the bottom of the canvas. As our eyes are attracted most by light bright colour, they are kept near the sitter's head by this means.

See how penetrating the eyes are. Do you notice that they have no reflections! The reason of this is because the light is high up. Notice how well and truly modelled is the grim mouth. Even without the scarlet robe and wig we would know we are in the presence of a judge.

Notice also the wonderful modelling of the wig. How sharp it is against the dark background on the left side, and how softly it melts into the shadow on the right side. The little curls are not painted in detail, they are just suggested.

Raeburn is the greatest of Scottish portrait painters. Except for two years which he spent in Italy, he lived all his life in Edinburgh. The portrait of Lord Newton hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, along with a large collection of this artist's most famous portraits.



THE SHRIMP GIRL—BY HOGARTH.

By Hogarth, English Painter, born 1697, died 1764.

**W**ILLIAM HOGARTH was the first really great English artist. Before his time the kings and queens, beauties and statesmen of the English court were painted by foreign artists, such as Holbein in Henry the Eighth's time, and Van-dyke in the time of Charles the Second.

Hogarth's attention, however, was not solely devoted to the great people of the land, but to the portrayal of the humours and follies of the ordinary people of his time. He painted several series of pictures illustrating the so-called high and low life of the London of his period. He says himself of his own work:

"I have endeavoured to treat my subject as a dramatic writer: my picture is my stage, and my men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a dumb show."

He prepared himself for this kind of work very thoroughly by memorizing all kinds of people in different attitudes, drawing them from memory afterwards. He was thus able to compose and paint his story-pictures without reference to nature at the time of painting, though he had studied direct from nature.

He was a great portrait painter. The colour sketch, "The Shrimp-Girl," was certainly painted direct from life, even though it is not really more than a sketch. We can easily tell that it is not meant to be a carefully-finished picture. We can see the hastily-painted brush strokes, of which it is mostly built up!

A good sketch should show the principal qualities intended to be seen in the finished picture. Perhaps "The Shrimp-Girl" was in a hurry to sell her shrimps, and could only give the artist a very few minutes of her time. Knowing this, the artist contrived to note down what he thought the important things—the roguish smile on her face, the general shape and texture of her hair, hat, and clothes. These have been shown with the smallest amount of detail possible.

We seldom see an artist's sketches. Most of the pictures

which we see in galleries have existed at the first in the form of hasty sketches or trial pictures, which the artist usually makes to a small size, to enable him to form an opinion as to their quality. If these small sketches please him, he then makes the larger finished pictures which we see in our picture galleries.

Hogarth was what we would call an all-round artist, not famous for one thing only, but great in many directions. A great art critic says of him: "Hogarth combined the powers of a consummate technical painter, of a true artist, and of a story-teller, more completely than any man had ever done before. We can scarcely tell whether to admire a passage for its pictorial or dramatic qualities."

You will find it particularly interesting to compare this sketch portrait by Hogarth with the finished "full dress" portrait of Lord Newton by Raeburn. That is why the two pictures have been placed close to each other, but not facing each other in case one might "kill" the other. Have you ever noticed how this happens in a crowded picture exhibition?



HOGARTH.

*Poet and Prose Writer, 1608-74*

# L'Allegro

COME thou goddess, fair and free,  
 In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides,  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe ;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
 And if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee  
 In unprovèd pleasures free ;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine ;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :

*Euphrosyne*, Four syllables. The Heaven referred to is the abode of the gods on Olympus in Ancient Greece.

Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
Some time walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landskip round it measures,  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray :  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two agèd oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;

*Tells his tale, Counts his sheep.*

*Landskip, Old spelling of landscape.*

*Corydon and Thyrsis, Names taken from Greek poets for country folks such as shepherds. This applies also to Phillis and Thestylis.*

Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound,  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequered shade :  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,  
Till the livelong daylight fail ;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How fairy Mab the junkets eat.  
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;  
And he, by Friar's lanthorn led,  
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of doors he flings  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep ;  
Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

*Rebecks*, Early form of violin, with three strings.

*Holy-day*, The old spelling of holiday.

*Friar's lanthorn*, The will-o'-the-wisp.

*Drudging Goblin*, Known as Robin Goodfellow, sometimes as Lob-lie-by-the-Fire. (There is a story with the latter name as title, written by Mrs. Ewing, the authoress of *Jachanapes*.)

*Lubber fiend*, The first word means an uncouth, clumsy fellow ; the second means something supernatural, not necessarily very harmful.

*Weeds*, Garments.



With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry ;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream,  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice.  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

*Hymen*, The god of marriage.

*If Jonson's learned sock, etc.*, If plays by Ben Jonson are being acted. The Greek actors wore high buskins (socks) to increase their height.

*Orpheus*, The fabled musician who descended to Hades to try to win back his dead wife Eurydice. He was given permission to take her to the upper world provided that he did not look on her face until she had reached the light of day. But his great love for her caused him to turn and look at her too soon, whereupon she was snatched from him to be taken once more to Hades, of which region Pluto was king.

# The Opening Lines of "Paradise Lost"

OF man's first disobedience and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us and regain the blissful seat,  
 Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth  
 Rose out of chaos. Or if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
 And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men.

## "Hail, Holy Light !"

HAIL, holy Light ! offspring of heav'n first-born,  
 And of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,

*That shepherd, Moses, who led the Israelites from their bondage in Egypt, and proclaimed the law of Jehovah from Mount Sinai.*

*Sion hill, Jerusalem.*

*Hail, holy Light ! These lines, and those of the next two extracts, are also from Paradise Lost.*

And never but in unapproachèd light  
 Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate ;  
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,  
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness born  
 With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
 Thee, Sion ! and the flowery brooks beneath  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow  
 Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
 So were I equalled with them in renown !

*Stygian pool*, The Styx, or river of Hades of the ancient writers, to whose works Milton continually refers. Does Shakespeare do this ?

*Revisit'st not these eyes*. The poet was blind when he wrote these lines.

*Muses*, Patrons of arts of the ancients, nine in number—viz., Calliope (epic poetry), Erato (love poetry), Euterpe (lyric poetry), Melpomene (tragedy), Thalia (comedy), Polyhymnia (sacred music), Terpsichore (dance), Clio (history), and Urania (astronomy). They lived on Mount Helicon.

Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

*Thamyras, etc.* Thamyras was a Thracian poet who composed a poem on the Creation, and, having challenged the Muses to a contest of song, was deprived of sight, speech, and musical skill as a punishment ; Mæonides is another name for Homer, who is said to have been blind ; Tiresias was a soothsayer of Thebes, blind from boyhood and familiar with the language of birds ; Phineus was a blind sage tormented by harpies who stole his food, and delivered from this torment by the Argonauts as a reward for showing them which way to go.

*Celestial Light.* Is Milton addressing the light of the sun ?



MILTON.

## The Garden of Eden

Eden stretched her line  
 From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained ;  
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to Life  
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Passed underneath ingulfed ; for God had thrown  
 That mountain as his garden mould, high raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Watered the garden ; thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears ;  
 And now divided into four main streams,  
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art

*Auran.* The exact geographical position of Eden need not trouble you.

*Ambrosial.* Ambrosia was the food of the gods of Ancient Greece, something specially good, but the recipe has probably been lost !

*Error,* In the sense of wandering or meandering.

In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
 Imbrowned the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view :  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste.  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant : meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on th' eternal Spring.

*Beds and curious knots.* The formal, geometrical arrangement of gardens was very popular in the sixteenth century. Shakespeare had a garden of this kind at New Place in Stratford-on-Avon, and an Elizabethan garden can still be seen there.

*Hesperian.* In the fabled garden of the Hesperides, said the Ancient Greeks, the apple trees bore fruit of gold.

*Pan,* The Greek god of the woods, a somewhat strange denizen of Paradise.

*Graces . . . Hours,* Maidens of Greek story. Again the poet uses the classical reference in telling his Bible story.

## Satan's Defiance of God

“What though the field be lost ?  
All is not lost : the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield :  
And what is else not to be overcome :—  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
Who, from the terror of his arm, so late  
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall ; since, by fate, the strength of gods,  
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail :  
Since, through experience of this great event,  
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.”  
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides,  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,  
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.  
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,

*Titanian.* The Titans were six giants, sons of Heaven and Earth.

*Briareos,* A giant with a hundred hands.

*Typhon,* A fabled monster of ancient times with a hundred heads.

*Leviathan,* The whale.

The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.  
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,  
Chained on the burning lake ; nor ever thence  
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others, and enraged might see  
How all his malice served but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown  
On Man by him seduced, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.

### On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
That some more timely-happy spirits indueth.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.  
|| All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
|| As ever in my great Task-master's eye.



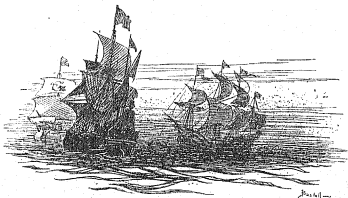
## To the Lord General Cromwell

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
And on the rock of crownèd Fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,  
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than war : new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## On his Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He returning chide ;  
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”  
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies : “ God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state  
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”



## THE SPANIARDS ON THE SEA

Translated by DR. G. C. COULTON

NOW there was great rancour between the King of England and the Spaniards by reason of certain misdeeds and pillages which the said Spaniards had done upon the English by sea. Wherefore it befell in this year (1350) that the Spaniards who had come to Flanders for their merchandise had warning that they could not return to their own country, but that they would first be met by the English.

Wherefore they took counsel, and resolved not to take too great account thereof; and they provided themselves at Sluys well and plenteously, both their ships and their boats, with all armour and good artillery; and they hired all sorts of people, soldiers and archers and crossbowmen, who would take their wages; and they waited one for the other, and made their bargains and their purchases even as their business demanded.

When the King of England, who hated them sore, heard how plenteously they provided themselves, then he said aloud, "We have long known the manner of these Spaniards, and they have done us much despite, and they come even yet to no amendment, but rather fortify themselves against us; whereof we must needs sweep them up as they pass." To this speech his men gave ready assent, for they were glad to

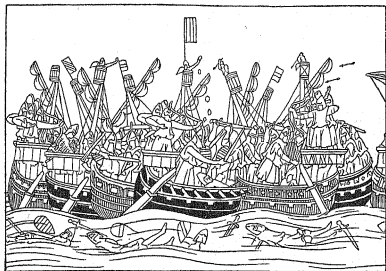
fight with the Spaniards. Therefore the king made a great and special levy of all his gentlemen who were then in England, and set forth from London and came to the country of Sussex, which sat upon the seaboard betwixt Hampton and Dover, facing the country of Ponthieu and Dieppe ; thither he came and kept house in an abbey by the sea.\* . . .

When the Spaniards had made their purchases, and had laden their ships with cloth of wool and of linen, and all that they thought good and profitable to bring home to their country (and they knew well that the English would meet them, but thereof made they no account), then came they to the town of Sluys and came aboard their ships, wherein they had made so plenteous provision of artillery as it is marvel to think of ; and withal they had great bars of iron ready forged and fashioned for casting and for sinking of ships, with launching of stones and pebbles beyond all number.

When they saw that they had a fair wind, they weighed anchor ; and they were forty great ships all of one fashion, so stout and fair that it was pleasant to see ; and in the masts-trees they had built crows'-nests, well stored with stones and pebbles, and skirmishers to guard them. Moreover, their masts were hung with standards emblazoned with their bearings, which flew and fluttered in the wind ; it was a full fair sight to see and imagine. And meseemeth that, if the English had great desire to find them, they themselves desired it yet more, as it appeared now, and as I will hereafter tell you.

These Spaniards were full a ten to one, what with the soldiers whom they had taken to wages in Flanders. Wherefore they felt themselves strong enough to fight by sea against the King of England and his power ; with which intent they came sailing and scudding before the wind, for they had it at their stern, past the town of Calais. The King of England, who was at sea with his navy, had there ordered all his needs, and commanded how he would have his men fight and bear themselves ; and he had made my lord Robert of Namur master of a ship that they called *King's Hall*, wherein was all his household.

\* Probably Battle Abbey, near Hastings. The castle mentioned later would, no doubt, be the queen's castle of Pevensey.



A sea fight about the time of the battle of Sluys.

*(From a MS. of the period in the British Museum.)*

So the king stood at his ship's prow, clad in a jacket of black velvet, and on his head a hat of black beaver that became him right well; and he was then (as I was told by such as were with him that day) as merry as ever he was seen. He made his minstrels sound before him on their trumpets a German dance that had been brought in of late by my lord John Chandos, who was there present; and then for pastime he made the said knight sing with his minstrels, and took great pleasure therein; and at times he would look upwards, for he had set a watch in the top-castle of his ship to give tidings of the Spaniards' coming.

While the king thus took his pleasure, and all his knights were glad of heart to see how merry he was, then the watch was aware of the Spaniards' fleet, and cried, "Ho! I see a ship coming, and methinks it is a ship of Spain!"

Then the minstrels held their peace, and it was asked of him again whether he saw aught else; then, within a brief

space, he answered and said, " Yes, I see two—and then three—and then four." Then, when he was aware of the great fleet, he cried, " I see so many, God help me ! that I may not tell them."

Then the king and his men knew well that these were the Spanish ships. Then the king let sound his trumpets, and all their ships came together to be in better array, and to lie more surely ; for well they knew that the battle was at hand, since the Spaniards came in so great a fleet. By this time the day was far spent, for it was about the hour of vespers. So the king sent for wine and drank thereof, he and all his knights ; then he laced on his helm, and the rest did likewise.

Meanwhile the Spaniards drew nigh ; and they might well have departed without battle, if they had desired it ; for, being well equipped and in great ships, and having the wind in their favour, they had no need to speak with the English but if it had been their will. Nevertheless, through pride and presumption, they deigned not to pass by without hail ; wherefore they sailed straight on in full array to begin the battle.

When the King of England saw how they came on, then he addressed his ship straight to a Spanish ship which came in the vanguard, crying to his steersman, " Lay your helm right upon that ship which cometh hither, for I would fain joust against him."

The mariner, who would never have dared to gainsay the king's will, steered straight for that Spanish ship, which bore down boisterously before the wind. The king's ship was stout and well bound, else had it surely been burst ; for it met with that Spanish ship, which was big and bulky, with such a crash that it seemed like the bursting of a storm ; and, with the shock of their meeting, the top-castle of the king's ship smote so sore against the Spaniard that the force of that mast brake it from above the mast whereon it sat, and spilt it into the sea ; so that all were drowned and lost who sat therein. With which shock the king's ship was so aghast that it cracked and drew water, whereof his knights were soon aware, yet said naught thereof to the king, but bestirred themselves to bale and empty her.

Then said the king, who saw before his face this ship against which he had jousted, " Grapple my ship with this

here, for I would fain take her." Then answered his knights, "Sire, leave this alone; ye shall have a better." So that ship sailed on, and another great vessel came up, whereunto the knights grappled with chains and hooks of steel. Then began a battle both hard and sharp and strong; for the archers shot their shafts, and the Spaniards fought and defended themselves with a right good will; and this not in one place only, but in ten or twelve.

When, therefore, they found themselves well matched against the stoutest of their enemies, then they grappled with them, and did marvellous feats of arms. Yet the English had no whit of advantage. For the Spaniards were in those great ships of theirs, far higher and bigger than the English ships; whereof they had great advantage in shooting, in hurling, and in casting great bars of iron wherewith they gave the English much to suffer.

The knights of the King of England who were in his ship, seeing that it drew water and was in peril of foundering, made hot haste to conquer that ship whereunto they were grappled; and there were many doughty deeds of arms done. At length the king and his men bare themselves so well that this ship was won, and all her crew cast overboard.

Then they told the king in what peril he was, and how his ship had water, and that he must needs come on board that which he had won. So he inclined to this advice and came on board with his knights and all the mariners, and left the other empty; and then they pressed forwards again to make assault upon their enemies, who fought right valiantly, and had cross-bowmen who shot quarrels from strong crossbows, and gave much travail to the English.

This battle of the Spaniards and English was hard and strong and well fought; but it began late in the day, wherefore the English had much ado to achieve their task and to discomfit their enemies. Moreover, the Spaniards, who are men trained to the sea and who had great and stout vessels, acquitted themselves loyally as best they might. On the other part fought the young Prince of Wales and those under his charge; their ship was grappled and fixed to a great Spanish vessel, and there the prince and his men had much to suffer, for their ship was pierced and broken in several places,

wherefore the water rushed in with great vehemence ; and, for all that they might do to cast it forth, the ship waxed still the heavier.

Wherefore all the prince's men were in great anguish of fear, and fought most fiercely to win that Spanish ship ; but in vain, for she was stoutly guarded and defended. Upon this peril and danger wherein the prince and his men stood, then came the Duke of Lancaster sailing hard by the prince's vessel, and learned how they could win no whit of advantage, and how their ship was in sore straits ; for men cast the water forth on every side.

Therefore he went round and stayed at the Spanish ship, and cried, " A Derby to the rescue ! " Then were these Spaniards assaulted and foughten most fiercely withal, that they lasted not long after. Thus was their ship won, and all were cast overboard without taking any mercy ; and the Prince of Wales with his men entered into their ship. Scarce were they come in, when their own ship sank to the bottom ; and then they considered more fully the great peril wherein they had stood.

On the other side fought the English barons and knights, each as he was ordered and established ; and sore need had they to bear themselves stoutly and busily, for they found a sharp welcome. So it came to pass, late in the evening, that the ship of the *King's Hall*, whereof my lord Robert of Namur was chief, was grappled in fierce and tough fight with a great Spanish ship ; and the said Spaniards, desiring to master their enemies better at their ease and to take the vessel with all that were therein, set all their intent upon carrying her away with them.

Therefore they hoisted sail, and took all advantage of the wind, and sailed away for all that my lord Robert and his men might do ; for the Spanish ship was greater and bigger than theirs, and thus they had good advantage for the mastery.

While they thus sailed, they passed by the king's ship ; wherefore they cried aloud, " Rescue now the *King's Hall* ! "

But no man heard them, for the hour was late ; and, even had they been heard, none could have rescued them. And methinks these Spaniards would have led them away at their ease, when a servant of my lord Robert, whose name was

Hankin, did there a doughty deed of arms ; for he made his spring, with a naked sword in his hand, and leapt into the Spanish ship ; there he came to the mast and cut the rope that bare the sail, which fell without force to the deck—for with great valiance of body, this Hankin cut four master-ropes that governed the mast and the sail—wherefore the said sail fell to the deck, so that the ship stayed still and might go no farther.

Then my lord Robert of Namur and his men, seeing their advantage, came forward and leapt into the Spanish ship with a right good will, having their drawn swords in their hands ; and they made fierce assault upon all such as they found therein, until all were slain and cast into the sea ; and the ship was won.

I cannot say of all these men, " This one did well, and that one better." But there was fought, the while it endured, a most fierce and bitter battle ; and the Spaniards gave much ado to the King of England and his men. Yet at the last the victory remained with the English, and the Spaniards lost fourteen ships ; the remnant sailed on and escaped.

When they were all gone, and the king with his men knew no longer with whom to fight, then they sounded their trumpets for retreat and made head for England, and landed at Rye and Winchelsea soon after nightfall. Then forthwith the king and his sons, the prince and the Earl of Richmond, the Duke of Lancaster and certain barons who were there, disembarked from their ships and took horse in the town and rode towards the queen's manor, which was two English leagues distant from thence.

Then was the queen glad at heart when she beheld her lord and her sons, seeing that she had suffered great anguish of heart that day for fear of the Spaniards ; for men had seen the fight well enough from the hills on that part of the English coasts, for the air was full fine and clear. Wherefore the queen, who had required to know the truth, had heard how the Spaniards had more than forty great ships ; how great, then, was now her comfort to see her spouse and his sons !

Then the lords and ladies passed all that night in great revel, devising of arms and of love. Next day the greater part of the barons and lords who had fought in that battle



came to the king, who thanked them heartily for their deeds and their service; and then they took their leave and departed each to his own home.\*

*Translated from Froissart's "Chronicles," by GEORGE C. COULTON,† and used by kind permission.*

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ MARY AMBREE ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,  
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,  
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave sergeant-major was slain in her sight,  
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,  
Because he was slain most treacherously,  
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe  
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;  
A fair shirt of mail then slipped on she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,  
A strong arming sword she girt by her side;  
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,  
Bidding all such, as would, to be of her band;  
To wait on her person came thousand and three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

\* The later text of Froissart printed by Siméon Luce describes how the queen had spent all day praying in an abbey; how the victors rejoined her only at two o'clock in the morning, and how the minstrels were arrayed next day in the fine cloth of Valenciennes taken from the Spaniards.

† This stirring story is not to be found in the ordinary editions of Froissart.

" My soldiers," she saith, " so valiant and bold,  
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold ;  
Still foremost in battle myself will I be : "  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,  
" So well thou becomest this gallant array,  
Thy heart and thy weapon so well do agree,  
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,  
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,  
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free ;  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

" Before I will see the worst of you all  
To come into danger of death or of thrall,  
This hand and this life I will venture so free : "  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,  
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day ;  
Seven hours in skirmish continued she ;  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,  
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot ;  
For one of her own men a score killèd she :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,  
At length she was forced to make a retire ;  
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they beset her on every side,  
As thinking close siege she could never abide ;  
To beat down the walls they all did decree :  
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,  
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
There daring their captains to match any three :  
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree !

" Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give  
To ransom thyself, which else must not live ?  
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be : "  
Then smiled sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

" Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,  
Whom think you before you now you do behold ? "  
" A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,  
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

" No captain of England ; behold in your sight  
The locks of a woman, and therefore no knight ;  
No knight, sir, of England, nor captain you see,  
But a poor simple maiden called Mary Ambree."

" But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war ?  
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,  
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree."

Then to her own country she back did return,  
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn ;  
Therefore English captains of every degree  
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

*Old Ballad.*

❖ ❖ DANTE DRAWING THE ANGEL ❖ ❖

By Rossetti, English Painter, born 1828, died 1882.

THIS picture is an illustration of the following passage taken from the *Vita Nuova*, a poem translated from the Italian of Dante by the artist himself :

" On that day which fulfilled the year since my Lady (Beatrice) had been made of the citizens of eternal life, remembering me of her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel upon certain tablets. And, while I did thus, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing beside me, to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did : also I learned afterwards that they had been there awhile before I perceived them. Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation and said : ' Another was with me.' "

This description, in beautiful language, helps us to look at the picture with the right attitude of mind. We begin to realize that this is not a commonplace illustration of an ordinary incident, but a painted picture of a poet's fancy ! We are therefore prepared to enter into the mood of the poet who described the incident.

The picture itself exactly illustrates the poet's words, and in a very beautiful fashion. We cannot help seeing, at the same time, how full of fancies the painter's mind must have been. The figures have a simple dignity, and are full of life and expression, though they are so quiet. How earnest and spiritual their faces are, and how illustrative their simple actions ! Dante himself, kneeling at the window, has suddenly returned from the land of dreams. In his hand is the drawing of the angel which he made, in the belief that Beatrice, whom he loved, was beside him. His three friends seem almost sorry that they have roused him from his reverie !

The room itself is filled to overflowing with interesting and symbolical things. Every one of them is painted with the thoroughness and care which is characteristic of all this artist's work. " What is worth doing is worth doing well " was Rossetti's motto.



DANTE DRAWING THE ANGEL—BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

We could spend a very happy hour looking at and enjoying all the beauties, poetic, symbolic, artistic, and otherwise, which we see in the picture. Notice the glimpse of the garden through the doorway with the scarlet curtain; the steep white stairway leading to the upper rooms; the pots of plants, the copper water-cistern and basin, all in the entrance hall. Round about the window, through which we see the city, a pomegranate with stalk and leaves is seen. A primitive hanging lamp and a mechanical bow are at the right side of the window. At the other side we see an hour-glass. On the sill beside him Dante has bottles of colours, brushes, and other painter's materials.

The composition and colouring of the picture are very attractive, but the principal interest is, of course, in the figures. How easy the eye passes from one to the other. The arrangement of their arms helps in this, for they make a kind of chain, binding all the friends together. All the costumes are dark and rich. The expressions on the faces are in keeping with the spirit of the picture. You can almost guess what each of the three friends is thinking about the poet's somewhat sad abstraction and absorption in the memory of the departed Beatrice.

Rossetti not only tells his story truly, but he tells it with a very great deal of charm and interest. It is full of sympathy, poetry, and romance. There is nothing commonplace or ordinary about it.

We can learn from this picture that every original artist has something to tell us of beauty; that every original artist shows us a beauty which is personal and unlike that of any other artist's ideal. We can understand and enjoy only if we try to see this beauty through the artist's own eyes.

Let us look for beauty in all pictures we see. Sometimes it is the beauty of reality, sometimes the beauty of colour. Rossetti shows us poetry, romance, colour, spirituality all blended together into one harmonious whole.

Dante (1265-1321) was, of course, the world-famous Italian poet of Florence who wrote the *Divina Commedia*, portraying man's life after death in hell, purgatory, and heaven.



## FOR THE TRAINING OF BIROO

By Dr. C. W. DOYLE

"**A**H, small villain, budmash! must I send thee back to Nyagong, thee and thy dog, to learn respect for thy betters? The Thanadar's son hath the ordering of thee, and thou hast beaten him—toba, toba!"

"My father," replied Biroo respectfully to Ram Deen, "Mohun Lal took my kite, and when I strove to hold mine own he smote me, whereon I pulled his hair; and 'twas no fault of mine that it lacked strength and remained in my hand. So he set his dog on me; but Hasteen slew it. Wherein have I offended, my father?"

And the Thanadar laughed, saying, "Ram Deen, Mohun Lal but received his due." To the "defendant in the case" he said, "Get thee to sleep, Biroo; and be brave and strong; so will Nana Debi reward thee." Then turning to those who sat round the fire, he went on, "Brothers, 'tis late, and I would have speech with Ram Deen. Ye may take your leave."

When they were by themselves, the Thanadar spoke.

*Budmash, Scamp, rascal.*

*Thanadar, Head police officer.*

*Nana Debi, A Hindu goddess.*

"The man-child waxeth fierce and strong, my old friend ; 'twere well he were restrained. He will be wealthy by thy favour, and the favour of Nyagong, when he cometh to man's estate, and 'twere pity that he should lack courtesy when he is a man grown."

"Thanadar ji, thou art his father as much as I am. Thou shouldst correct him with strokes whenas I am on the road and carrying the queen's mail."

"Blows but inure to hardness, and—Gunga knoweth !—little Biroo is hard already. Why dost thou not give up the service of the queen, and——" He paused, and after a while asked, "What didst thou receive from Captain Barfield ?"

"The gun thou hast seen, Thanadar ji ; but from his mem-sahib five hundred rupees, a timepiece of gold, and whatsoever I may want hereafter. The money lieth in the hands of Moti Ram, the great mahajun (banker) of Naini Tal."

"Wah ! Ram Deen, thou art thyself rich enough to be a mahajun. Consider, too, the kindness bestowed by Nyagong on Biroo at thy asking—two hundred rupees and over, and much merchandise. Leave the road, my friend, and put thy money out at usury. A woman in thy hut to cook thy evening meal, and mend Biroo's ways, were not amiss. Eh ? The daughters of the Terai are very fair, as thou knowest, coach-wan ji."

"The road hath been father and mother to me, Thanadar sahib, since I lost my Buldeo, who knew not his mother ; so I may not leave it. And when I think of Bheem Dass, bunnia and usurer of the village whereof I was potter three years ago, and whom ye found dead on the road the day I brought in the mail, and was made driver, as thou rememberest, I may not live by harassing the poor and the widow and fatherless. God forbid ! As for women—they be like butterflies that flit from flower to flower ; perchance, if I could find a woman who cared not to gossip at the village well, and had eyes and thoughts for none save her husband, I might—but I must

*Ji*, Equivalent to "Sir" as a complimentary form of address.

*Gunga*, The Ganges.

*Mem-sahib*, Wife ; feminine of sahib—i.e. master.

*Bunnia*, Trader, shopkeeper.



be about my business on the road, and I have no time for the seeking of such a woman. Wah! I have not, even as yet, tried the gun Barfield sahib gave me."

Soon afterwards, by an alteration of the service, Ram Deen brought the mail to Kaladoongie in the early afternoon, and availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded of rambling about during the rest of the day in the jungle with Biroo and Hasteen, in search of small game.

One day they came upon a half-grown fawn, at which Ram Deen let fly with both barrels; but as his gun was loaded with small shot only, the deer bounded away apparently unhurt, with Hasteen in hot pursuit, whilst Ram Deen and Biroo followed with what haste they could.

Presently, they could hear the baying of the great dog and the shrill cries of a woman in distress. Directed by these sounds, they crossed the road that leads to Naini Tal, and, scrambling up the bank and over a low stone wall, they found themselves in a neglected garden, in the middle of which was a grass hut, whence issued the cries that had quickened their steps. They arrived just in time, for Hasteen had almost dug himself into the hut.

Calling off the dog, Ram Deen hastened to allay the fears of the woman in the hut, who was still giving voice to her distress in the Padhani patois. "The dog will not harm thee; see, I have tied him with my waistband to a tree."

"Who art thou?" asked the woman. The tones of her voice, when she spoke, were exceedingly soft and pleasant, and made one long to look upon the face of the speaker.

"I am Ram Deen, the driver of the mail cart, and well known in Kaladoongie."

"I have heard of thee and thy doings, and will come forth. But the dog (Nana Debi, was there ever such a dog!—he almost slew my fawn), art thou sure he cannot harm us?"

"Kali Mai twist my joints, if he be not well secured."

Whereupon the door of the hut was opened a few inches. Having satisfied herself that all was as Ram Deen had said, the young woman came out of the hut with one arm about the fawn.

*Kali Mai*, The goddess, Mother Kali.

She was a Padhani, and in her early womanhood. Ram Deen thought her eyes were not less beautiful than the fawn's.

After salaaming to him, she looked at her pet. "Oh, sahib, she bleeds—my Ganda bleeds!" she exclaimed, pointing to a slender streak of red on the fawn's flank.

"Belike some thorn tore her skin as she fled," said Ram Deen; but he knew that at least one shot from his gun had taken effect.

"'Tis a sore hurt, coach-wan sahib. Will she die?"

"Nay, little one, 'tis nought. See!" and with a wisp of grass Ram Deen wiped the blood from the fawn's skin.

"But the dog, coach-wan—thou wilt not permit him to fright my Ganda again?"

"Of a surety, not." Then, with a hand on the fawn's head, he rebuked Hasteen, saying, "Villain, the jackals shall pursue thee if thou huntest here again!" And Hasteen hung his head, putting his tail between his legs; and the young girl knew that Ganda was safe thereafter from the great dog.

As they talked together, a very decrepit old man appeared at the door of the hut; after peering at Ram Deen from under his hand, he spoke in the flat, toneless voice of a deaf man: "Tumbaku, Provider of the Poor, give me tumbaku."

Ram Deen put his pouch of dried tobacco-leaf in the old man's hand, and looked inquiringly at the young woman.

"It is my grandfather, and he is deaf and nearly blind—and a sore affliction. Give back his tumbaku to the sahib, dada," she said in a louder voice to the old man.

"Nay, nay, let him keep it!" said Ram Deen; then after a pause, and by way of excuse for staying a little longer, he inquired the old man's name.

"Hera Lal, coach-wan sahib; our kinsman is Thapa Sing, of Serya Tal, who was accounted rich, and planted this garden and these fruit trees many years ago. We stay here by his leave in the winter time, to keep the deer and wild hog out. My name is Tara, and I sell firewood to Gunga Ram the sweetmeat vendor."

Whilst she was speaking, Biroo had approached the fawn with a handful of grass.

*Tumbaku*, Imitative word for tobacco.

"Is this the little one they say ye found on the Bore bridge, sahib?" inquired the young Padhani.

Ram Deen nodded affirmatively.

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, and, moved by a sudden impulse of pity, she knelt beside Biroo, and smoothing the hair from his face she put a marigold behind his ear.

Next day, after he had delivered the mail, Ram Deen, making a bundle of his best clothes, started off into the jungle. When he was out of sight of the village, he donned a snowy tunic and a scarlet turban, and encased his feet in a pair of red, hide-sewn shoes. When Tara, on her way to the bazaar with a load of firewood, met him soon after, she thought she had never seen any one so bravely attired, and stepped off the path to make room for him to pass.

"Toba, toba!" he exclaimed; "it maketh my head ache to see the load thou bearest. Gunga Ram will, doubtless, give thee not less than eight annas for the firewood."

"Nay, coach-wan sahib, Gunga Ram is just, and besides giving me the market price—two annas—he often bestoweth on me a handful of sweetmeats."

"Thou shalt sell no more wood to Gunga Ram. He is base, and his father is a dog. Set thy load at my door; here is the price thereof," and Ram Deen laid an eight-anna piece in her palm. Before she could recover from her astonishment he said, "The fawn Ganda, is her hurt healed?"

"It is well with her. And what of Biroo, sahib?"

"He is a budmash, Tara, and I repent me of befriending him."

"Nay, coach-wan sahib, he is but little, and hath no mother."

"That is the evil of it," said Ram Deen, leaving her abruptly.

When Tara returned to her home that evening, she noticed the footprints of a man's shoes in the dust in front of the hut; her grandfather, looking at her cunningly, smoked sweetened tobacco that was well flavoured, and the clay bowl of his hookah was new and was gaily painted.

A similar scene was enacted on the jungle path the next

*Toba*, An expression of regret, "Sorry, sorry," or "Oh dear, oh dear!"

day, and many days in succession, and the tale of Biroo's iniquities grew at each recital. Every day there was some fresh villainy of his to relate, and each day Tara's grandfather waxed in affluence, which culminated one day in a new blanket and a small purse with money in it.

"Tara," said Ram Deen one day, "put down thy load; I have had tidings to tell thee concerning Biroo. He and Hasteen killed a milch-goat to-day belonging to the Thanadar."

"'Twas the dog's doing, Ram Deen."

"Nay, Biroo is the older budmash, and planneth all the villainies. To-morrow I must pay the Thanadar three rupees and eight annas, or Hasteen will be slain and Biroo beaten with a shoe by the Thanadar's chuprassi."

"Biroo shall not be beaten for a matter of three or four rupees, sahib. Lo, here is the money," and Tara, taking a small purse from a tiny pocket in her bodice, held it out to him.

"Nay, listen further!" exclaimed Ram Deen, holding up his hands; "thou knowest I am wifeless, and I might have the best and fairest woman in the Terai for my wife; but she liketh not Biroo, and will not share my hut because of him. Verily, I shall return him to the men of Nyagong."

"Thou art, doubtless, entitled to the best and the fairest wife in the Terai," said Tara, with a sudden catch in her voice; "but Biroo goeth not back to Nyagong as long as our hut standeth and as long as Gunga Ram, who is a just man and a generous, will pay me two annas each day for wood." She turned away her face, so that Ram Deen should not see the tears that suddenly filled her eyes.

"'Tis well, Tara; thou shalt have him, but thou must beat him every day, and often, to make an upright man of him."

"Nana Debi wither the hand that striketh him! He is not a dog to be taught with stripes." Then, after a pause, she went on, "And the—the woman who is to be the best and fairest wife in the Terai—what manner of woman is she?"

"She is about thine age."

"Yes?"

*Chuprassi*, Badge wearer; hence a messenger.

"And as tall as thou art."

"Proceed."

"Her voice is soft and sweet as a blackbird's, and her eyes are like a fawn's. Her name is——"

"Well, what is her name?"

"'Tis the most beautiful name that a woman can bear. Nay, how can I tell thee her name if thou wilt not look at me?"

When she had turned her eyes on him, he put his hands on her shoulders, saying, "Her name is Tara, Star of the Terai."

And Tara put her head on his breast, and was very happy.

"Thou must beat Biroo, beloved, or he will be hanged."

"Thou wouldst have been hanged, budmash, hadst thou been motherless and beaten by strangers. Biroo's mother will make him a better man than thou art, O Beater of Babies."

"And thou takest me for love?"

"Nay, coach-wan ji, but for the training of Biroo."

## THE MORNINGS

FORTH from the darkness in the region eastward this most abundant splendid light hath mounted;

Now verily the far-refulgent Mornings, daughters of Heaven, bring welfare to the people.

The richly-coloured Dawns have mounted eastward, like pillars planted at our sacrifices,

And, flushing far, splendid and purifying, unbarred the portals of the fold of darkness;

Dispelling gloom this day, the wealthy Mornings urge liberal givers to present their treasures.

In the unlightened depth of darkness round them let niggard traffickers sleep unawakened.

O goddesses, is this your car, I ask you, ancient this day, or is it new, ye Mornings?

*Veda Hymn.*

# RICHARD CHANCELLOR'S VISIT TO RUSSIA

*[Richard Chancellor was an Englishman of the time of Edward VI. and Queen Mary who travelled to the White Sea in the north of Europe and then overland to Moscow. The following reading tells of what he saw in that city, and is the first good description of Russia and its ruler.]*

MOSCOWIE, which hath the name also of Russia the white, is a very large and spacious country, every way bounded with divers nations. Towards the south and the east, it is compassed with Tartaria: the northern side of it stretcheth to the ocean: upon the west part border the Lapps, a rude and savage nation, living in woods, whose language is not known to any other people. Next unto these, more towards the south, is Swecia, then Finlandia, then Livonia, and last of all Lithuania.

This country of Muscovie hath also very many and great rivers in it, and is marshy ground in many places: and as for the rivers, the greatest and most famous amongst all the rest is that which the Russes in their own tongue call Volga, but others know it by the name of Rha.

The whole country is plain and level, and has few hills in it: and towards the north it hath very large and spacious woods, wherein is great store of fir trees, a wood very necessary, and fit for the building of houses. There are also wild beasts bred in those woods, as buffs, bears, and black wolves. They hunt their buffs for the most part on horseback, but their bears on foot with wooden forks.



*Plain and level, Now known as steppe.  
Buffs, Buffaloes.*

The north parts of the country are reported to be so cold that the very ice or water which distilleth out of the moist wood which they lay upon the fire is presently congealed and frozen. When the winter doth once begin there, it doth still more and more increase by a perpetuity of cold ; neither doth that cold slake, until the force of the sunbeams doth dissolve the cold, and make glad the earth, returning to it again.

Our mariners which we left in the ship in the meantime to keep it, in their going up only from their cabins to the hatches, had their breath oftentimes so suddenly taken away, that they fell down as men very near dead, so great is the sharpness of that cold climate. But as for the south parts of the country, they are somewhat more temperate.

Here it remaineth that a large discourse be made of Moscow, the principal city of the country of Muscovy, and of the prince also, as before we have promised. The empire of the King is very large, and his wealth at this time exceeding great.

And because the city of Moscow is the chief of all the rest, it seemeth of itself to challenge the first place in this discourse. Our men say that in bigness it is as great as London. There are many and great buildings in it, but for beauty and fairness nothing comparable to ours.

There are many towns and villages also, but built out of order and with no handsomeness ; their streets and ways are not paved with stone as ours are ; the walls of their houses are of wood ; and the roofs, for the most part, are covered with shingle boards.

There is hard by the city a very fair castle, strong, and furnished with artillery, whereunto the city is joined directly towards the north with a brick wall ; the walls also of the castle are built with brick, and are very high. This castle hath on the one side a dry ditch, and on the other side the river Volga, whereby it is made almost impregnable.

In the castle aforesaid there are in number nine churches or chapels, not altogether unhandsome, which are used and kept by certain religious men, over whom there is a patriarch or governor, all which for the greater part dwell within the castle.

As for the King's court and palace, it is not of the neatest,

only in form it is four-square and of low building, much surpassed and excelled by the beauty and elegancy of the houses of the kings of England.

The windows are very narrowly built, and some of them by glass, some other by lattices, admit the light ; and whereas the palaces of our princes are decked and adorned with hangings of cloth of gold, there is none such there. They build and join benches to all their walls, and that not only in the court of the Emperor, but in all private men's houses.

Now after that they had remained about twelve days in the city, there was a messenger sent unto them to bring them to the King's house, and they being after a sort wearied with their long stay, were very ready and willing so to do ; and being entered within the gates of the court, there sat a very honourable company of courtiers, to the number of one hundred, all clad in cloth of gold down to their ankles ; and from thence being conducted into the chamber of presence, our men began to wonder at the majesty of the Emperor.

His seat was aloft in a very royal throne, having on his head a diadem or crown of gold, apparelled with a robe all of goldsmith's work, and in his hand he held a sceptre garnished and beset with precious stones ; and there was a majesty in his countenance equal to the excellency of his estate.

On the one side of him stood his chief Secretary, and on the other side the Great Commander of Silence, both of them arrayed also in cloth of gold ; and then there sat the Council, of one hundred and fifty in number, all in like sort arrayed, and of great state.

This so honourable an assembly, so great a majesty of the





Emperor and of the place, might very well have amazed our men and have dashed them out of countenance ; but Master Chancellor, being therewithal nothing dismayed, saluted and did his duty to the Emperor after the manner of England, and withal delivered unto him the letters of our King, Edward VI.

The Emperor having taken and read the letters, began a little to question with them, and to ask them of the welfare of our King, whereunto our men answered him directly and in few words. Hereupon our men presented something to the Emperor by the chief Secretary, who at the delivery of it put off his hat, being before all the time covered ; and so the Emperor having invited them to dinner, dismissed them from his presence ; and after going into the chamber of him that was master of the requests to the Emperor, and having stayed there the space of two hours, at the last the messenger cometh, and calleth them to dinner.

They go, and being conducted into the golden court, they find the Emperor sitting upon a high and stately seat, apparelled with a robe of silver, and with another diadem on his head. Our men, being placed over against him, sit down. In the midst of the room stood a mighty cupboard upon a square foot.

Upon this cupboard was placed the Emperor's plate, which was so much that the very cupboard itself was scant able to sustain the weight of it. The better part of all the vessels and goblets was made of very fine gold ; and amongst the rest there were four pots of very large bigness, which did adorn the rest of the plate in great measure, for they were so high that they thought them at the least five feet long. There were also upon this cupboard certain silver casks, not much differing from the quantity of our firkins, wherein was reserved the Emperor's drink.

On each side of the hall stood four tables, each of them laid and covered with very clean tablecloths, whereunto the company ascended by three steps or degrees, all which were filled with the assembly present. The guests were all apparelled with linen without, and with rich skins within, and so did notably set out this royal feast.

The Emperor, when he takes any bread or knife into his

*Firkin*. A measure containing about seven and a half gallons.

hand, doth first of all cross himself upon his forehead. They that are in special favour with the Emperor sit upon the same bench with him, but somewhat far from him; and before the coming in of the meat the Emperor himself, according to an ancient custom, doth first bestow a piece of bread upon every one of his guests with a loud pronounciation of his title and honour in this manner :

"The Great Duke of Muscovy and Chief Emperor of Russia, John Basiliwich (and then the officer nameth the guest), doth give thee bread," whereupon all the guests rise up and by-and-by sit down again.

This done, the gentleman usher of the hall comes in with a notable company of servants carrying the dishes, and having done his reverence to the Emperor, puts a young swan in a golden platter upon the table, and immediately takes it thence again, delivering it to the carver and seven other of his fellows to be cut up, which being performed, the meat is then distributed to the guests with the like pomp and ceremonies.

In the meantime the gentleman usher receives his bread and talketh to the Emperor, and afterwards, having done his reverence, he departeth. Touching the rest of the dishes, because they were brought in out of order, our men can report no certainty; but this is true that all the furniture of dishes and drinking vessels, which were then for the use of a hundred guests, was all of pure gold, and the tables were so laden with vessels of gold that there was no room for some to stand upon them.

We may not forget that there were 140 servitors arrayed in cloth of gold, that in the dinner-time changed thrice their habit and apparel, which servitors are in like sort served with bread from the Emperor as the rest of the guests.

Last of all, dinner being ended and candles brought in (for by this time night was come) the Emperor calleth all his guests and noblemen by their names, in such sort that it seems miraculous that a prince, otherwise occupied in great matters, should so well remember so many and sundry particular names.

❖ ❖ ❖ "AND DID THOSE FEET" ❖ ❖ ❖

AND did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*And did those feet.* This poem is often called *Jerusalem*, and has been set to music by Sir Hubert Parry—possibly you know the tune and have often sung it. The poet asks in effect whether Christ was ever in England, and those of you who live in Somerset have probably heard that the first "church," erected at Glastonbury, according to a West Country legend, was dedicated to His Mother by our Lord Himself, and that the wealthy merchant, Joseph of Arimathea, founded this church. The legends tell of Joseph's visit to Western England, and he may have come with some of the traders from Phoenicia who often made voyages to Cornwall. Did Christ come with him during the early years of His manhood of which we know so little, and did His feet really tread the pleasant pastures of Somerset? (You are not expected to answer this question.)



## ❖ ❖ ❖ THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS ❖ ❖ ❖

By Leonardo da Vinci, Italian Painter,  
born 1452, died 1519.

LEONARDO DA VINCI is well known as the painter of "Mona Liza," the "lady of the inscrutable face," which hangs to-day in the Louvre, Paris, and of which you have seen reproductions in the windows of printsellers. He is such an important figure in painting that it is necessary we should know something about his life and work.

Painting was only one of his many interests. He was a universal genius. Science, music, poetry, philosophy, architecture, sculpture, mathematics, and engineering, as well as painting, claimed his attention.

When about thirty years of age, Leonardo entered the service of an Italian duke, and wrote to him a letter in which he named some of the things he could do. "Having, most illustrious lord, seen and pondered over the experiments made by those who pass as masters in the art of inventing instruments of war, and having satisfied myself that they in no way differ from those in general use, I make so bold as to solicit, without prejudice to any one, an opportunity of informing your excellency of some of my own secrets."

He then goes on to tell the duke that he can construct light bridges, which can be transported. He can make pontoons and scaling ladders, cannon and mortars, as well as catapults and other engines of war. He also tells him that he can execute sculpture in marble, bronze, and clay, and with regard to painting he "can do as well as any one else, no matter who he be."

We know that among the many drawings Da Vinci made during his lifetime, some have been found which show the mechanism now used in turbine engines for ships. He also understood the principles upon which birds fly, and which are now in use in aeroplanes. He was engineer to the Sultan of Egypt for three years, which he spent in travelling in Armenia and the East. He also wrote an important book, *The Treatise on Painting*. He was one of the first artists who studied anatomy, and he wrote a book, which was never published, on *The Anatomy of the Horse*.

A man of such varied interests and abilities must have been an intellectual giant. His services were devoted to so many different subjects that we are not surprised to learn that he did not paint very many pictures. Yet those which have come down to us are so splendid that if he had been an artist only, he would be regarded as one of the world's greatest.

His most famous pictures are "Mona Liza," already mentioned; "The Last Supper," in the refectory of Santa Maria della Grazie, in Milan; and "The Virgin of the Rocks," in the National Gallery, London, which is illustrated on the opposite page, and which we might now consider in detail.

We notice, first of all, that the picture is a very dark one. This is partly owing to the place which it represents—the interior of a rocky cave. This picture, like many other old pictures, has been "restored" by later painters less capable than Leonardo. In repainting they have probably covered over some of the original brighter colours. A third reason for the sombre colours of the work is that Leonardo experimented so much with new colours that some of those which he used may have become darker with the passage of time.

He was the first artist who was able to separate "light and shade" from colour. We can see how strong the contrast is between the light and dark parts of this picture. The "flesh" of the figures is more brightly lit than the draperies and surroundings. The only other light part is the distant sky, with rocks beyond the entrance to the cave.

How exquisitely modelled the faces are, and how naturally arranged the group of four figures! The Virgin Mary is the principal figure, and her right arm is placed on the shoulders of the boy John, afterwards known as the Baptist. The seated Child is Christ, and the other very gracious figure is that of an angel, whose wings can only be dimly seen.

We have already noticed that the picture is a very dark one. We also see that very few colours have been used in its painting. A warm brown is the principal colour. This appears in the rocks, ground, and even in the shadows of the flesh! At the time this picture was painted the colours used for rosy cheeks and lips were painted very thinly. In course of time those faint tints disappeared, so that the flesh, as we see it now in the light parts, is almost uniform in colour.



THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The Virgin's dull blue-grey robe, with a yellow brown sash, are almost the only parts of the picture which are not brown. Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian were the greatest painters of Italy about the fifteenth century.



❖ ❖ ❖ "THERE WERE SHEPHERDS" ❖ ❖ ❖

*[The following is an extract from an old play which was acted in the Middle Ages by the Painters' and Glaziers' Guild at Chester. In the first part of the play three shepherds come in and talk about their flocks, and then fall to a hearty meal. Then comes a wrestling bout, and when this is over they sit down, and the Star appears in the sky.]*

*First Shepherd.* What is all this light here,  
That shines so bright here,  
On my black beard ?  
For to see this light here,  
A man might be affright here,  
For I am afeard.

*Second Shepherd.* Afraid for a fray now  
May we all be now ;  
Ah ! yet it is night,  
Yet seemeth it day now.  
See I such a sight !

*Third Shepherd.* Such a light seeming,  
And a light gleaming,  
Lets me to look ;  
All to my deeming,  
From a star streaming  
It to me stroke.

*Trull* [*coming in again*]. That star, if it stand,  
To see will I find,  
Though might light fail ;  
While I may live on land,  
Why should I find,  
If it will avail ?

[*Then looking up at the firmament he says :*

Ah ! God mighty is,  
As yonder starlight is,  
Of the sun this sight is,  
As it now shines.

*First Shepherd.* It seems as I now see  
A bright star to be,  
There to abide.  
From it we may not flee,  
Till it down glide.

*Second Shepherd.* Fellows, will we  
Kneel down on our knee,  
After comfort.

[*They kneel.*

*Trull.* Lord of this light  
Guide us some sight,  
Why that it is sent.  
Before this night,  
Was I never so affright  
Of the firmament.

*Then an Angel sings :*

*Gloria in excelsis Deo  
Et in terra pax hominibus  
Bonæ voluntatis.*

*Lets, Hinders.*

*Trull, Another shepherd.*

*Gloria, etc.,* " Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to  
men of good will."

(3,072)



*First Shepherd.* Fellows in fear,  
May you not hear  
This singing on high ?

*Second Shepherd.* On "glore" and in "glere,"  
Yet no man was near  
Within our sight.

*First Shepherd.* As I then deemed,  
"Scellsis" it seemed  
That he sang.

*Third Shepherd.* What song was this, say ye,  
That they sang to us all three ?  
Expounded shall it be  
Ere we hence pass,  
For I am eldest of degree,  
And also best, as seemeth me :  
It was "glore, glare," with a glee,  
It was neither more nor less.

*Trull.* Nay, it was "glory, glory, glorious !"  
Methought that note ran over the house :  
A seemly man he was, and curious,  
But soon away he was.

*First Shepherd.* Nay it was "glory, glory," with a glow !  
And much of "celsis" was thereto :  
As ever I have rest or ruc,  
Much he spoke of "glasse."

*Second Shepherd.* Nay it was neither glasse nor glee ;  
Therefore, fellow, now stand by.

*Third Shepherd.* By my faith, he was some spy,  
Our sheep for to steal ;  
Or else he was a man of our craft,  
For seemly he was and wondrous daft.

*Second Shepherd.* Nay, by God ! it was a "gloria,"  
Said Gabriel when he began so ;  
He had a much better voice than I have,  
As in heaven all others have so.

*Third Shepherd.* Will ye hear how he sang "selsis" ?  
For on that sadly he set him,  
Neither sings "sir," nor well "sis,"  
Nor "pax, merry Maud, when she so met him."

*First Shepherd.* Now pray we to him with good intent,

And sing I will and me embrace  
That he will let us to be hent,  
And to send us of his grace.

*Trull.* Sing we now, let us see,  
Some song will I assay :  
All men now sing after me,  
For music of me learn you may.

*Then they shall sing : " Trolly, lolly ; trolly, low."*

*Third Shepherd.* Now wend we forth to Bethlehem,  
That is best our song to be.

*First Shepherd.* Now follow we the star that shineth,  
Till we come to that holy stable ;  
To Bethlehem bend our limbs,  
Follow we it without any fable.

*Second Shepherd.* Follow we it and hie full fast,  
Such a friend loth us to fail ;  
Launch on, I will not be the last,  
Upon Mary for to marvel.

*[Here they journey toward Bethlehem.]*

*Third Shepherd.* Stint now, go no more steps,  
For now the star beginneth to stand ;  
Here by ; that good be our haps  
We see by, our saviour found.

*Here the Angel appears to them and says :*

Shepherds, of this sight  
Be ye not affright,  
For this is God's might,  
Take this in mind :  
To Bethlehem now right,  
There you shall see in sight,  
That Christ is born to-night,  
To save all mankind.

*Trull.* To Bethlehem take we the way,  
For with you I think to wend,  
That prince of peace for to pray,  
Heaven to have at our end.

And sing we all, I rede,  
 Some mirth to his majesty ;  
 For certain now show it in deed,  
 The king's son of heaven is he.

*[Here they come to the stable where the child is.]*

*First Shepherd.* Sim, Sim, verily  
 Here I see Mary,  
 And Jesus Christ fast by,  
 Wrapped in hay.

*Second Shepherd.* Kneel we down in hie,  
 And pray we him of mercy,  
 And welcome him worthily,  
 That woe does away.

*Third Shepherd.* Away all our woe is,  
 And many man's mo is !  
 Christ Lord, let us kiss  
 Thy cradle or thy clothes.

*Trull.* Solace now, to see this  
 Builds in my breast bliss,  
 Never after to do amiss  
 Things that him loath is.

*First Shepherd.* Whatever this old man that here is,  
 Take heed how his head is hoar,  
 His beard is like a bush of briars,  
 With a pound of hair about his mouth and more.

*Third Shepherd.* Why, with his beard, though it hides,  
 Right well to her he heeds.

*Mary.* Shepherds, soothly I see  
 That my son you hither sent,  
 Through God's might in majesty,  
 That in me light, and here is lent.

*Joseph.* Good men, go ! preach forth this thing,  
 All together and not in twain,  
 That you have seen your heavenly king  
 Come, and all mankind to win.

*First Shepherd.* Great God, sitting on thy throne,  
 That made all things of nought,  
 Now we may thank thee, each one,

*In twain, Separate.*

This is he that we have sought.

*Second Shepherd.* Go we near anon,  
With such as we have brought,  
Ring, brooch, or precious stone,  
Let us see if we have ought to proffer.

*Third Shepherd.* Let us do him homage.

*First Shepherd.* Who shall go first? the page?

*Second Shepherd.* Nay, ye be father of age,  
Therefore ye must offer.

*First Shepherd.* Hail, king of heaven so high!  
Born in a crib,  
Mankind unto thee  
Thou hast made fully.

Hail, child! born in a maiden's bower,  
Prophets did tell thou shouldst be our succour,  
Thus clerks do say.  
Lo, I bring thee a bell:  
I pray thee save me from hell,  
So that I may with thee dwell,  
And serve thee for ay.

*Second Shepherd.* Hail thee, emperor of hell  
And of heaven also!  
The fiend shalt thou fell,  
That ever hath been false.  
Hail thee, maker of the star,  
That stood us before;  
Hail thee, blessedful bairn,  
Lo, son, I bring thee a flacket,  
Thereby hangs a spoon,  
To eat thy pottage withal at noon,  
As I myself full oft-times have done,  
With heart I pray thee to take.

*Third Shepherd.* Hail, prince without any peer,  
That mankind shall relieve!  
Hail thee, foe unto Lucifer,  
The which beguiled Eve!  
Hail thee, granter of hap,  
For in earth now thou dwellest.  
Lo, son, I bring thee a cape,  
For I have nothing else:



This gift, son, I bring thee is but small,  
And though I come the hindmost of all,  
When thou shalt them to thy bliss call,  
Good Lord, yet think on me.

*Trull.* My dear, with duty unto thee I me dress,  
My state and fellowship that I do not lose,  
For to save me from all ill sickness,  
I offer unto thee a pair of my wife's old hose ;  
For other gifts, my son,  
Have I none for to give,  
That is worth anything at all,  
But my good heart, while I live,  
And my prayers till death do me call.

*First Shepherd.* Now farewell, mother and maid,  
And that we may from sin fall,  
And stand ever in thy grace,  
Our Lord God be with thee.

*Second Shepherd.* Brethren, let us all three  
Singing walk homewards ;  
Unkind will I in no case be,  
But preach ever that I can, and cry,  
As Gabriel taught by his grace me,  
Springing away hence will I.

*Third Shepherd.* Over the sea, and I may have grace,  
I will wend and about go now,  
To preach this in every place,  
And sheep will I keep none now.

*Trull.* I rede we us agree  
For our misdeeds amends to make ;  
For so now I will  
And to that child wholly me betake ;  
For ever verily  
Shepherd's craft here I forsake,  
And to an anchorage hereby  
I will in my prayers watch and wake.

*First Shepherd.* And I am here meek  
To praise God to pay,  
To walk by stile and street,

*Anchorage.* The dwelling of an anchorite or hermit.

In wildness to walk ever ;  
And I will no man meet,  
But for my living I shall them pray,  
Barefoot on my feet,  
And thus will I live ever and ay.  
For ay ever once,  
This world I full refuse,  
My miss to amend with moans.  
Turn to thy fellows and kiss,  
I yield, for in youth  
We have been fellows, i-wis ;  
Therefore lend us your mouth,  
And friendly let us kiss.

*Second Shepherd.* From London to Louth  
Such another shepherd I not were ;  
Both strangers and friends  
God grant you amen.

*Third Shepherd.* To that bliss bring you,  
Great God, if thy will be ;  
Amen, all sing you :  
Goodmen, farewell.

*Trull.* Well for to fare each friend,  
God of his might grant you ;  
For here now we make an end,  
Farewell, for we go from you now.





## THE STORY OF YUNG CHANG

*Narrated by Kai Lung, in the open space of the tea-shop of the Celestial Principles, at Wu-wei.*

By ERNEST BRAMAH

### I

"HO, illustrious passers-by!" said Kai Lung, the storyteller, as he spread out his embroidered mat under the mulberry-tree. "It is indeed unlikely that you would condescend to stop and listen to the foolish words of such an insignificant and altogether deformed person as myself. Nevertheless, if you will but retard your elegant footsteps for a few moments, this exceedingly unprepossessing individual will endeavour to entertain you with the recital of the adventures of the noble Yung Chang, as recorded by the celebrated Pe-ku-hi."

Thus adjured, the more leisurely-minded drew near to hear the history of Yung Chang. There was Sing You the fruit-seller, and Li Ton-ti the wood-carver; Hi Seng left his clients to cry in vain for water; and Wang Yu, the idle pipe-maker, closed his shop of "The Fountain of Beauty," and hung on the shutter the gilt dragon to keep away customers in his

absence. These, together with a few more shopkeepers and a dozen or so loafers, constituted a respectable audience by the time Kai Lung was ready.

"It would be more seemly if this ill-conditioned person who is now addressing such a distinguished assembly were to reward his fine and noble-looking hearers for their trouble," apologized the story-teller. "But, as the Book of Verses says, 'The meaner the slave, the greater the lord'; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that this majestic concourse will reward the despicable efforts of their servant by handfuls of coins till the air appears as though filled with swarms of locusts in the season of much heat. In particular, there is among this august crowd of mandarins one Wang Yu, who has departed on three previous occasions without bestowing the reward of a single cash. If the feeble and covetous-minded Wang Yu will place in this very ordinary bowl the price of one of his exceedingly ill-made pipes, this unworthy person will proceed."

"Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man never," quoted the pipe-maker in retort. "Oh, most incapable of story-tellers, have you not on two separate occasions slept beneath my utterly inadequate roof without payment?"

But he, nevertheless, deposited three cash in the bowl, and drew nearer among the front row of the listeners.

## II

"It was during the reign of the enlightened Emperor Tsing Nung," began Kai Lung, without further introduction, "that there lived at a village near Honan a wealthy and avaricious maker of idols, named Ti Hung. So skilful had he become in the making of clay idols that his fame had spread for many li around, and idol sellers from all the neighbouring villages, and even from the towns, came to him for their stock. No other idol-maker between Honan and Nankin employed so many clay-gatherers or so many modellers; yet, with all his riches, his avarice increased till at length he employed men whom he called 'agents' and 'travellers,' who went from house to house selling his idols and extolling his virtues in verses composed by the most illustrious poets of the day. He



did this in order that he might turn into his own pocket the full price of the idols, grudging those who would otherwise have sold them the few cash which they would make. Owing to this he had many enemies, and his army of travellers made him still more; for they were more rapacious than the scorpion, and more obstinate than the ox. Indeed, there is still the proverb, 'With honey it is possible to soften the heart of the he-goat; but a blow from an iron cleaver is taken as a mark of welcome by an agent of Ti Hung.' So that people barred the doors at their approach, and even hung out signs of death and mourning.

"Now, among all his travellers there was none more successful, more abandoned, and more valuable to Ti Hung than Li Ting. So depraved was Li Ting that he was never known to visit the tombs of his ancestors; indeed, it was said that he had been heard to mock their venerable memories, and that he had jestingly offered to sell them to any one who should chance to be without ancestors of his own. This objectionable person would call at the houses of the most illustrious mandarins, and would command the slaves to carry to their masters his tablets, on which were inscribed his name and his virtues. Reaching their presence, he would salute them with the greeting of an equal, 'How is your stomach?' and then proceed to exhibit samples of his wares, greatly overrating their value. 'Behold!' he would exclaim, 'is not this elegantly-moulded idol worthy of the place of honour in this sumptuous mansion which my presence defiles to such an extent that twelve basins of rose water will not remove the stain? Are not its eyes more delicate than the most select of almonds? Yet, in spite of its perfections, it is not worthy of the acceptance of so distinguished a mandarin, and therefore I will accept in return the quarter-tael, which, indeed, is less than my illustrious master gives for the clay alone.'

"In this manner Li Ting disposed of many idols at high rates, and thereby endeared himself so much to the avaricious heart of Ti Hung that he promised him his beautiful daughter Ning in marriage.

Ning was indeed very lovely. Her eyelashes were like the finest willow twigs that grow in the marshes by the Yang-tse-Kiang; her cheeks were fairer than poppies; her brow

was finer than the most polished jade ; while she seemed to walk, like a winged bird, without weight, her hair floating in a cloud. Indeed, she was the most beautiful creature that has ever existed."

"Now may you grow thin and shrivel up like a fallen lemon ; but it is false!" cried Wang Yu, starting up suddenly and unexpectedly. "At Chee Chou, at the shop of 'The Heaven-sent Sugar-cane,' there lives a beautiful and virtuous girl who is more than all that. Her eyes are like the inside circles on the peacock's feathers ; her teeth are finer than the scales on the Sacred Dragon ; her——"

"If it is the wish of this illustriously-endowed gathering that this exceedingly illiterate paper tiger should occupy their august moments with a description of the deformities of the very ordinary young person at Chee Chou," said Kai Lung imperturbably, "then the remainder of the history of the noble-minded Yung Chang can remain until an evil fate has overtaken Wang Yu, as it assuredly will shortly."

"A fair wind raises no storm," said Wang Yu sulkily ; and Kai Lung continued :

### III

"Such loveliness could not escape the evil eye of Li Ting, and accordingly, as he grew in favour with Ti Hung, he obtained his consent to the drawing up of the marriage contracts. More than this, he had already sent to Ning two bracelets of the finest gold, tied together with a scarlet thread, as a betrothal present. But, as the proverb says, 'The good bee will not touch the faded flower,' and Ning, although compelled by the second of the Five Great Principles to respect her father, was unable to regard the marriage with anything but abhorrence. Perhaps this was not altogether the fault of Li Ting, for on the evening of the day on which she had received his present, she walked in the rice fields, and sitting down at the foot of a funereal cypress, whose highest branches pierced the Middle Air, she cried aloud :

"I cannot control my bitterness. Of what use is it that I should be called the 'White Pigeon among Golden Lilies,' if my beauty is but for the hog-like eyes of the exceedingly

objectionable Li Ting? Ah, Yung Chang, my unfortunate lover! what evil spirit pursues you that you cannot pass your examination for the second degree? My noble-minded but ambitious boy, why were you not content with an agricultural or even a manufacturing career and happiness? By aspiring to a literary degree, you have placed a barrier wider than the Whang Hai between us.'

" 'As the earth seems small to the soaring swallow, so shall insuperable obstacles be overcome by the heart worn smooth with a fixed purpose,' said a voice beside her, and Yung Chang stepped from behind the cypress-tree, where he had been waiting for Ning. 'O one more symmetrical than the chrysanthemum,' he continued, 'I shall yet, with the aid of my ancestors, pass the second degree, and even obtain a position of high trust in the public office at Peking.'

" 'And in the meantime,' pouted Ning, 'I shall have partaken of the wedding-cake of the utterly unpresentable Li Ting.' And she exhibited the bracelets which she had that day received.

" 'Alas!' said Yung Chang, 'there are times when one is tempted to doubt even the most efficacious and violent means. I had hoped that by this time Li Ting would have come to a sudden and most unseemly end; for I have drawn up and affixed in the most conspicuous places notifications of his character, similar to the one here.'

" Ning turned, and beheld fastened to the trunk of the cypress an exceedingly elegantly written and composed notice, which Yung read to her as follows:

### BEWARE OF INCURRING DEATH FROM STARVATION

*Let the distinguished inhabitants of this district observe the exceedingly ungraceful walk and bearing of the low person who calls himself Li Ting. Truthfully, it is that of a dog in the act of being dragged to the river because his sores and diseases render him objectionable in the house of his master. So will this hunch-backed person be dragged to the place of execution, and be bow-stringed, to the great relief of all who respect the five senses: A*

*Respectful Physiognomy, Passionless Reflection, Soft Speech, Acute Hearing, Piercing Sight.*

*He hopes to attain to the Red Button and the Peacock's Feather ; but the right hand of the Deity itches, and Li Ting will assuredly be removed suddenly.*

#### IV

" ' Li Ting must certainly be in league with the evil forces if he can withstand so powerful a weapon,' said Ning admiringly, when her lover had finished reading. ' Even now he is starting on a journey, nor will he return till the first day of the month when the sparrows go to the sea and are changed into oysters. Perhaps the fate will overtake him while he is away. If not——'

" ' If not,' said Yung, taking up her words as she paused, ' then I have yet another hope. A moment ago you were regretting my choice of a literary career. Learn, then, the value of knowledge. By its aid (assisted, indeed, by the spirits of my ancestors) I have discovered a new and strange thing, for which I can find no word. By using this new system of reckoning, your illustrious but exceedingly narrow-minded and miserly father would be able to make five taels where he now makes one. Would he not, in consideration for this, consent to receive me as a son-in-law, and dismiss the inelegant and unworthy Li Ting ?'

" ' In the unlikely event of your being able to convince my illustrious parent of what you say, it would assuredly be so,' replied Ning. ' But in what way could you do so ? My sublime and charitable father already employs all the means in his power to reap the full reward of his sacred industry. His " solid household gods " are in reality mere shells of clay ; higher-priced images are correspondingly constructed, and his clay gatherers and modellers are all paid on a " profit-sharing system." Nay, further, it is beyond likelihood that he should wish for more purchasers, for so great is his fame that those who come to buy have sometimes to wait for days in consequence of those before them ; for my exceedingly methodical sire entrusts none with the receiving of money, and the exchanges are therefore made slowly. Frequently an unnaturally devout

person will require as many as a hundred idols, and so the greater part of the day will be passed.'

" ' In what way ? ' inquired Yung tremulously.

" ' Why, in order that the countings may not get mixed, of course it is necessary that when he has paid for one idol he should carry it to a place aside, and then return and pay for the second, carrying it to the first, and in such a manner to the end. In this way the sun sinks behind the mountains.'

" ' But,' said Yung, his voice thick with his great discovery, ' if he could pay for the entire quantity at once, then it would take but a hundredth part of the time, and so more idols could be sold.'

" ' How could this be done ? ' inquired Ning wonderingly. ' Surely it is impossible to conjecture the value of many idols.'

" ' To the unlearned it would indeed be impossible,' replied Yung proudly, ' but by the aid of my literary researches I have been enabled to discover a process by which such results would be not a matter of conjecture, but of certainty. These figures I have committed to tablets, which I am prepared to give to your mercenary and slow-witted father in return for your incomparable hand, a share of the profits, and the dismissal of the unintentive and morally threadbare Li Ting.'

## V

" ' When the earth-worm boasts of his elegant wings, the eagle can afford to be silent,' said a harsh voice behind them; and turning hastily they beheld Li Ting, who had come upon them unawares. ' Oh, most insignificant of tablet-spoilers,' he continued, ' it is very evident that much over-study has softened your usually well-educated brains. Were it not that you are obviously mentally afflicted, I should unhesitatingly persuade my beautiful and refined sword to introduce you to the spirits of your ignoble ancestors. As it is, I will merely cut off your nose and your left ear, so that people may not say that the Dragon of the Earth sleeps and wickedness goes unpunished.'

" Both had already drawn their swords, and very soon the blows were so hard and swift that, in the dusk of the evening, it seemed as though the air were filled with innumerable and

many-coloured fireworks. Each was a practised swordsman, and there was no advantage gained on either side, when Ning, who had fled on the appearance of Li Ting, reappeared, urging on her father, whose usually leisurely footsteps were quickened by the dread that the duel must result in certain loss to himself, either of a valuable servant, or of the discovery which Ning had briefly explained to him, and of which he at once saw the value.

" 'Oh, most distinguished and expert persons,' he exclaimed breathlessly, as soon as he was within hearing distance, 'do not trouble to give so marvellous an exhibition for the benefit of this unworthy individual, who is the only observer of your illustrious dexterity! Indeed, your honourable condescension so fills this illiterate person with shame that his hearing is thereby preternaturally sharpened, and he can plainly distinguish many voices from beyond the Hoang Ho, crying for the Heaven-sent representative of the degraded Ti Hung to bring them more idols. Bend, therefore, your refined footsteps in the direction of Poo Chow, O Li Ting, and leave me to make myself objectionable to this exceptional young man with my intolerable commonplaces.'

" 'The shadow falls in such a direction as the sun wills,' said Li Ting, as he replaced his sword and departed.

" 'Yung Chang,' said the merchant, 'I am informed that you have made a discovery that would be of great value to me, as it undoubtedly would if it is all that you say. Let us discuss the matter without ceremony. Can you prove to me that your system possesses the merit you claim for it? If so, then the matter of arrangement will be easy.'

" 'I am convinced of the absolute certainty and accuracy of the discovery,' replied Yung Chang. 'It is not as though it were an ordinary matter of human intelligence, for this was discovered to me as I was worshipping at the tomb of my ancestors. The method is regulated by a system of squares, triangles, and cubes. But as the practical proof might be long, and as I hesitate to keep your adorable daughter out in the damp night air, may I not call at your inimitable dwelling in the morning, when we can go into the matter thoroughly?'

" 'I will not weary this intelligent gathering, each member of which doubtless knows all the books on mathematics off

by heart, with a recital of the means by which Yung Chang proved to Ti Hung the accuracy of his tables and the value of his discovery of the multiplication table, which till then had been undreamt of," continued the story-teller. "It is sufficient to know that he did so, and that Ti Hung agreed to his terms, only stipulating that Li Ting should not be made aware of his dismissal until he had returned and given in his accounts. The share of the profits that Yung was to receive was cut down very low by Ti Hung, but the young man did not mind that, as he would live with his father-in-law for the future.

"With the introduction of this new system, the business increased like a river at flood-time. All rivals were left behind, and Ti Hung put out his sign :

### NO WAITING HERE

*Good-morning ! Have you worshipped one of Ti Hung's refined ninety-nine cash idols ?*

*Let the purchasers of ill-constructed idols at other establishments, where they have grown old and venerable while waiting for the all-thumb proprietors to count up to ten, come to the shop of Ti Hung and regain their lost youth. Our ninety-nine cash idols are worth a tael a set. We do not, however, claim that they will do everything. The ninety-nine cash idols of Ti Hung will not, for example, purify linen, but even the most contented and frozen-brained person cannot be happy till he possesses one. What is happiness ? The exceedingly well-educated Philosopher defines it as the accomplishment of all our desires. Every one desires one of Ti Hung's ninety-nine cash idols, therefore get one ; but be sure that it is Ti Hung's.*

*Have you a bad idol ? If so, dismiss it, and get one of Ti Hung's ninety-nine cash specimens.*

*Why does your idol look old sooner than your neighbour's ? Because yours is not one of Ti Hung's ninety-nine cash marvels.*

*They bring all delights to the old and the young,  
The elegant idols supplied by Ti Hung.*

N.B.—The "Great Sacrifice" idol, forty-five cash ; delivered carriage free, in quantities of not less than twelve, at any temple, on the evening before the sacrifice.

VII

"It was about this time that Li Ting returned. His journey had been more than usually successful, and he was well satisfied in consequence. It was not until he had made out his accounts and handed in his money that Ti Hung informed him of his agreement with Yung Chang.

"'O most treacherous and excessively unpopular Ti Hung,' exclaimed Li Ting, in a terrible voice, 'this is the return you make for all my entrancing efforts in your service, then? It is in this way that you reward my exceedingly unconscientious recommendations of your very inferior and unendurable clay idols, with their goggle eyes and concave stomachs! Before I go, however, I request to be inspired to make the following remark—that I confidently predict your ruin. And now this low and undignified person will finally shake the elegant dust of your distinguished house from his thoroughly inadequate feet, and proceed to offer his incapable services to the rival establishment over the way.'

"'The machinations of such an evilly-disposed person as Li Ting will certainly be exceedingly subtle,' said Ti Hung to his son-in-law when the traveller had departed. 'I must counteract his omens. Herewith I wish to prophesy that henceforth I shall enjoy an unbroken run of good fortune. I have spoken, and assuredly I shall not eat my words.'

"As the time went on, it seemed as though Ti Hung had indeed spoken truly. The ease and celerity with which he transacted his business brought him customers and dealers from more remote regions than ever, for they could spend days on the journey and still save time. The army of clay-gatherers and modellers grew larger and larger, and the work-sheds stretched almost down to the river's edge. Only one thing troubled Ti Hung, and that was the uncongenial disposition of his son-in-law, for Yung took no further interest in the industry to which his discovery had given so great an impetus, but resolutely set to work again to pass his examination for the second degree.

"'It is an exceedingly distinguished and honourable thing to have failed thirty-five times, and still to be undiscouraged,' admitted Ti Hung; 'but I cannot cleanse my throat from



bitterness when I consider that my noble and lucrative business must pass into the hands of strangers, perhaps even into the possession of the unendurable Li Ting.'

"But it had been appointed that this degrading thing should not happen, however, and it was indeed fortunate that Yung did not abandon his literary pursuits; for after some time it became very apparent to Ti Hung that there was something radically wrong with his business. It was not that his custom was falling off in any way; indeed, it had lately increased in a manner that was phenomenal, and when the merchant came to look into the matter, he found to his astonishment that the least order he had received in the past week had been for a hundred idols. All the sales had been large, and yet Ti Hung found himself most unaccountably deficient in taels. He was puzzled and alarmed, and for the next few days he looked into the business closely. Then it was that the reason was revealed, both for the falling off in the receipts and for the increase in the orders. The calculations of the unfortunate Yung Chang were correct up to a hundred, but at that number he had made a gigantic error—which, however, he was never able to detect and rectify—with the result that all transactions above that point worked out at a considerable loss to the seller. It was in vain that the panic-stricken and infuriated Ti Hung goaded his miserable son-in-law to correct the mistake; it was equally in vain that he tried to stem the current of his enormous commercial popularity. He had competed for public favour, and he had won it, and every day his business increased till ruin grasped him by the pigtail. Then came an order from one firm at Peking for five millions of the ninety-nine cash idols, and at that Ti Hung put up his shutters, and sat down in the dust.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, 'in the course of a lifetime there are many very disagreeable evils that may overtake a person. He may offend the Sacred Dragon, and be in consequence reduced to a fine dry powder; or he may incur the displeasure of the benevolent and pure-minded Emperor, and be condemned to death by roasting; he may also be troubled by demons or by the disturbed spirits of his ancestors, or be struck by thunderbolts. Indeed, there are numerous annoyances, but they all become as Heaven-sent blessings in comparison

to a self-opinionated and more than ordinarily weak-minded son-in-law. Of what avail is it that I have habitually sold one idol for the value of a hundred? The very objectionable man in possession sits in my delectable summer-house, and the unavoidable legal documents settle around me like a flock of pigeons. It is indeed necessary that I should declare myself to be in voluntary liquidation, and make an assignment of my book debts for the benefit of my creditors. Having accomplished this, I will proceed to the well-constructed tomb of my illustrious ancestors, and having kow-towed at their incomparable shrines, I will put an end to my distinguished troubles with this exceedingly well-polished sword.'

" 'The wise man can adapt himself to circumstances as water takes the shape of the vase that contains it,' said the well-known voice of Li Ting. 'Let not the lion and the tiger fight at the bidding of the jackal. By combining our forces all may be well with you yet. Assist me to dispose of the entirely superfluous Yung Chang and to marry the elegant and symmetrical Ning, and in return I will allot to you a portion of my not inconsiderable income.'

" 'However high the tree, the leaves fall to the ground, and your hour has come at last, O detestable Li Ting!' said Yung, who had heard the speakers and crept upon them unperceived. 'As for my distinguished and immaculate father-in-law, doubtless the heat has affected his indefatigable brains, or he would not have listened to your contemptible suggestion. For yourself, draw!'

" Both swords flashed, but before a blow could be struck the spirits of his ancestors hurled Li Ting lifeless to the ground, to avenge the memories that their unworthy descendant had so often reviled.

" 'So perish all the enemies of Yung Chang,' said the victor. 'And now, my venerated but exceedingly short-sighted father-in-law, learn how narrowly you have escaped making yourself exceedingly objectionable to yourself. I have just received intelligence from Peking that I have passed the second degree, and have in consequence been appointed to a remunerative position under the Government. This will enable us to live in comfort, if not in affluence, and the rest of your engaging days can be peacefully spent in flying kites.' "

*Poet, 1770-1850*

## Fidelity

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
 He halts and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks ;  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
 And instantly a dog is seen  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed,  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry ;  
 Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height ;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
 What is this creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess  
 That keeps till June December's snow ;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway or cultivated land,  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast  
That, if it could, would hurry past,  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way  
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones  
As quickly as he may ;  
Not far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground ;  
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,  
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fallen—that place of fear !  
At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear ;

He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came ;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell ;  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry—  
This dog had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side.  
How nourished here through such long time,  
He knows who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling great  
Above all human estimate.

### “ There was a Boy ”

THERE was a Boy : ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander ! many a time  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him ; and they would shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,

*Winander, Windermere.*

Responsive to his call, with quivering peals  
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,  
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild  
Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause  
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,  
Then sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind,  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

### Influence of Natural Objects

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe !  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought !  
And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion ! not in vain,  
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul ;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man ;  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and Nature ; purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome ; among woods  
At noon ; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine :  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,

And by the waters, all the summer long.  
And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons : happy time  
It was indeed for all of us ; for me  
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle : with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron ; while far-distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star ;  
Image that, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain, and oftentimes  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round !  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

## Composed on Westminster Bridge

EARTH has not anything to show more fair ;  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty ;  
This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

## London, 1802

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;  
England hath need of thee. She is a fen  
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.  
So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.



“ It is not to be thought of ”

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, “ with pomp of waters, unwithstood,”  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish ; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :  
We must be free or die who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

“ My Heart leaps up ”

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky.  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The child is father of the man :  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

“ She was a Phantom of Delight ”

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight :  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command,  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

### The Solitary Reaper

BEHOLD her single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself,  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands ;  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago ;  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some actual sorrow, loss or pain  
That has been and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;  
I listened till I had my fill ;  
And, when I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

### Ode to Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free,  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 O ! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Ev'n now who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control,  
 But in the quietness of thought ;  
 Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their name ;  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;  
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
O let my weakness have an end !  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give ;  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.

### Lucy

#### I

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove ;  
A maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye !  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

#### II

I travell'd among unknown men  
In lands beyond the sea ;  
Nor, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time ; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd  
The bowers where Lucy play'd ;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

## III

Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse : and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

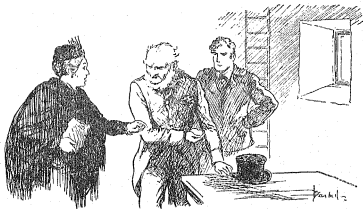
" The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend :  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

" The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

" And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.





◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ELDORADO ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A Play in One Act \*

BY BERNARD GILBERT

Preface

SOMETIMES an industry, after centuries of smooth sailing, will burst forth volcanically in a night. There was the Tulip craze in Holland, when fabulous sums were realized; though this was not inexplicable, for tulips are the pets of wealthy men: but potatoes are plebeian things, articles of the kitchen, and how could a single tuber sell for a hundred pounds?

Each variety of potato has only a short life, after which, in some mysterious way, its vigour ebbs and it quietly peters out. The breeding and selection of new kinds, therefore, is of importance. Potatoes suffer from the dreadful *Phylophthera Infestans*, which in a night will blight thousands of acres, and the appearance of a variety that will resist disease is a thing

\* The fee for each and every representation of this play by amateurs is one guinea, payable in advance to Messrs. Samuel French, 26 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, or their authorized representatives, who, upon payment of the fee, will send a written permission for the performance to take place.



that every grower dreams about. New varieties of potatoes are obtained by cross-fertilization, and when a promising one appears, it soon spreads across the country, maintaining its position for fifteen to twenty years; after which it loses its strength and is supplanted by a new-comer. A generation ago, the Ashleaf, the Skerry, and the Magnum Bonum were universal favourites; but they are now extinct as field varieties, and linger only in kitchen gardens.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, three unfavourable seasons coincided with the decay of the chief existing varieties, and there was a loud demand for new ones. A noted potato breeder in Scotland, named Findlay (introducer of the famous Up-to-date) brought out several to meet this demand, and those who were fortunate enough to secure early parcels sold their crop for seed purposes at remunerative rates. To sell the whole of a crop at twenty pounds a ton for seed, instead of three pounds a ton for the table, was immensely stimulating; and when, at the crucial time, Mr. Findlay announced that he had a variety called Eldorado (sinister name!) which would eclipse all others, each grower was determined to be in first. It was this that fired the rocket.

The Potato Boom was the most astonishing incident of British agriculture. It arose naturally, reached an astounding height, and collapsed suddenly. Farmers are accustomed to huge prices for pedigree animals, so that a high figure for pedigree potatoes from which to breed improved and profitable stocks was but a step in the same direction. This explains why the most conservative body of men in our country fell victims to a frenzy without parallel in agricultural history.

Not only were values inflated, but they seemed capable of infinite extension; and the most ridiculous reports were circulated. It was said that Findlay's next would cost a thousand pounds a pound, and make its possessors millionaires. The boom had become a bubble, and single tubers were sold by public auction in Lincoln market-place to excited bidders. The purchasers of Eldorados forced them in hot-houses, and sold off the potted plants at two guineas each. Every one speculated; new varieties came forth weekly; syndicates were formed to exploit them, and all the desperate scheming and sheer lunacy of the South Sea Bubble rose to the surface.

I was growing potatoes then, and at the height of the Boom established a world-record by selling a single Eldorado tuber for one hundred pounds. World records are hard to come by, and I cling to the only one I am likely to get, and of which, indeed, I am unlikely to be dispossessed.

The following summer was favourable for the potato crop. There was a huge yield, and prices fell everywhere. It is the same with all booms: a period of scarcity raises prices, speculation and inflation follow, until the thing is overdone, and excessive production sets in. Shares, potatoes, or whatever else is being gambled in, suddenly become unsaleable; all are sellers, none are buyers; there is a scene of panic, and the edifice collapses like a house of cards. The Potato Boom had soared beyond the scarcity that gave it birth and stimulated its growth, and when its foliage filled the rural heaven, my stout-hearted friend, Titus Kime (a well-known potato merchant) took a running kick at its trunk; and lo, it was rotten! He declared, in the Press, that the Eldorado was not a new variety at all. This proclamation came like a thunder-clap: the Boom crashed with dramatic suddenness, and in a few weeks the new varieties were unsaleable. Those unfortunates who had purchased expensive potatoes for forward delivery refused to accept them, and there was a whirlpool of lawsuits over contracts.

When the dust cleared, and the Eldorados, Pearls, Diamonds, Discoverys, Northern Stars, Southern Stars, Queen of the Veldts, and Million Makers had been given to the pigs, because no one would buy them, agriculture settled down once more to its ordinary routine. The fantastic happenings appeared so dreamlike to the hard-headed farmers who had taken part in them, that they concluded it must have been a dream; and the great Potato Boom faded quickly into oblivion.

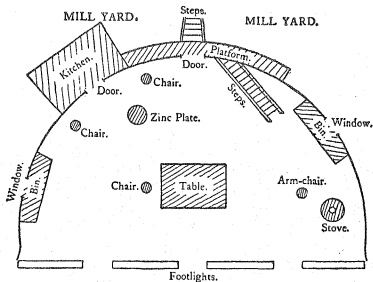


## Eldorado

*Extract from County Directory*

Carrington, a village at the foot of the Wolds (476 inhabitants) on the river Sow. The principal landowners are Lord David Herries of Herries Hall, and James Watson, Esquire. Church—St. Peter. Vicar—Rev. W. Martin. Wesleyan Chapel. "The Case is Altered" Inn (James Garvey). "The Nelson Arms" (B. Snow). Railway Station—Belton Junction. Carrington Wood is noted for its primroses. Three great moors—Caxton, Carrington, and Worlby—meet here.

[The curtain rises one fine March morning on the combined sitting- and dining-room of Jim Watson's farmhouse in the village of Carrington. It doesn't look much like a farmhouse, because it happens to be the bottom story of a disused windmill. The mill is a very substantial circular brick building, quite sixty feet high. Its ground floor is raised above the yard outside to the height of a wagon bottom, and when the outer door (which is in the centre at the back) is opened, a fine view is obtained across Caxton Moor to where Keal Hill rears its head several miles away. The floor of the living-room is of boards, and so is the ceiling, which is supported by stout beams, from which hang an oil lamp, a fine ham, bunches of dried herbs, and strings of onions. The circular brick wall is whitewashed, presenting a rough appearance, and the only attempts at ornament are a couple of the highly coloured almanacs given away by country tradesmen. Light is obtained from two windows placed high up; one on the extreme left, the other half-way round on the right. Their deep ledges draw attention to the great thickness of the wall. Between the front door and the left-hand window is a smaller door, opening into a shed (once a stable) which serves as kitchen and scullery. Between the right-hand window and the front door, a step ladder, close to the wall, leads to a trap-door in the ceiling. A stout rope hangs from a hook beside this trap. A clumsy deal table stands in the centre of the floor, with a chair drawn up on its left. Under the windows two large wooden bins have been converted into cupboards, and wooden shoots run from the top of these to the ceiling. A millstone lying on the floor, on the extreme right, serves as the base of



an iron stove, whose pipe passes through the wall just under the ceiling. An armchair occupies a square of coco-nut matting by the stove, and two plain wooden chairs stand on either side of the scullery door. On one of these is a small lidded egg-basket. A square piece of zinc is nailed to the floor in front of the scullery door, and exactly over this is a second trap-door with two flaps, through a hole in the centre of which hangs an endless chain reaching nearly to the floor. The front door is a very stout affair, with long iron hinge-plates, an iron bar, and a latch. On the extreme left, a shaft with pulley wheels is fixed to the wall.

A melancholy whistling is heard outside, and a young man, coming up the steps to the front door, enters the room and goes to the stove. Henry Watson is a well-built fellow of about twenty, wearing a Norfolk jacket, tweed breeches, and cycling stockings. As he stands holding his hands out over the top of the stove, a high-pitched querulous voice comes from above.]

*Voice.* Is that you, Henry?

*Henry.* Yes, Dad.

[A creaking of hinges is heard, the right-hand trap-door is raised, and James Watson, grasping the rope, descends the ladder backwards. He is a small, thin man, in tight cloth trousers, with a tightly-fitting coat of snuff-coloured cloth which he wears buttoned up to his chin. His grizzled beard is short and straggly, and his scanty moustache reveals a mean upper lip. The half-top hat he is wearing may have been black when it was fashionable a generation earlier, but is now green with age. His eyes are small and close together, and his whole appearance is mean and withered.]

James. Well—did you tell 'em what I said?

Henry. Yes.

James. And what did they say?

Henry [laughing shortly]. Said as they never expected nothing else.

James. Oh, they did, did they! The bone idle rackapelts! Beer! Beer! Do they think I've got Jackstraw's brewery in the mill-yard? Here I've found 'em a whole gallon—amongst six of 'em, mind you—nearly a quart apiece—only three days ago, and now they want more! If they'd turn teetotal and wear blue ribbons, instead of deafening me with their yauping for beer, I should think something of 'em. Did you tell 'em they could fill their bottles with cold tea?

Henry. Ay! I said I'd take it to them!

James. Were they thankful? What did they say?

Henry [grinning]. I don't hardly like to repeat it.

James. Out with it.

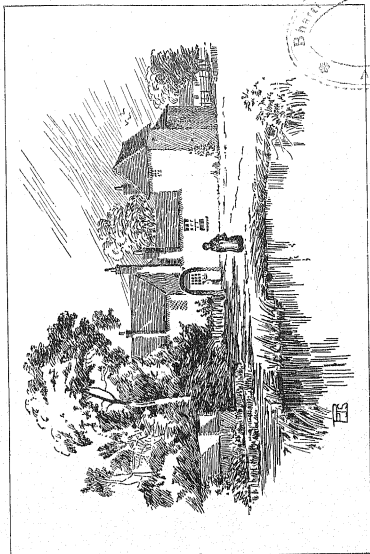
Henry. They said you wasn't named "Cheap Jim" for nothing.

James. The shucky mawkins! If they come and beg on their bended knees for cold tea, they shan't have it now—not a drop! I'll dock their wages!

Henry. Then they'll go away and we shan't get our potatoes planted.

James. As soon as we're a bit slacker, I will!

Henry. You can't cut 'em down any more, Dad. We've only got the oldest hands now—what nobody else won't have. It takes 'em most of their time to draw their breath, and they



WHERE THE THREE MOORS MEET.

hoe that careful you can see the weeds grown up behind 'em almost as thick as they are in front.

James. Young chaps is no use. If you get a good 'un, he won't stop; and if you get a bad 'un, you don't want him. In my young days, we never had no trouble at all. They were pleased to earn fifteen pence a day, and would very near go down on their knees for it. Nowadays, they want us to go down on our knees to get *them*.

Henry [*interrupting him*]. Tom Harrod came back with me from the field, to fetch another bag of superphosphate. He knows where it is, in the shed—Oh, yes, and they want another fork!

James [*anxiously*]. They use that manure as if it was sand. What do they think I'm made of!

Henry. If we don't put manure *in* the ground, we shan't get any crop *out*. This isn't fen land.

James. They use too much. I'll tell him they must be more careful. [*He makes towards the front door.*]

Henry [*stopping him*]. What about that fork?

James. Fetch one from the top—the one with the cracked shaft.

[*Henry goes up the steps and disappears through the trap-door.*

*Fainter bangs record his ascent to the fourth story. As James reaches the front door, the scullery door opens and his daughter Betsy hurries out and stops him.*]

Betsy. I haven't got any potatoes for dinner.

James [*trying to get away from her*]. Well, get some.

Betsy. I'm not going through that mucky yard any more. Why can't we have a bag of eaters kept up here, same as you promised.

James. All right! I'll see to it.

[*He breaks loose and runs down the steps into the mill yard.*]

Betsy [*calling from the top of the steps*]. I'm waiting for them!

[*She comes inside, shuts the door, and goes to the stove to make the fire up. Betsy Watson is a lass of eighteen, with a keen (and constantly outraged) sense of justice. She wears black hand-knitted stockings, a very old and torn tartan skirt, a spotted blue-and-white blouse, and down-at-heel black walking shoes, whose broken laces are mended*

with twine. She has on a dirty white apron, and her sleeves are rolled up. Her mass of straight dark brown hair is thrown on to the top of her head to be secured there by two or three hairpins. Under favourable circumstances Betsy would be a good-looking girl, but constant nagging by her father has made her sullen.

There is a knock on the door, and Betsy, wiping her hands on her apron, goes to open it. The Watsons' next-door neighbour, Widow Burrows, stands on the doorstep.]

Mrs. Burrows. Is your father at home, Betsy?

Betsy [in a pleased tone]. Why, Mrs. Burrows! Come inside.

[Emma Burrows carries on the market gardening business of her late husband Nathan, with the help of her two sons, Joe and Abel. She is a biggish woman of over fifty, with iron-grey hair, humorous hazel eyes, dark rather bushy eyebrows, and a moustache. She wears a black bonnet, trimmed with beads, a full black mantle, heavy with jet trimmings, and a very full black skirt which would sweep the floor but for the fact that she has pinned it up in several places with safety-pins, thus displaying her stout elastic-sided boots. She has clearly put on her best clothes to pay a call.]

Mrs. Burrows [looking round with intense interest]. I've never been in since your Dad made this into a house.

Betsy. I'm ashamed for anybody to come in, Mrs. Burrows—mind that chain! What Mother would have said to us living in a broken-down windmill, when that great Manor House belongs to us, I don't know.

Mrs. Burrows. And your poor mother such a strict Methodist! It's enough to make her turn in her grave to have the Parson living in her house. You'd think they'd build a decent vicarage.

Betsy. Dad's made a laughing stock of us. The boys shout after me when I go into the village.

Mrs. Burrows. When the sails was blown down in that great storm, folks did reckon as your father would be too mean to put 'em up again, 'specially as there's another mill so near—but nobody dreamt as he'd come to live in it. After all, though, it's a deal more comfortable than I'd have thought.



[*She puts her head into the outhouse.*] And this is your scullery, is it?

Betsy [*sulkily*]. And kitchen as well. I'm nearly blown away with the draughts in there.

Mrs. Burrows [*returning*]. I suppose you sleep in the room over this?

Betsy [*sarcastically*]. Oh no! That's the best and driest floor, and so it's packed with potatoes.

Mrs. Burrows. Potatoes! Good gracious! Well, I'm glad your Dad's got some left, because that's what I came to see him about.

Betsy. We've any amount. They're stored up in bags and hampers and chitting-boxes: that's why we've got a fire. I might starve on the coldest day if it wasn't for *them*.

Mrs. Burrows. Where do you sleep, then?

Betsy. Dad and Henry have the room over the potatoes, and I'm in the one over that, and then there's one full of apples, and tools, and such-like. The top's empty, 'coz the roof's all broken in.

Mrs. Burrows. You must get a good view up there.

Betsy. I can see Kyme Castle and Sildyke Church on a fine day. They say you can see Barkston, but I never have.

Mrs. Burrows. I should be afraid of rats in a place like this!

Betsy. Oh, bless you, we keep a dog on purpose to catch them. He has to earn his keep, does Jack.

[*The front door is opened, and James Watson returns. Betsy hastily retreats to the scullery and shuts her door.*]

Mrs. Burrows. Good-morning, Mr. Watson.

James. Good-morning, Mrs. Burrows. Sit you down. How are things going with you now?

Mrs. Burrows. Middling! You know what a struggle I've had since Nathan died. If it hadn't been for brother-in-law Japhet coming over from Kyme now and again, I don't know how I should have managed.

James. Anybody 'ud be pleased to help you, Mrs. Burrows.

Mrs. Burrows. Then why didn't you lend me a horse and cart last week, when I was stuck fast?

James [*earnestly*]. I would have done in a minute, only we couldn't manage it. I haven't nearly enough horses.

*Mrs. Burrows.* You should get more, then.

*James.* They eat so much. When it rains, they stand in the stable eating and eating, without ever stopping to take breath. I can't bear to see 'em. Every champ costs me a ha'penny.

*Mrs. Burrows [sarcastically].* I wonder you don't give 'em less.

*James.* I do, as far as I dare, but the brutes only eat their bedding and nag the mangers.

*Mrs. Burrows [coming to business].* What I came to see you about, Mr. Watson, was for a bag of your Early Rose potatoes. You've got some, haven't you?

*James.* Only a few. They're awful scarce this year.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I saw yours when they was growing. A rare nice patch they looked.

[*Henry comes down the steps with the fork, and hurries out, with a nod to Mrs. Burrows.*]

*James.* They're shy yielders, them Early Rose. Almost grown out, they are, like all potatoes as lives too long. Why! I can remember 'em when I was a lad only so high [*he puts his hand near the floor*]. They're nearly all gone now—all them good old sorts—Magnum Bonum, Beauty of Hebron, Myatt's Ashleaf—beautiful potatoes they was, flowery and as sweet as butter.

*Mrs. Burrows [impatiently].* Yes, yes. But can I have a bag of your Early Roses? They come before anything else in my garden.

*James.* I don't think you'll get any, anywhere.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Why?

*James.* They're so scarce. Tim Williamson of Fletton asked me at Bly Market last Saturday if I had any. He let out that there was very few about, and they're going to a famine price.

*Mrs. Burrows.* What! He told you that when he was trying to buy some?

*James [scornfully].* Of course not! That was after I told him I hadn't any to spare.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Oh, I see! But I only want one bag. You'll let me have that.

*James.* I'm afraid I can't.

*Mrs. Burrows.* That's only a dodge to put the price up. Come on! What's the figure?

*James.* I really can't spare 'em.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Unless I pay three times what they're worth?

*James.* You'll not do that, *Mrs. Burrows*; you're the closest buyer for miles round Carrington.

*Mrs. Burrows.* And you're the hardest seller this side the Gulland. How much?

*James* [*suddenly turning serious and speaking slowly*]. Very well, then! I'll let you have a bag as a great favour, being as you're a neighbour and a widow.

*Mrs. Burrows.* How much?

*James.* That'll be all right. Leave the price to me. I shan't hurt you.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I shan't let you. What's the price?

*James.* Twelve shillings.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Twelve shillings a bag! Rubbish!

*James.* That's it, anyhow.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I shall never pay it.

*James.* Just as you like. Business is business. You want my potatoes—then you'll have to pay my price for 'em.

[*Henry enters from the yard, and stands by the scullery door, waiting until the old man is free. He plays idly with the endless chain.*]

*Mrs. Burrows.* I guessed what was up when you wanted me to leave the price. Heaven help anybody as did that! [*Rising.*] Keep your Early Roses. I'll chit some of my Duke of Yorks instead.

*James* [*imperturbably*]. As you like, Missis.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I'll get brother-in-law Japhet to send me a bag.

*James.* The carriage'll kill 'em.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I'd as leave pay the money to the railway as to you, you old skinflint.

*Henry* [*picking up his cue*]. We haven't many bags of Early Roses left, Dad.

*James.* I thought not!

*Mrs. Burrows.* Then keep 'em.

*James* [*as she reaches the door*]. I'll knock you threepence off.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Now you're getting rash! But I won't rob you. Brother-in-law Japhet will send me some. It isn't long since he sent a couple of pounds of some new-fangled sort for me to try.

*Henry.* What was they called, Mrs. Burrows?

*Mrs. Burrows.* Elderberry.

*Henry.* Elderberry?

*Mrs. Burrows.* It was Elder something—either bush or berry. I've got it! Fennell's Elderberry! Brother-in-law Japhet often sends me odd things down as he gets to try. Good-day, Mr. Watson!

*James.* Good-day to you, Mum!

*Mrs. Burrows* [closing and then reopening the door]. I'll give you four and ninepence for a bag. [James shakes his head.] Five shillings, then.

*James.* Twelve shillings is my—no—I said threepence off. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Burrows; I'll call it eleven and sixpence. [Mrs. Burrows, in answer, bangs the door.] She'll come back. She's bound to have 'em.

[Ever since Mrs. Burrows mentioned the two pounds of potatoes "of some new-fangled sort," Henry had listened with the greatest attention, and when she gave the name of "Elderberry," he had gone to the nearest bin, unfolded a newspaper that lay on it, and studied it with care.]

*Henry* [looking up excitedly]. Dad!

*James.* What?

*Henry.* When Widow Burrows said "Elder-something," it came to me all of a sudden what she meant. And when she said Fennell's Elderberry, I was certain. I read about it this morning, here.

*James.* Who's been wasting their money buying papers? Have you?

*Henry.* It's to-day's *Bly Chronicle* that Bill Saunders lent me when I was out this morning. It's here, in black and white, all about the Potato Boom.

*James.* I'm sick of hearing all that cat-blash about folks getting a pound apiece for potatoes. Now, is it likely? Who'd be fool enough to give it?

*Henry* [reading]. "The excitement in the potato trade continues. At Bly Market there was only one topic of con-

versation. The promise of the new varieties—Sutton's Discovery, Johnson's Diamond, Northern Star——"

*James [banging the table].* The lies they tell makes my hair stand straight up.

*Henry.* It's not all lies, Dad. Just listen! "Northern Star has proved a gold-mine to its lucky owners." [*James was about to protest against this waste of time, but these words caused him to relapse into his chair and listen carefully.*] "And every one is alert to secure the next favourite and make a rapid fortune. Mr. Findlay, who brought out the Up-to-Date, Evergood, Royal Kidney, and Northern Star, is reported to have a greater than all these up his sleeve. He sent several lots out, last spring, for trial, to various friends, who are most enthusiastic as to its possibilities. As the quantity is so limited the demand is enormous, and from a sovereign a pound they have risen, in a week, to the unheard price of forty pounds a pound. The new-comer promises to live up to its name of Eldorado."

*James.* We could have done with some of them, Henry. Forty sovereigns for a pound!

*Henry.* Don't you see, Dad—that's the very name. That's what Widow Burrows was trying to say: Pennell's Elder something—Findlay's Eldorado. She's got some!

*James [starting up].* Do you think so, boy?

*Henry.* I'm sure of it. The paper says, "Several small lots were sent out for trial," and Japhet Burrows's master, Lord Kyme, as is President of some big Society, would be the first to get them.

*James.* Well, that's a skelcher. Do you think it's true, Henry?

*Henry [still looking at the paper].* Here's something else. "As we go to press, we learn that a stone of Eldorados has been sold by a local firm of potato merchants—Messrs. F. Mullen & Son—to Mr. Titus Ambrose of Holt-in-the-Marsh at the incredible price of one hundred sovereigns per pound. The cheque for £1,400 is now on view in the window of our fortunate townsman, and is the centre of the utmost excitement."

*James.* A hundred sovereigns a pound for potatoes! I shall never believe it.

*Henry.* The cheque is stuck up in Mullen's office window in Bly Market Place. You can't get away from that.

*James.* Fourteen hundred pounds for a stone of potatoes! [*Suddenly*] *Henry!* What's Widow Burrows going to do with her two pound?

*Henry* [*promptly*]. Sell 'em for two hundred pounds, or else do the same as Moses Bellamy did last year with a pound of Northern Stars. He put them in his greenhouse, at Fletton, took the sprouts off into pots, and kept on at that, planting the cuttings out in his garden, till he got two hundredweights from his pound.

*James.* If I had any, I should sell, Henry.

*Henry.* They'll go dearer yet.

*James.* We've got to have them Eldorados. That woman couldn't use two hundred pounds: it 'ud be the ruin of her.

*Henry.* You wouldn't give that price?

*James.* What do you take me for? She knows nothing about that [*nodding at the paper*] yet.

*Henry.* She soon will.

*James.* Then we must move at once. Slip round and say as I've considered to let her have them Early Roses after all. Tell her to come in straight away and look at 'em—pick her own bag—and then mention her Eldorados, casual-like, and get her to bring them in here to show me.

*Henry.* She'd smell a rat.

*James.* Not if you're crafty, Henry. You must be wily with her. Say we reckon we've got some of the same sort and should like to compare 'em. Be quick now, and don't you come back without her. [*Henry hurries out.*] A hundred sovereigns! Two hundred sovereigns! Fourteen hundred sovereigns! It's enough to craze anybody. It's a corker!

[*Betsy comes out of the scullery with a plate of bones.*]

*Betsy.* Where's them potatoes I asked you for an hour ago?

*James* [*who is studying the "Chronicle"*]. You don't mean to say as you've never fetched none?

*Betsy* [*crossing to front door*]. Didn't you promise to see about it?

*James.* I've plenty to think about, earning your living for you. Why didn't you go and fetch 'em yourself, when you saw it had slipped my memory?

*Betsy [standing on the platform outside the front door, whistling and throwing the bones down into the yard].* There you are, Jack! [*She comes back into the room without closing the door.*] I'm not going paddling through that mucky yard for nobody.

*James.* You do what you're told.

*Betsy.* Why can't I have some of them Early Roses from upstairs? Goodness knows, there's plenty!

*James [looking up from his paper].* I'll knock your head off if you touch them. They're valuable.

*Betsy.* I'm tired of this. Nothing but grumbling from morning till night, while I do a servant's work without any pay. I should be better off if I was out at service.

*James.* You ungrateful mawkin! After all I've done for you! If I hear anything of that again, out you go, neck and crop.

*Betsy.* That'll suit me down to the ground. I'll go to Doctor Walker's at Bly then. I see in the *Chronicle* that he wants a girl.

*James.* Think I should have a darter of mine in service! Just you slip off and get them potatoes.

*[He goes to the door and looks cautiously out.]*

*Betsy.* I'm not going through all that dirt again for nobody. Just look at my shoes!

*[She holds her foot out, but James takes no notice, so she stamps into the scullery, slamming the door.]*

*James.* Drat that Henry! Where's he got to? I ought to have gone myself. There they come! She's bringing them!

*[Retreating from the door, he sits down in his armchair and is poking the fire when Henry and Mrs. Burrows come up the steps. Mrs. Burrows has a paper bag in her hand.]*

*Mrs. Burrows.* You've changed your mind, then?

*James [turning round].* I've considered, Mrs. Burrows, what you said about being neighbourly—and a widow—and I've decided, after all, there's something in it.

*Mrs. Burrows [suspiciously].* I'm to have a bag at my price, am I?

*James.* What was your offer?

*Mrs. Burrows [promptly].* Five shillings.

*James [staring at the bag in Mrs. Burrows' hand].* It's fair murder. I wouldn't do it if you wasn't a widow.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I'll pay for 'em before you change your mind again. Where's my purse.

*[She puts the bag of potatoes down on the table, and feels for her purse.]*

*James.* What have you got there?

*Mrs. Burrows* *[producing a purse from her pocket]*. Them's the fancy potatoes as brother-in-law Japhet sent me. Your Henry says he thinks you've got some of the same sort, and would like to compare them.

*James* *[going to the table]*. There isn't two pounds there, surely?

*Mrs. Burrows.* They come in separate bags. I didn't bother to bring both. *[She empties the potatoes out on to the table. One rolls over the edge, but Henry catches it, with a horrified face.]* Nice colour, aren't they?

*James* *[picking up the largest of the five tubers with religious care]*. Nothing to shout about.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Look at their deep eyes!

*James.* All the worse for cooking. They waste so much.

*Mrs. Burrows.* But the shape of them!

*James.* Wouldn't be many to a root, I lay!

*Mrs. Burrows.* Don't you like 'em, then?

*James.* No, I don't. No good at all! *[He turns away, then comes back fascinated.]* No good at all!

*Mrs. Burrows.* Brother-in-law Japhet thought they was worth my trying, anyway, and he ought to know his trade.

*James.* Gardening isn't farming, though. What's all right for the gentry's table wouldn't answer for the likes of us. These wouldn't do for field growing.

*Mrs. Burrows* *[beginning to put the potatoes back in the bag]*. Deary me!

*James* *[poking the fire]*. If you take my advice you'll chuck 'em to the pigs.

*Mrs. Burrows.* That would be a waste, Mr. Watson.

*James.* Betsy was bothering me just now for some potatoes for dinner. She might as well cook them, and I'll tell you how they eat.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I shouldn't like them to be cooked.

*James.* It's all they're fit for, I assure you.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Brother-in-law Japhet wouldn't like it.



James [*feeling in his pocket*]. It'll save Betsy getting messed up. I'll give you tuppence for 'em—that's over two shillings a stone.

Henry [*chiming in*]. Nearly twenty pounds a ton!

James [*holding out coppers*]. There's threepence ha'penny. There you are! I shouldn't do it, only the gel's been worrying me so.

[*He takes the bag from Mrs. Burrows and puts the coppers on the table.*]

Mrs. Burrows. I couldn't, really.

James. Why not?

Mrs. Burrows. Brother-in-law Japhet wanted me to grow 'em, and he wouldn't like it.

James. I'll give you sixpence, then.

Mrs. Burrows. Brother-in-law Ja——

James [*bursting out irritably*]. Confound brother-in-law Japhet! Keep your potatoes!

Mrs. Burrows [*taking the bag from him*]. I think he'd rather I planted 'em. [*She sees the largest tuber in James's hand and reaches out for it.*] Thank you!

James [*waving her off*]. Wait a minute! [*He looks carefully at the Eldorado.*] I don't know, after all, as they mightn't answer in our garden, Henry. I almost think, Mrs. Burrows, as I will set 'em and see how they turn out.

Mrs. Burrows. You said they wasn't any use at all, just now.

James. I think so still, only I like to try new things. Look here! I'll give you a peck of Early Rose in exchange.

[*Mrs. Burrows' suspicions have now come to a head. She looks at James, then at Henry, then at the bag in her hand, and with tightened lips reaches for the largest Eldorado that James still clasps.*]

James. Is that a bargain?

Mrs. Burrows. I'll plant 'em myself. Brother-in-law Japhet sent them on purpose.

James [*edging away from her*]. You've got a pound left, ain't you? We can both try 'em. I'll give you two pecks of Early Roses.

Mrs. Burrows [*still holding her hand out*]. No, I'll keep them. Give us hold of that.

*James.* Don't be in such a hurry. I'll do you a level swop—the bag of Early Roses as you want so bad, for this pound.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Brother-in-law Japhet wouldn't have sent them if they hadn't been something extra special.

*James.* What do you want then, woman?

*Mrs. Burrows.* My potato.

[*She seizes the one in old Watson's hand, drops it into the bag, and turns to go. James hurries between her and the door.*]

*James.* Now look here, Mrs. Burrows; I'll buy 'em if you'll be ruly and set a price. Come now, what is it?

*Mrs. Burrows* [*looking at him for a moment in silence*]. What about them seven young pigs as I tried to buy from you, and you wouldn't part with?

*James.* I told you I couldn't sell them. Their father won a prize at Barkston Show.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I bid you nineteen shillings apiece.

*James.* But they're not for sale.

*Mrs. Burrows.* If you offered to give me that sack of Early Roses for this pound [*she holds the bag up, and James puts his hand out eagerly*], and throw in that litter of black pigs, I might consider it.

*James.* What! My prize pigs! You're crazed! Talk sense, woman. If you'd asked for one now——

*Mrs. Burrows.* You'd have closed with me, shouldn't you? You're strange and keen for this pound of potatoes.

[*Henry, who has been making signs to his father behind Mrs. Burrows' back, sits down suddenly, the picture of despair.*]

*James.* Keen? Me? Not a bit! Keep 'em! Keep 'em!

*Mrs. Burrows.* I'm going to.

*James* [*catching her arm*]. Be reasonable, woman. I'll try and buy them.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I am reasonable. As you said a bit since: business is business, and if you want my potatoes, you've got to pay my price for them.

*James.* My prize pigs! I couldn't.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Then good-day to you!

[*As she puts her hand on the latch, Henry signals wildly to his father.*]

James. All right ! They're yours.

Mrs. Burrows. Oh no ! Not now. You should have took my offer when I made it.

James. Look here ! Say straight out what you do want.

Mrs. Burrows [*coming back to the table*]. I want that sack of Early Roses, the litter of black pigs, [*she points to the ham hanging from the beam*] that ham, [*she considers for a moment*] . . . and thirty shillings.

James. You never said nothing about a ham and thirty shillings.

Mrs. Burrows. Is it a deal ? I shan't wait.

James [*wildly*]. Yes, drat you !

Mrs. Burrows [*putting the Eldorados on the table*]. There you are, then. Where's the money ?

James [*putting the money on the table*]. You—you——

[*He chokes with spleen.*]

Mrs. Burrows [*calmly*]. Hook my ham down, Henry, and don't bruise it.

James. I'll do that. Fetch a bag of Early Roses down, and then tell young Fox to drive them pigs across.

[*Henry hurries upstairs, whilst James gets on a chair and hooks down the ham.*]

Mrs. Burrows [*taking the ham*]. This is a nice mellow ham, this is. Better'n the scrawdy bacon as I've been having for breakfast lately.

James. You've done me this time, Missis.

Mrs. Burrows. You pleased yourself. Do you want to run back ? [*James shakes his head.*] I've been a fool ; that's what I've been ! I see it now. You'd have given more.

James. No, you hard nailer ! You've shaved me clean. My prize pigs !

[*The left-hand trap-doors are lifted, and as Henry calls "Below, there," James walks across to the chain, which begins to move. As a sack of potatoes swings into sight, James steadies the chain, and when the bag reaches the floor, unfastens the slip hook from its neck and lays the bag over on its side. Henry closes the trap-doors.*]

James. What about the other pound ?

Mrs. Burrows. I wouldn't sell them for no money.

James. Oh, yes, you would !

Mrs. Burrows. I tell you I wouldn't. . . . I wouldn't take twenty pounds for 'em.

James. Twenty pounds!

Mrs. Burrows. No, I wouldn't. Brother-in-law Japhet—

James. Take ten.

Mrs. Burrows. Now, is it likely? You've given me 'more for that pound. [*Henry comes down the steps, goes over to the zinc plate, takes hold of the bag of Early Roses, and with an adroit jerk throws them over his shoulder and walks out of the door with them.*] You must think me a fool.

James. All right, then! Twenty pound!

Mrs. Burrows. Certainly not! I said I wouldn't take twenty pounds; and I won't. They're not for sale.

James. Oh, we know all about that. Everything has its price.

Mrs. Burrows [*picking the ham off the table and going to the door*]. That's just where you're wrong. I shall keep my pound and see what happens.

James [*contemptuously*]. What do you know about new sorts of potatoes?

Mrs. Burrows [*turning in the doorway*]. Nothing at all. But I know a good deal about you, Jim Watson. [*Looking to the left, towards the road.*] There goes my prize pigs.

James. Thirty pounds, then!

Mrs. Burrows [*shaking her head scornfully*]. I should have took sixpence for them potatoes, only your eyes were so greedy. I may be only a woman, but I can tell when you're anxious. It's nice to get the best of you, just for once.

[*Carrying the ham in front of her, she descends the steps and disappears. James stares after her with a discomfited air; then recollects himself, goes to the table, picks up the bag, and reads aloud, FINDLAY'S ELDORADO. He looks round thoughtfully, and his eye falls on the egg-basket standing on the chair. He takes out the tubers one by one, placing them in the basket.*]

James. I'll fetch my cash-box down and lock 'em in that. I could keep 'em in yon cupboard by the stove: it 'ud be warm there.

[*He goes up the steps. As the trap-door closes behind him, the scullery door opens, and Betsy is seen in the doorway,*

*standing in a defiant attitude, with her hands on her hips. But there is no one to defy, so, with a toss of her head, she makes for the front door, to be brought to a standstill by the sight of the basket of potatoes.]*

Betsy [with great scorn]. Five potatoes for three people !

[Holding up her apron, she tilts the potatoes in and replaces the basket. Its lid falls down. Betsy returns to her stronghold and closes the door. The trap-door opens, and James comes down with a large cash-box under his arm. As he reaches the floor, Henry hurries in from the yard.]

Henry [excitedly]. We've got 'em !

James [pulling out a bunch of keys and trying to find one that will fit the cash-box]. At a price.

Henry. It was all your own fault. You should have closed with her quicker. [He sees the empty paper bag that James has replaced on the table.] Where are they ?

James. In that basket ; but I'm going to lock 'em up in this—if I can find the key. Here ! just see if you've one that'll fit it.

Henry [producing a bunch]. It must go under our bed, Dad. Suppose anybody stole them.

James. Don't, boy. You make me all of a sweat. I wish I had an iron safe.

Henry. You couldn't get the other pound, then ?

James. No, confound all widows ! Hallo !

[Mrs. Burrows is seen hurrying up the steps. She enters the room, still carrying the ham, which she plants on the table.]

James [uneasily]. Back again, Mrs. Burrows ?

Mrs. Burrows. You thief. Robbing a poor widow ! But I'll show you up ; I'll expose you if you don't give me my Eldorados back. Where are they ?

[Henry, at her first word, edged away from the table, and now stands with his back to the egg-basket, hiding it from view.]

James. What's this all about ?

Mrs. Burrows. What's it all about ? You know very well what it's all about. This telegram was waiting at the door when I got home—from brother-in-law Japhet. [She holds up a telegram and reads : JUST HEARD ELDORADOS SENT YOU

WORTH TWO HUNDRED POUNDS. LOCK THEM UP. COMING ONE-THIRTY-FIVE.—JAPHET.] You scanny rascal—you knew it.

*James.* I don't know what you mean.

*Mrs. Burrows.* You just give 'em back to me. Where are they?

*James.* Bought and paid for.

*Mrs. Burrows* [*pushing the ham across the table towards him*]. You can have your pigs and all the rest of your kelter back again. Where's my Eldorados?

*James.* Business is business, Mrs. Burrows. You thought you'd diddled me—well, you didn't, that's all! Anyway, you've got one pound left.

*Mrs. Burrows.* I want them both. What will brother-in-law Japhet say?

*James.* I've nothing to do with your brother-in-law Japhet, nor him with me, neither.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Oh, haven't you? Wait till he comes; he'll wring your neck—you little ferret!

*James.* I shall have him locked up if he comes brawling here.

*Mrs. Burrows* [*a little daunted, remembering Japhet's ungovernable temper*]. We don't want no policemen interfering.

*James.* Then be ruly! A bargain's a bargain, and it's no use chuntering. [*He pushes the ham back.*]

*Mrs. Burrows.* You lied to me so—saying you wanted 'em for your dinner!

*James* [*pulling his purse out*]. Here! One—two—three sovereigns. All I've got. I'll throw that in if you hold your noise and call it quits. If you don't, Henry fetches Tom Arch. You know how hot-tempered your brother-in-law is, and if you go and sing a song to him about this, there's bound to be a row, and he'll get locked up as sure as eggs is eggs. [*He holds out the money to her.*] Come on, now! It's no use roaring.

*Mrs. Burrows* [*wavering*]. Make it ten pounds.

*James* [*sharply*]. Not a copper more. Take it or leave it.

*Mrs. Burrows* [*taking the cash and picking up her ham*]. But I don't know what I shall tell brother-in-law Japhet!

*James.* You can come away from that chair now, Henry.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Oh, that's where they was! [*She steps across and raises the basket lid.*] Why, it's empty!

*Henry and James* [*rushing forward and shouting together*]. What!

*James.* She's took 'em. Hold her, Henry.

*Mrs. Burrows.* Don't be a fool. How could I, with you gaping at me all the time?

*James.* I put 'em in there out of the bag. I'll swear I did. [*The two men search frantically, whilst Mrs. Burrows watches with interest, but there are so few places in which to look that in a very short time they are staring blankly at each other. The scullery door opens and Betsy appears with a saucepan in her hand, evidently disturbed by the noise.*] *Betsy,* I put some potatoes in that basket. Have you seen them?

*Betsy.* In that basket?

*James.* Yes. Wake up! Have you moved them?

*Betsy.* Of course I moved them.

*James* [*with an air of enormous relief*]. Where have you put them? Where are they?

*Betsy.* Where are they? [*Holding the saucepan under James's nose.*] They're here, of course. Where do you think?

Together	{	<i>James.</i> Ruined! My Eldorados. My prize pigs!
		<i>Henry.</i> Oh, my hat, Betsy. What have you done?
		<i>Mrs. Burrows.</i> Well, I never. If she hasn't gone and peeled them!

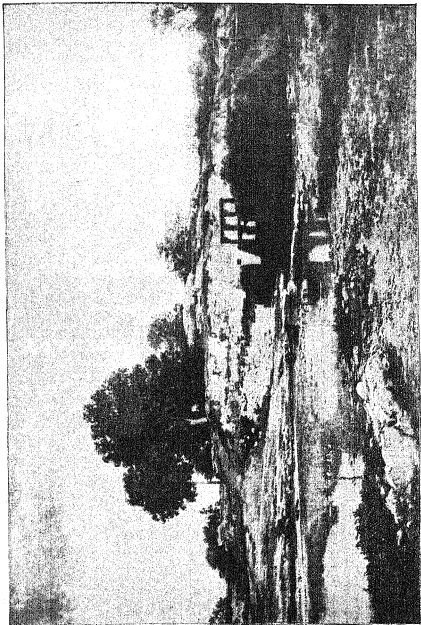
*Betsy* [*to Mrs. Burrows*]. Of course I peeled them! [*To her father*] Didn't you put them there for me?

[*James and Henry are speechless.*]

*Mrs. Burrows.* Serve you right! Serve you right! You said you wanted them for your dinner, and you've got them. [*She opens the door.*] Ten pounds a mouthful! I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR DINNER!

[*She closes the door.*]

CURTAIN.



THE WEIR GATE AT OPTÉVOZ—BY DAUBIGNY.



By Daubigny, French Painter, born 1817, died 1878.

OUR first impression about this picture is that it looks very real. We have often seen just such a blue sky and its reflection in the water. How faithfully, too, the artist has painted the trees in his picture, making the near ones large and dark, and the distant ones smaller and fainter, just as we see them in nature.

The sandstone cliff and grassy slope are lit up by the sun, while the wall of the weir itself is almost entirely in shadow. Notice, also, how the landscape seems to stretch out from the water and stones in the foreground into the distant sky.

We can see that the artist has divided his picture into three divisions. These are: first, the *foreground*, which stretches from the bottom of the picture up to the far edge of the river bank; next comes the second division, called the *middle distance*, which stretches from the river's edge up to the top of the highest tree; then comes *the distance*, which is the sky. By means of these three *planes*, as they are called, most landscape painters create a feeling of reality in their pictures.

Notice that the sky is very varied in colour. It is darker and bluer at the top, and lighter and greyer near the horizon. This agrees with the actual appearance of such a sky in nature.

The trees are very varied in size, shape, and colour, just as we often see them.

Have you noticed the ducks on the water at the left side of the picture?

What a great number of varied greens there are in the trees and the grass!

We shall not be surprised when we learn that Daubigny was a very ardent lover of nature. He could not have painted it with such success if he had not spent practically all his life studying its varying moods.

He was one of a group of keen young French painters who devoted their lives to painting in the open air. They are now known as the "Barbizon School of Painters," though they did not all live at Barbizon, a small village near Paris from which the school or group takes its name. They had this in

common, they believed that excellence in painting could only be got from a close and sympathetic study of nature out of doors.

If this picture has a lesson to teach us it is this: that we need never be bored so long as we have the sky, the trees, the rivers, and the rocks before us; that nature is ceaselessly busy weaving magic spells to charm our eyes if we will only take care to use them.

❖ ❖ NOCTURNE, ST. MARK'S, VENICE ❖ ❖

By Whistler, English Painter, born 1834, died 1903.

"AS music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject-matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of colour. Art should be independent of all clap-trap, should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of the eye or the ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it—as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like."

"The imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him, were the artist, then the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this: in portrait painting to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that day."

These are the words of Whistler, the artist who painted "Nocturne, St. Mark's, Venice," which is shown on page 260. They make clear to us that Whistler thought less about the thing he painted, and more about the way he regarded it and represented it.

The great cathedral of St. Mark had been painted thousands of times before Whistler thought of doing it. It is a great building, with domes, spires, and arches, and impresses the onlooker with its wealth of architectural detail. Artists had painted it in daylight, when all this detail was visible. Whistler saw that in moonlight it was a wonder, a vision, a dream, and painted it under that effect. George Moore, the art critic, says of Whistler: "It was he who first transferred to canvas the blue transparent darkness which folds the



NOCTURNE, ST. MARK'S, VENICE—BY WHISTLER.

world from sunset to sunrise. Until he came, the night of the painter was as ugly and insignificant as any pitch barrel."

Understanding something of this artist's aims, we shall not look in such a picture for the beauties of detailed form which are only apparent in daylight. We shall try to appreciate the poetry of night, which attracted the painter and which he has tried to express in his picture.

Before us we see the phantom buildings solidly rooted in the substantial world, but towering up to the transparent blue of the heavens above. Sometimes they look real, sometimes ethereal! There is nothing definite about their outlines; they are visions, which might disappear at any moment. We would feel thus, if looking at the scene in moonlight Whistler has re-created for us the same feelings, by means of his method of painting. We would, to quote the artist, be quite willing to believe that "painting is the poetry of sight."

Whistler was an extraordinary personality in art. He said that "Art has no nationality. It is as ridiculous to talk of English art as to talk of English mathematics."

He lived a very stormy life. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, America, he lived successively at Petrograd (now Leningrad), West Point, U.S.A., Washington, Paris, London, Valparaiso, and Venice. He was a born fighter. Believing strongly in his own art point of view, he was continually crossing swords with those who thought differently from him.

He was a very industrious painter, and has left many famous pictures. The following is told of the painting of one of his portraits. "The Count de Montesquieu tells of sixteen agonizing sittings, whilst by some fifty strokes a sitting the portrait advanced. The finished work consisted of some hundred accents, of which none was corrected or painted out."

Whistler did not put down a brush stroke until he had decided upon its size, shape, and colour. Every stroke meant something, and the picture, when finished, was perfect in its own way. A modern critic writes of him: "He flits across the Victorian years—gay, debonair, laughing, quarrelsome, huffy—a dandified exquisite of a man, insolent, charming, unexpected, hidalgic, swaggering; blithely stepping into frays for mere love of a quip."

*Ploughman and Poet, 1759-96*

# The Cotter's Saturday Night

MY loved, my honoured, much respected friend !  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays :  
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :  
 To you I sing in simple Scottish lays  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;  
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :  
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,  
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out amang the farmers roun' ;

*Ingle, Fire or fireplace.*

*Belyve, Presently.*

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,  
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs :  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;  
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother wi' her needle an' her sheers,  
 Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new ;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command  
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;  
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :  
 "An' oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
 An' mind your duty, duely, morn an' night !  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !"

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;

*Tentie*, Attentive.

*Braw*, Fine.

*Penny-fee*, Wages : not necessarily only a penny.

*Speirs*, Questions.

*Uncoss*, News ; literally the " unknown " things.

*Gars*, Makes.

*Eydent*, Diligent.

*Jauk*, Trifle.

With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,  
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;  
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;  
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;  
 Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !  
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 " If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !  
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling, smooth !  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :  
 The soue their only Hawkie does afford,

*Haffins*, Almost ; literally half.

*Ben*, Into the inner part of the house.

*Blate*, Shy.

*Lave*, Rest.

*Kye*, Cattle.

*Hawkie*, The cow.

That 'yont the hallen snugly chows her cood ;  
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,  
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;  
 The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace  
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin an' bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;  
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;

'Yont the hallen, Beyond the hallen, i.e. the low partition wall or screen between the door and the fireplace. Was the cow, then, kept in the cottage ? The reader, if Scottish, may be able to find out.

*Weel-hained kebbuck*, Carefully kept cheese.

*Towmond*, Twelvemonth.

*Sin' lint was i' the bell*, When flax was in flower.

*Lyart haffets*, Grey temples.

*Wales*, Chooses.

*Dundee, Martyrs, Elgin*, Names of Scottish psalm tunes.



Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme ;  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;  
 How His first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's  
 command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !  
 The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,  
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

*"Springs exulting on triumphant wing."* A quotation from Pope.

That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide;  
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God :"  
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;  
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content !  
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion weak and vile ;  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide  
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert,  
But still the patriot and the patriot-bard  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

*An honest man's, etc.* Quoted from Pope's *Essay on Man*.

## “My Heart’s in the Highlands”

My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here :  
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—  
My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North !  
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow !  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below !  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods !  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !  
My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here .  
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—  
My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.

## “For a’ that and a’ that”

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a’ that ?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a’ that !  
For a’ that, and a’ that,  
Our toils obscure, and a’ that ;  
The rank is but the guinea stamp ;  
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.

What tho’ on hameely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin-grey, and a’ that ;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man’s a man for a’ that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is King o' men for a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that ;  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Should bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

*Gree, Prize.*



ROBERT BURNS.



THE COVENANTERS' COMMUNION—BY SIR GEORGE HARVEY.

## ❖ ❖ THE COVENANTERS' COMMUNION ❖ ❖

By Sir George Harvey, Scottish Painter, born 1806,  
died 1876.

THIS picture is a reminder of the "old unhappy far-off" days when people were not allowed to worship God in their own way, but the form of worship for the whole nation was laid down by law and insisted upon sometimes "even unto death."

The Covenanters were Scottish people who refused to obey Charles I. in matters of religion, and who drew up and signed the National Covenant stating their beliefs and their determination to resist coercion. Charles I. tried to force them to obey him without success, and later Charles II. treated them very harshly. They were not even allowed to hold their meetings in the open air. People who attended such meetings, called *Conventicles*, were driven from place to place by soldiers, and many of them were very cruelly treated.

The Covenanters took up arms, but were defeated at *Bothwell Bridge*. Many of them were shot or hanged in the first year of the reign of James II. ; but relief came to them when William III. succeeded to the throne.

The artist has succeeded in conveying the idea of stern devotion and inflexible determination. The little company is collected in a wild and lonely spot, and no doubt the men who are shown in the middle distance to the right are keeping a sharp look-out across the moors and hills for any signs of soldiers.

The group in the centre first arrests our attention because it has the most prominent position and is painted very clearly. The young minister is blessing the wine, which will be handed to the people by the three "elders" near the table. The details of this group are very carefully painted and everything is being done, as you can see, "decently and in order."

The group to the right next claims our attention. Notice how the artist has shown people of various ages and types, and how well he has suggested in their faces and attitudes the spirit of deep reverence and devotion. These men and women

are not for the moment concerned about any dangers which may threaten them.

Having shown very clearly and distinctly the central act of the blessing of the wine and various types of people in the company, the artist is not concerned to paint the other figures in bright colours. They are more or less suggested to make up the company, and painted in sombre colours as well as in shadow so as not to draw the eye of the spectator from the two chief groups.

But one figure just behind the minister is shown rather more clearly. Is it a woman taking a bracelet from her left wrist in order to make an offering of it?

### “O MY LUVE’S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE”

O MY Luve’s like a red, red rose  
That’s newly sprung in June :  
O my Luve’s like the melodie  
That’s sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I :  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a’ the seas gang dry :

Till a’ the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi’ the sun ;  
I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o’ life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,  
And fare thee weel awhile !  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho’ it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

## ❖ HOW TO USE A REFERENCE LIBRARY ❖

BY WILLIAM WILSON, F.L.A.

THERE are few towns in the British Isles with a population of twenty thousand or over without a public library in which departments to meet the varying needs of readers are provided. These generally comprise reading-rooms, a home-reading department, children's library and reading-room, and a reference library. Admission to all of them is free, the rules governing their use being restricted to those which will ensure the safety of the books and the quietness essential to reading and research.

Most young people will have established a connection with public libraries during their schooldays by borrowing books from the children's library and reading the periodicals and annuals found in their own reading-room. They may also have been taken in classes by a teacher to the library to listen to a talk by the librarian on the use of the various departments, such "library lessons" being of frequent occurrence in the larger towns, while they will almost certainly have been sent by their elders to exchange books in the adult lending library.

Assuming that this introduction has been made, the present chapter will attempt to show to senior scholars approaching school-leaving age how extremely valuable the public reference library may be in adding interest and precision to their studies and in bringing to their notice new and unexplored fields of profit and delight.

The approach to the reference library should be made in the firm confidence that the librarian and his staff are not only qualified to help, but will spare no pains to understand what students need, and to direct them to the best sources of information. This advice is given in all seriousness, because the ideal librarian hates to be regarded merely as an official when his desire is to act as guide and friend, and he knows from experience how shy many people are of making known their wants.

### WHAT A REFERENCE LIBRARY CONTAINS

It is important to understand the character of the books contained in the average reference library, for there are many



opinions as to what constitutes a work of reference. The term is relative to the needs of each student, which truth is proved to the librarian by the number of times he has to borrow books from other departments for use in the reference library.

Broadly speaking, however, a reference library will include encyclopædias, dictionaries of all sorts, atlases, chronologies, sets of the publications of learned societies, indexes and bibliographies, costly works of art and rare books of all descriptions, the value of which makes it imperative that they should remain in the building.

To these may be added government publications, ordnance maps, special material relating to the locality, as well as those quick-reference books which include year-books, directories, and hand-books relating to a multiplicity of subjects. In most modern libraries direct access to the shelves is allowed to readers, with the exception of specially valuable books which may be housed in glazed cases. It is necessary, therefore, to understand the classification adopted and the various types of catalogues provided.

#### CLASSIFICATION

With few exceptions, modern public library stocks are arranged according to some standard book classification. The best known of these in their order of popularity are the *Decimal*, the *Subject*, and the *Library of Congress* schemes. The *Decimal* and the *Subject* schemes are those most commonly used, that of the *Library of Congress* being confined to a few large and special collections. As time goes on the *Decimal* classification will make further headway, so that it is necessary to deal with it alone in this chapter. As the name implies, the scheme divides the field of knowledge into ten main classes, namely :

- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 000. General Works. | 500. Natural Science. |
| 100. Philosophy.    | 600. Useful Arts.     |
| 200. Religion.      | 700. Fine Arts.       |
| 300. Sociology.     | 800. Literature.      |
| 400. Language.      | 900. History.         |

Each class is further subdivided into ten, as, for instance, class 900, History, which becomes :

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 900. History in General.      | 950. Asia.                   |
| 910. Geography and Travel.    | 960. Africa.                 |
| 920. Biography.               | 970. North America.          |
| 930. Ancient History.         | 980. South America.          |
| 940. Europe (Modern History). | 990. Oceania, Polar Regions. |

The process of subdivision goes on until as many as six figures or more may be employed, the decimal point appearing in its true position, *e.g.* 966.993 denoting a book on the history of Prince's Island (Portuguese). This gives the interesting analysis or declension of subjects, 9, History ; 6, Africa ; 66, North Central Africa ; .9, Nigeria ; .99, Islands of Gulf of Guinea ; .993, Prince's Island, in which each step represents a gradual progress from the general to the specific. This will show that the object of book classification is to bring into one place works dealing with the same subject, and to surround them on either side with those on allied subjects. To the general reader the crown of any classification scheme is its index, where references will be found from common as well as scientific terms, from synonymous words, vernacular forms of place and personal names, and variants in spelling.

Although classification has been rightly termed the bed-rock of library science, the reader will require additional aids if he is fully to exploit the book resources provided. When the librarian classifies a book he is dealing with an object which he must not split up into parts, and which he can place at one position only on the shelves. It follows that if classification were the only aid provided much valuable information would go unrevealed, for numerous books are composite productions dealing with many subjects between the same covers.

#### CATALOGUES

The necessary complement to the classification, therefore, is the catalogue. As the metallurgist reveals the several mineral elements in the piece of ore which the geologist dis-

covers, so the skilled cataloguer can bring to light the varied contents of books. This is done in many ways, as the following description of different forms of catalogues will show.

#### PRINT *VERSUS* MANUSCRIPT

A generation ago the printed catalogue was considered an essential in all public libraries, and some good examples were produced. The obvious drawback to this method was that such a catalogue was incomplete in a growing library as soon as published—an incompleteness which was emphasized with the addition to stock of each batch of new books. Librarians were compelled to issue a constant succession of "Supplements," costly to produce and irritating to use. These and other considerations led to the almost general adoption of the manuscript or typescript catalogue in some form, whether of the sheaf, loose-leaf, or card variety. Each of these methods results in a catalogue which can be kept complete, and which, moreover, admits of indefinite extension, extraction, correction, intercalation, and improvement.

The rules to which the cataloguer works are voluminous and intricate, being based upon the experience of many generations of librarians in all countries and in all sorts of libraries. Briefly, he is faced with the production of a catalogue which will answer the numerous questions concerning books put by readers. No one form of catalogue will do this, hence the various types in use and the efforts made to combine their special characteristics. For the present purpose it will suffice to deal with the subject under the broad heads of author, dictionary, and classified catalogues.

#### AUTHOR CATALOGUE

Obviously the most important thing to note about any book is its author, and this entry is always regarded as the principal one. It should be remembered that a catalogue gives a wide interpretation to the term author, which includes

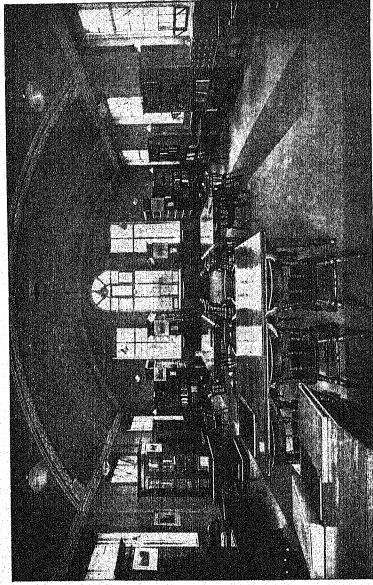
editor, composer, illustrator (portfolios and books confined to pictures), committees, commissions, government departments, publishers, and, in brief, whatever body calls a work into being in the absence of a specific author.

Books by joint-authors are entered under the first-named, with cross-references from the others. However important an author-catalogue may be, the information given answers one question only; consequently it will rarely be found in any modern library except in conjunction with many other aids. It could be considered sufficient only when applied to *belles-lettres*, i.e. imaginative literature other than fiction, such as essays, where authorship is everything. Many readers, however, are unaware of the authors of the books they require; they may have some idea of titles, or they require works on certain subjects, and know nothing of authors or titles. Considerations such as these led to a catalogue which must now be described.

#### DICTIONARY CATALOGUE

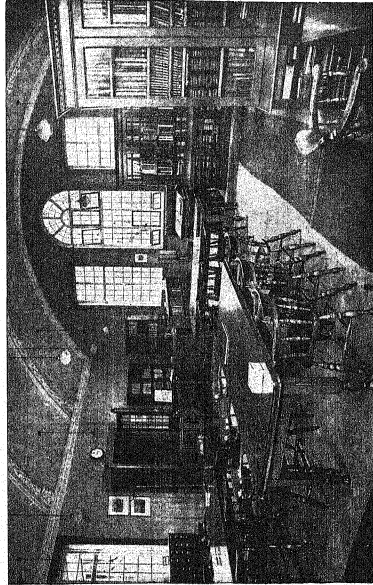
This aims at bringing together in one alphabetical sequence author, title, and subject entries of books, including also references and form divisions. When carefully and comprehensively compiled, the dictionary catalogue provides an excellent guide to libraries of whatever extent, because of the variety of information given. Title-entries are sparingly used, being restricted to those of a striking character. Nothing but confusion would result in so indexing works of commonplace titles as those beginning with such words as *Manual*, *History*, *Introduction*, etc., but those of the type of *Eöthen*, *Thinking Back*, will naturally appear.

To young students most help will be found under the subject-headings. These are carefully chosen by the cataloguer with due regard to the terms used in the exact study of subjects and to the provision of references from synonymous terms. Equally important is the linking up of allied and subsidiary subjects, and the entry of books under that head which most nearly contains them. Thus a general work on *Anatomy* would appear under that subject, but a study of a separate organ under a special subject-entry. Therefore, after the



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REFERENCE DEPARTMENT, EARLSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, WALLASEY (1).



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REFERENCE DEPARTMENT, EARLSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, WALLASEY (2).

heading Anatomy the following cross-reference would be necessary :

*See also Anatomy for Artists : Brain : Ear : Eye :  
Histology : Nerves and Nervous System : Physiology :  
Skull : Throat : Vivisection : and so on according to the  
contents of the library.*

Similarly, these secondary subjects would be related with the general head and with each other by further references. Other useful adjuncts of the dictionary catalogue are form and series entries. The reader may desire to know what the library contains on some literary form, *e.g.* essays, poetical anthologies, and the like. Turning to the headings English Essays or English Poetry : collections, there will be found the literature available arranged under authors and compilers. So also with series such as the English Men of Letters Series, under which entry the books will appear—not, however, under authors, but under subjects, as :

English Men of Letters :—

*Bunyan.* By J. A. Froude.

*Coleridge.* By H. D. Traill.

*Wordsworth.* By F. W. H. Myers.

Yet a further aid to the value of the catalogue is the presence of annotations. These are generally applied to volumes under their subject-entries, and seek to show in a clearer manner than is conveyed by the title the exact subject of a book, the qualifications of its author, its relation to other books, the author's treatment of the subject, whether popular, scientific, or academic, and any further information desirable. The cataloguer confines himself to description, leaving criticism to the reviewer.

#### ANALYTICAL CATALOGUING

So far the book has been dealt with as a unit, but in reality a volume of a composite or involved character may serve many purposes according to the varying demands made upon it.

The librarian knows from his experience in helping students that the required information is as often found in some fugitive form as in a full-length study of a subject. It becomes necessary, therefore, carefully to analyse volumes of an informative character and to show their parts at the respective subjects concerned.

A general work on history may contain valuable information on a special period which must be shown at that period. No subject-heading on Universal History would be complete without a notice of Frederic Harrison's brilliant essay called "The Connection of History." This is a study contained in his collection of general essays entitled *The Meaning of History*. Again, a student turning to the subject-heading Wordsworth would be imperfectly helped if he found references only to complete books about the poet, and no mention made of the suggestive essays by Arnold, Morley, Pater and others which appear in volumes of essays or as introductions to editions of Wordsworth's poems.

#### CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

This reflects the arrangement of the books upon the shelves, but with the advantage that analytical and annotated material may also appear in due order. To the student such an arrangement is of more value than that of the dictionary catalogue, where, however well subject-headings may be chosen and however numerous the cross-references, headings are split up and widely diffused throughout the catalogue to meet the arbitrary demands of an alphabetical order. The essential additions to a classified catalogue are author and subject indexes.

#### AIDS TO READING AND RESEARCH

In addition to understanding the arrangement and cataloguing of a library, it is necessary to know something of the numerous guides to reading and the general and special bibliographies which most reference libraries contain.

It is impossible to enumerate these in a short article, but

some hints may be given as to where information about them is to be found. The student should ask the librarian to show him A. B. Kroeger's *Guide to the Use of Reference Books*, an invaluable work, which not only indexes the standard reference books of the world in classified form, but gives, in addition, helpful notes as to their contents and arrangement.

Another and smaller book on useful lines is J. D. Stewart's *How to use a Library*. Should the extent of these volumes embarrass, recourse should be had to simpler works which are not compilations of titles, but running commentaries upon useful books. Of these, examples are J. M. Robertson's *Courses of Study*, W. E. Simnett's *Books and Reading*, and Coulson Kernahan's *The Reading Girl*. Each is simply and clearly written, and has the great advantage of showing how a subject may be approached and the order in which the various books dealing with it should be read.

The reader in search of special information on all manner of subjects will need access to the *Subject-Index to Periodicals*, published in England by the Library Association, and to the American work entitled *International Index to Periodicals*.

#### ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND DICTIONARIES

These are of two varieties, general and special. Of the former, the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with its supplements, is the best, and includes an index of thousands of topics. The contributors are specialists who, almost invariably, append lists of important books to their articles. If patience is brought to bear in the use of an encyclopædia, together with a good English dictionary and an atlas, it is remarkable how self-dependent a student may become in the absence of other books.

Reliable English dictionaries are *The Concise Oxford*, *Webster*, *Funk and Wagnall*, but the greatest is *A New English Dictionary*, completed (1928) after a generation of research by eminent scholars. Special encyclopædias and dictionaries are numerous, and the student should at the outset make himself acquainted with those on his particular subject.



## ENGLISH STUDIES

Most reference libraries are rich in material relating to English history and literature, and this article will be read principally by students interested in those subjects.

An indispensable tool is the *Dictionary of National Biography* in sixty-three volumes. Three supplements to these have been added, the latest in 1927. The work deals with deceased British men and women in all departments of life, and the articles are full and authoritative. An "Index and Epitome" serves as a handy digest and a ready reference to the complete work by volume and page.

The historical student should carefully examine the famous Cambridge Histories, which include Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with atlases, portfolios, and volumes of illustrations. The same authority is responsible for works in progress on India and British Foreign Policy. All these give, apart from the subject-matter, expert guidance in bibliography.

Source-books of history are many, but special mention must be made of the *Calendar of State Papers*, and the early chronicles published in the "Rolls Series." The publications of historic societies are mines of information.

Reference libraries generally specialize in the collection of books and pamphlets relating to their own towns and counties. On this subject Humphreys' *Handbook to County Bibliography* is a valuable work. For the earlier periods of history up to 1485 attention should be given to Gross's *Sources and Literature of English History*.

Dictionaries of dates, works on coins, seals, and medals and upon other historical collaterals should not be overlooked. Care should be taken to discover the best and fullest editions of the works of the greatest historians.

In dealing with English literature it is difficult to particularize because of its extent. Some idea of this may be gained from *The Sources of English Literature*, by Arundell Esdaile. There is no better volume as a guide to students because of its detailed information on the bibliography of all branches of English literature. The volume is well indexed.

The standard reference work is the *Cambridge History of English Literature* in fourteen volumes and a monumental

index. There is also a four-volume supplement on American literature. Each section is by a scholar of repute, and some of the bibliographies are excellent.

Useful articles in shorter form will be found in Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, where, again, the bibliographical notes are good, especially those dealing with the original manuscripts of early English literature. Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature* is useful for its comprehensiveness. A notable recent (1926) book is *A Dictionary of European Literature, designed as a companion to English Studies*, by Laurie Magnus. For ready reference Loane's *Short Handbook of Literary Terms* will be found valuable.

On occasion the student will find it advantageous to compare critical opinions on great writers. Here he will be able to use Moulton's *Library of Literary Criticism*, a work in eight volumes dealing with English and American authors from 680 to 1904. As a supplement to these he can turn to the annual volumes of the *Book Review Digest*.

Works of a similar character are Keller's *Reader's Digest of Books* and *Synopses of English Fiction* by N. I. Sholto-Douglas. The last-named has been carefully done, and reflects the development of the novel. While on the subject of fiction, mention should be made of Dr. E. A. Baker's detailed and full works, *Guide to the Best Fiction* and *Guide to Historical Fiction*. These deal with all periods and countries, and are efficiently annotated and indexed.

There are many handy reference books which the literary student is constantly requiring for momentary reference, such as dictionaries of dialect, slang, phrases, antonyms and synonyms, quotations, epigrams, plots and allusions, noted names of fiction, indexes to poetry, plays, and the like; and in addition concordances and dictionaries to the works of single authors. As even the smaller reference libraries are well provided in this direction, there is no need to enumerate the books by title, with the exception of three of special value—namely, Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*; *The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories*; and Fowler's *Modern English Usage*.

The beginner in English literature is often at a loss to obtain copies of the rarer books mentioned in his manuals. For the

earlier periods the publications of the Early English Text Society are available, and for works later than Middle English there are certain series of reprints which should be examined—notably Arber's *Reprints* and *An English Garner*, the Percy *Reprints* and Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

The *Cambridge History of English Literature* will guide readers to the best editions procurable of standard authors. The problem of finding guidance in the approach to contemporary authors is always a difficult one. Manly and Rickert's *Contemporary British Literature* may be recommended, as it includes not only bibliographies but study outlines and suggestions as to methods of work and further reading, and is, in all respects, an excellent book.

#### AN INFORMATION BUREAU

Finally, let it be remembered that a public reference library aims at being the information bureau of the town. Its custodians welcome "posers" of every variety, and will sooner or later track down the information required. Having done so, the sound advice of Captain Cuttle, "When found make a note of," is followed—hence the development of the Information File, in which elusive facts of all descriptions are duly scheduled for future use.

When an inquirer cannot conveniently visit the library, he should write or telephone to the librarian, who will immediately attend to his wants. It is strange to think of the number of people who will write to the editors of periodicals asking for the verification of some fact, date, or quotation, and wait patiently for printed answers, when a visit to their own reference library would immediately solve their difficulties.

The same people would be surprised to know how often the editorial staff gain the information from the nearest public library, for one of the many pleasures of the librarian's life is his happy relations with journalists. This friendly feeling he wishes to extend to every class of the community, and especially to teachers and their pupils, for the slogan of the present-day library movement is "The Public Library exists for the Public Service."

## ❖ THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS ❖

By Palma Vecchio, Italian Painter, born 1480,  
died 1528.

THIS picture tells the well-known story which we find in the gospel according to St. Luke which begins: "There were shepherds abiding in the field."

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries few people could read the Bible or, indeed, any book at all, and they had to depend on pictures for their religious knowledge. Such pictures were often presented to churches by rich people, who sometimes had their own portraits included in the paintings. The woman at the left with hands pressed together in adoration is the "donor" of this picture. The main group consists of four figures, the one to the right being one of the shepherds.

We say that every picture tells a story, but those who are really fond of pictures can usually read a second story, the story not of the picture but of the artist who painted it! We can read this second story by looking very carefully at the way in which the artist has arranged his picture, at the choice of his colours and the manner he has adopted of painting it.

Vecchio has made a beautiful group of the figures in his picture; he has not separated them from each other. By observing this we know that he had a good sense of *composition*. We see also that the colours in the picture are very harmonious. The principal colour he has used is a bright red called vermilion, which is set off or balanced by other darker or duller colours. By this we know that he was a fine colourist.

To help to make his story more real he has painted an ox, a bird, a horse, several travellers as well as houses, trees, hills, sky and a small group of angels, probably going back to heaven. Because Vecchio thought the figures and objects were not so important as the group of figures, he has painted them faint or small; and, of course, he had to consider distance or perspective, which in painting is largely a matter of relative size. We see therefore that the artist understood the relative importance of the different things in his picture. While we have not failed to understand and appreciate the Bible story of "The Adoration of the Shepherds," we have learned something of the methods of its painter by means of careful observation.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS—BY PALMA VECCHIO.

# ❖ ❖ ❖   KINGS AND STATESMEN   ❖ ❖ ❖

By JOHN RUSKIN

GRANTING that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it ;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were

to see their faces ;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen ? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men ;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise !

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay ; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age : we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not

books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day : whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise



man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it."

## COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

### FAIRYLAND (page 9)

JOHN GALSWORTHY was born in 1869, and is one of our leading novelists and dramatists. Note for future reading his long novel (really three books in one) entitled *The Forsyte Saga*, a patiently drawn picture of English middle-class life in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and ask at the library for his play entitled *Strife*, which you will enjoy without waiting.

1. Had the writer really seen all the birch trees in the world?
2. Describe a birch tree—trunk, shape, leaf, fruit, position.
3. What is meant by "those whom they do not exist just to amuse," and why did the fairies revert to the old road?
4. Consider the connection between this story and the following song from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply! Reply!  
It is engendered in the eyes  
By gazing fed, and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies."

Do you think these lines, and especially the fifth and sixth, offer a kind of explanation of the writer's vision?

5. Would any ordinary person have seen the vision of the fairy as this writer saw it?
6. He does not write in verse, but he is none the less a poet. Why do I say so?
7. Read the passage slowly aloud, and write down the sentences and phrases which fall most pleasantly upon your ear.
8. Would the fairies have "had much feeling of aversion" towards Connemara or the writer of this passage?
9. Which do you consider the prettiest word-picture of this reading?
10. Is this reading a story? If not, what is it?

11. Read very carefully the following lines by John Keats. Have they any connection with Galsworthy's "Fairlyland" ?

"These wonders strange he sees, and many more,  
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore :  
Should he upon an evening ramble fare  
With forehead to the soothing breezes bare,  
Would he nought see but the dark silent blue,  
With all its diamonds trembling through and through ?  
Or the coy moon, when in the waviness  
Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress,  
And staidly paces higher up, and higher  
Like a sweet nun in holiday attire ?  
Ah yes ! much more would start into his sight  
The revelries and mysteries of night :  
And should I ever see them, I will tell you  
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you."

### TEMPER IN OCTOBER (page 12)

This poem and all the poems in this book up to page 64 are by poets of to-day. If you enjoy them you will find other modern poems in the following library books : *Poems of To-day* (First and Second Series) ; *An Anthology of Modern Verse*, by A. Methuen ; *The Golden Book of Modern English Poetry*, by T. Caldwell ; *Selections from Modern Poets*, by J. C. Squire ; and *New Paths on Helicon*, by Sir H. Newbolt.

1. Who was it who was angry ? (Does it really matter ?)
2. Are the lines regular in length ? Study the rhyme plan.
3. Was "he" usually bad-tempered ? How do you know ?
4. What was it which really calmed him ?
5. At what time of day did this occur, and what effect would the time have upon the landscape and the natural objects named ?
6. What is a "sudden" road ?
7. Which do you consider the most musical phrases and lines ?
8. Where do you guess the quotation was taken from ?
9. Rewrite the poem, marking the syllables on which your ear demands a stress to be laid, according to speech-rhythm.

### THE DART (page 13)

EDEN PHILLPOTTS was born in 1862, and has written many fine stories of Devonshire, from one of which—*The River*—this passage was taken.

1. Find (a) colour and (b) sound in the first sentence of this description. Is the sound very loud ?
2. What is the metaphor of the first sentence ?

3. Why does the author speak of "granite aprons" ?
4. What contrast is worked out in the first paragraph ? Is it a tribute to humanity ?
5. In what way or ways does this first paragraph remind you of poetry ? Which do you consider the most musical phrases ?
6. What has the cradled Dart become in the second paragraph ? Is the metaphor sustained throughout the paragraph ? What is the general character given to the river ?
7. What are the various moods of men reflected in the changing character of the river ?
8. What makes the Dart, in places, "cherry red" ?
9. Draw a sketch-map of the Dart basin, if possible with contours.
10. What change is made in the third paragraph ? Is the poetical character of the description still maintained ? Is it intensified and enriched ?
11. Select some of the most striking pictorial phrases in this third paragraph.
12. How can a wheel steal strength from a river ? (Make a diagram.)
13. Note how the description which began at the sources reverts to that region and so is rounded off. So a poet often ends his poem by repeating his first stanza.
14. Trace the colour in the last paragraph. (Study very closely and dwell on each separate word-picture.)
15. What is the general effect of the whole description ? Do you think it forms the prelude to a serious or a light story ?
16. Note the "sense by sound" in the sentence of the last paragraph which begins "Upon the steep foot-hills." Find other examples.
17. Make a list of the plants and trees mentioned in the passage.

### CARROWMORE and HOPE IN FAILURE (pages 16 and 17)

"A. E." is GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL, born in 1867, an Irish writer of prose and poetry as well as a painter.

1. Is "Carrowmore" regular or irregular ? How would you accent the syllables of each of the lines according to *speech-rhythm* ? (N.B.—Modern poets prefer the *speech-rhythm*, e.g. :

There's a hánd is white as sílver, that is fóndling with his háir  
instead of

Théré's a | hánd is | whíté as | sílver | thát is | fóndling | wíth his | háir.

2. Try to set down in your own words the idea round which this poem is built. (Never mind if you fail, having fairly tried.)
3. How do you know that this is a poem about Ireland ?
4. What Irish fairy lore can you collect from "Carrowmore" ?

5. Can you trace any thought connection between this poem and "Temper in October"?
6. Robert Browning's dates are 1812-89, so that he is not a poet of to-day. The two poets express the same general idea. Which do you prefer? Which poet uses the more regular line?
7. How many accents are there in each line of "Hope in Failure"?
8. Is the poet speaking to one who had failed to win some material thing?
9. Is it necessary to understand fully every part of a poem in order to enjoy it?

SNUG IN MY EASY-CHAIR (page 21)

1. Are the rhymes and accents of this poem regular? Are the lines all of the same length? Does the structure of the poem suit the poet's dreamy mood?
2. Can you add other lines describing what you have seen in the glowing heart of a fire?
3. The poet chooses his epithets well. Study them carefully, e.g. "amber woodland."
4. Consider also the poet's use of alliteration.
5. What is the sharp contrast of ideas between the beginning and the end of the poem?

MRS. ADIS (page 22)

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH has written many novels, most of them with the Sussex country-side as a background. You might begin with *Star-brace*, a story of the days of the highwaymen, and leave the others for a later date. This story is one of the best of her shorter pieces.

1. Study the "back-scene" of this tragedy as "painted" in the first paragraph, and note the dramatic fitness of its last word.
2. How did Mrs. Adis tell Peter that he ought to have knocked?
3. Are there any unnecessary parts of this story? Any long-winded descriptions?
4. Into how many parts or episodes can the story be divided?
5. Does the authoress keep her secret well?
6. Apply the following general tests to this story:
  - (1) Do you approve of the title? Does it make you want to read the story? Can you suggest a better title?
  - (2) How would you describe the opening of the story—striking, ordinary, tame, abrupt, etc.?
  - (3) Does the story conclude in a satisfactory manner—i.e. is the ending definite, and does it clinch the main idea of the story? Could you guess, as you read the story, how it was going to end?
  - (4) How would you classify the story—fable, myth, legend, parable, allegory, adventure story, nature story, dramatic story, travel story, etc.?

- (5) Why did the author tell the story—to drive home a moral, to amuse you, to instruct you, to show a model character for your imitation?
- (6) Is there any "back-scene" or setting to the story, and if so, what is its nature? Is the weather of importance?
- (7) Where is the high point, climax, or crisis? (There may be more than one.)
- (8) How many characters does the story contain—human or otherwise? Are they all of equal importance, or do some of them dominate the story? Could any of the characters have been omitted without loss? Do all the characters act naturally and plausibly?
- (9) Where did the author gain the material for the story—from nature, from experience in the world of men, from books, or from imagination?
- (10) Is there any fun or humour in the story? (N.B.—These two things are not the same.)

## DUCKS (page 29)

1. Give a general description of the structure or pattern of this poem—stanzas, lines, accents, and rhymes.
2. Does the author of this poem merely laugh at ducks? If not, what else does he do?
3. Show that he has an eye for (1) colour, (2) a pretty picture, and an ear for sound and silence.
4. What are the other "comical ones"? Which animals seem to have a sense of fun? What do people mean when they say some one "would make a cat laugh"?

## THE DOWNS (page 31)

ROBERT BRIDGES was born in 1844, and was made Poet-Laureate in 1913. He has made many new verse patterns, and this poem is one of them.

1. Study the structure of this poem in the usual way. The rhymes are specially interesting.
2. Of which parts of England was the poet thinking?
3. Study the word-pictures, and find examples of the expression of sense by sound.
4. In what sense can the downs be described as "lonely"?

## "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE" (page 32)

MICHAEL FAIRLESS is the pen-name of the authoress of a very beautiful and very short book entitled *The Roadmender*, from which this passage is taken. The writer imagines herself to be a stone-breaker.

1. Does the writer merely *describe*? If not, what else does she do?
2. Where do we read of a shepherd *leading* his flock? What dangers threatened his sheep and lambs? What other reasons can you suggest for the shepherd leading his sheep in the olden days?
3. Which phrase in the first paragraph shows that the author regards life as a sacred thing pledged to all that is good?
4. Which is the happiest word-picture? Which phrases read like poetry, and which do you like best?
5. Which is the most pathetic sentence in the old man's speech?
6. If you are attracted by this kind of writing, read W. H. Hudson's *A Shepherd's Life*, *Afoot in England*, and *Birds in a Village*.

### TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER (page 35)

W. M. LETTS is an Irish poet, and has written many delightful short pieces, of which this is one of the friendliest.

1. Study the structure of this poem, noting the unusual rhyming.
2. What peculiar expression occurs in stanza 2, line 2? I think the metaphor comes from an Irish fair, and recalls Paddy taking off his coat and trailing it behind him when he is ready for a scrap by way of "diversion"; but I am not sure. Perhaps you know.

### MY FIRST LONG VOYAGE (page 39)

H. M. TOMLINSON was born in 1873, and is one of our best prose writers. This passage is taken from *The Sea and the Jungle*, an account of a voyage up the Amazon, and his novel *Gallion's Reach* is also a story of sea and land, this time in the East.

1. Draw a sketch-map showing roughly the position of the *Capella*, and make an attempt at a silhouette of the vessel.
2. Do you think that the author had been "bred to the sea"?
3. Tomlinson writes carefully. Every word tells, but occasionally he speaks through a dictionary, as when he uses such words as "haleyon," "vestal," etc. Look them up and ponder on their meaning. Read slowly and beat out all that the author wishes to convey. It is worth while.
4. Why did not the author care to listen to the Chief's flute? (See the foot of page 42.)
5. For a notion of the sea's power, read the first paragraph on page 42 again and again. Show that the effect is gained by contrast. What is contrasted? In the next paragraph we feel the power of the vessel.
6. Has the author any sense of fun? If so, what kind of fun is it?
7. Make a little collection of unusual words and ordinary words used unusually and unexpectedly.
8. The paragraph beginning "I was thinking of this" shows how

modern writers regard the sea. Study it carefully, and dwell on such fine phrases as "the nameless thing, new-born with each dawn, but as old as the night." Note also "a vast calm face," etc., on page 46. But these pages are full of fine things and fine fun—for the reader!

9. If this reading has trained you to careful, hard thinking, you will appreciate the sea stories of Joseph Conrad, e.g. *Youth*, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Typhoon*, and *Almayer's Folly*; or if these are too difficult for the moment, try *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, by W. Clarke Russell; or *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy*, by Captain Marryat; or *Moby Dick* and *Typee*, by Herman Melville.

### THE GREAT LOVER (page 47)

RUPERT C. BROOKE (1887-1915) is a modern poet who was claimed by the War of 1914-18. He was sent as an officer in the Navy to the Dardanelles, fell ill, and died at Scyros.

1. The first part of this is very difficult. Do not worry if you cannot for the moment grasp all that the poet means, but return to it after you have read from "These I have loved."

2. Dwell upon each of the things the poet had loved. (Each word matters, and each phrase suggests a picture.) Which appeal most to yourself? Can you add to them?

3. Collect examples of (1) alliteration; (2) sense by sound; (3) simile; (4) metaphor.

4. Study the structure of the poem. What effect has the long slow line upon the reader?

5. The last lines are also difficult, but get the sound of them. The full meaning will come to you as the years go on. This is one of the beauties of all fine poetry.

### THE BLACKBIRD (page 49)

LIAM O'FLAHERTY is an Irish writer of to-day, and this story or sketch is taken from a collection entitled *Spring Sowing*. It shows how the full significance of a seemingly slight incident can be brought out by a careful writer.

1. Prove that the style of this story suits the simple subject.

2. Apply the story tests given in connection with "Mrs Adis."

3. Does the second paragraph really express the bird's thoughts and feelings? If not, what does it express, and is it convincing?

4. Is this story a tragedy or a comedy? Is it written in a broad or a detailed manner?

5. If you like this type of story, ask at the library for animal tales by Charles G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson Seton, W. J. Long, Ernest Selous, and W. Warde Fowler.



CORRYMEELA (page 52)

MOIRA O'NEILL is another Irish poetess, and has published *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*.

1. Study the structure of this poem in the usual way.
2. This is the song of the exile. What kind of word-picture of Corrymeela does he draw? What does he find fault with in England?
3. Study the character and effect of the refrain.

THE WOODMAN (page 53)

WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835) was M.P. for Oldham and a reformer so ardent that he was at one time imprisoned for expressing his opinions. In his *Rural Rides* he describes not only nature's beauties, but the condition of agriculture at his time, making many sharp and bold criticisms of things as he found them.

1. Make a summary of the *facts* you have gathered from this reading. Was Cobbett a naturalist or a sportsman?
2. When would the woodman find life not quite so pleasant?
3. Can you guess what happened in connection with Sidmouth?
4. Show that Cobbett had an eye for colour and for a pretty picture.

THE WAGGONER (page 55)

EDMUND BLUNDEN, born in 1896, has given us a number of short pieces descriptive of the English country-side.

1. The structure of this poem is peculiar. Is it regular? What is your thought about the rhymes? Note how the sense sometimes overruns the stanza.
2. Is this a picture of the ideal country-side, or of something uncouth? Note how the language suits the sombre, ghostly idea of the poem, the "*hug-secret* yew," etc. Of what season of the year is the poet writing?
3. Does the poet approve of pollarding trees?

TAM O' THE KIRK (page 59)

VIOLET JACOBS is the author of a number of works in prose and verse, among the latter being *Songs of Angus*.

1. Most love songs of the poets (except Burns) are about princes and princesses or high-born lords and ladies, but this writer rouses sympathy for a Scottish farm boy and his Jean. I wonder how she does it?

2. The structure of the poem is perfect, but it must be read with speech-rhythm; not with a *tum-ti-tum* effect.

3. The "meenister" would, of course, be very severe with Tam, at least outwardly!

### ELEPHANT (page 60)

ARNOLD BENNETT, born in 1867, has written many novels, mostly about the "Five Towns" of the Potteries. He is a careful writer with a genius for interesting people in the ordinary doings of ordinary people, or, shall we say, for showing that to the ordinary person himself nothing is really ordinary. Perhaps his greatest story is *The Old Wives' Tale*, from which this passage is taken, and of the others it is best for you to begin with *The Card*.

1. The first long paragraph is full of dictionary words, but they go well with the seriousness of the girl's outlook. Does the author use many abstract nouns?

2. Does he make clear, contrasting pictures of the two girls?

3. Study the description of the Wakes. Do you gather from it the author's opinion of them, and, if so, what is it? In what sense does he use the adjective "jolly," on page 62, line 3?

4. What is the effect of the length of the paragraph which begins "On the previous night"? Would the description be so effective if it were written in short paragraphs?

5. What two romances are suggested in this extract? Is the passage so "ordinary" after all?

6. Write a short description of the *dramatis personæ* of this story, in the order in which they are named.

### MUSIC'S DUEL (page 65)

RICHARD CRASHAW (1613-49) lived in the time when all educated people learnt the Latin and Greek classics, and writers made constant references to things well known to ancient writers, such as the Muses who presided over the arts of poetry, music, literature, etc.

1. Study the structure of the poem. Is it regular? Does the speech-rhythm suit it or the regular beat of the five accents? or a combination of both? How does the poet avoid the monotonous *tum-ti-tum*?

2. In what sense is "distinguished" used in line 23 on page 65?

3. If you have, and can play, a violin, try to follow the movements of the lutist as here described.

4. Ponder the lines 6-8, 23-25, and 35-37 on page 66.

5. Collect unusual words and ordinary words used unusually.

6. How is paganism blended with Christianity near the top of page 67?

7. This is a difficult poem, but it is well worth while beating out its meaning, bit by bit.

HONEST PENNIES (page 70)

This newspaper story (from the London *Star*) is here printed to remind you that good, short, light stories are to be found in some of our best papers.

1. Apply the story tests given on pages 295-296. Be very critical.
2. Does the first part of the story prove that the writer was a snob?
3. What customs of modern London life could a foreigner learn from this story?
4. *The Dream of Eugene Aram* is a blood-curdling poem, by Thomas Hood, of a schoolmaster who committed a murder.

"THE COSMOGRAPHY OF MUNSTER" (page 78)

ANATOLE FRANCE (1844-1924) was one of the greatest of French authors. He wrote many beautiful fairy tales (you would enjoy *Bee-Princess of the Dwarfs* \*), and one of the best known of his prose works is *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, really a kind of autobiography, for Bonnard is the author himself, from which this passage was translated. The translator, LAFCADIO HEARN (1850-1905), was an American journalist who settled in Japan and wrote excellent English prose, as this extract will testify.

1. What is the nature of the contrast between the title and the contents of this reading? Investigate the meaning of "cosmography."
2. It is Sylvestre Bonnard who is writing. Write a short description of him.
3. In which sentences can you detect a gentle smile?
4. Has the artist (see page 78) been faithful to the details given on page 79? If not, where is he remiss?
5. What is the inference to be drawn from the paragraph beginning "At this conjuncture" (page 80)?
6. What is the difference between a bibliophile and a bibliomaniac? Why does Sylvestre deserve the former description?
7. Connect the paragraph beginning "Madame" on page 81 with page 161 and part of page 82 with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
8. Try to put a portion of page 82 into verse.
9. Give an alternative title to this reading.
10. Many learned writers have tried to explain fairies. But you will find imaginative "explanations" in Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, and in Charles Lamb's paper entitled *The Defeat of Time*.

\* A translation is published in Dent's "King's Treasures Series."

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (page 83)

1. The beautiful lines on Mercy were spoken by Portia in the Trial Scene when, after begging Shylock the Jew to show mercy to Antonio in the matter of the pound of flesh, the Jew asks, "On what compulsion must I? Tell me that!" Hence the use of "strained" in line 1.

2. Investigate the structure of Shakespeare's lines as given on page 83. Is there any rhyme? How many lines are end-stopped, *i.e.* conclude with the sense, and end with a semi-colon, colon, or full stop? (*N.B.*—In the best "blank (*i.e.* unrhymed) verse," such as Shakespeare uses, the fewer end-stopped lines the better.)

3. The second extract comes at the end of a masque or pageant in *The Tempest*. Here we have noteworthy examples of *climax* and *contrast* as well as one of magnificent language.

4. The passage on page 84 is taken from the beginning of the tragedy of *King Lear*. It is full of emotion and passion, and when the feeling is strongest the line of five feet is broken up into two or more portions. Sometimes the last words of one speaker and the first words of the next, taken together, make up a complete line. Find examples.

5. Was Lear's test a wise one? (See line 3, page 84.)

6. Make a list of words, like "constant" (line 10, page 84), which are used with a different meaning from that which they bear to-day. Do this also in connection with the *Macbeth* extract.

7. Is there anything to choose between Goneril and Regan?

8. Note carefully in the *Macbeth* extract how the intense emotion breaks up the lines. Note also the monosyllables which make the sound suit the sense in the fifth line from the foot of page 87.

9. Which lines on page 88 show that Lady Macbeth was not altogether a cruel woman?

10. What is your thought about the character of Macbeth?

11. Learn the lines descriptive of sleep.

12. Note that Macbeth was also thane of Glamis and of Cawdor.

13. How many lines in a sonnet (page 91)? What is the rhyme scheme and length of line? Into what parts does a Shakespearian sonnet divide? (See the second sonnet on page 91.)

14. It is not certain to whom Shakespeare addressed these love poems, nor does it greatly matter. Which lines strike best on your ear and are easiest to remember?

## IVRY (page 95)

LORD MACAULAY (1800-59) wrote *Lays of Ancient Rome* (including the famous poem on Horatius), a portion of a *History of England*, and a large number of *Essays*. He makes history as interesting as a story book, and his historical and biographical essays form the best possible beginning for a serious reading of history, apart from text-books.

1. Study the structure of this poem in the usual manner. What is the general effect of the very long line?
2. The detailed history contained in this poem is not so important as the spirit of it and the way in which the poet has interpreted the supposed speaker's feelings and represented his outlook. With which English party of the time would he have most sympathy?
3. Which lines have the sound of battle in them?
4. Which words in this poem show that Henry was worthy to be king of the whole of France?
5. What is meant by "we of the religion"?
6. St. Geneviève was the patron saint of Paris.

### THE MEANING OF THE CONQUEST (page 98)

G. M. TREVELYAN, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, is the third son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay. Professor Trevelyan has written a History of England which ought to be in every home library as a reference book. You would also enjoy his *Life of Garibaldi*. If you prefer to get your history from novels, read only the best. (See page 316.)

1. This reading is a good example of the modern manner of writing history. The historian of to-day does not take a side as did Lord Macaulay, who was a Whig, and never allowed you to forget it. He is chiefly concerned to find out the truth by careful research, and then to tell it as simply as possible.
2. What clear general ideas have you gained from the reading of this article?
3. Suppose that England had remained part of the Scandinavian Empire, and there had never been a Norman Conquest: in what way would the character of our people have been affected? Recall or find out all you can about the Scandinavian character, manners and customs, language, religion, etc., before you answer.
4. What were the facts of geography which sundered England from Scandinavia? Would they operate so effectively now?
5. The Eddas and Sagas are the early mythical stories of Iceland and Scandinavia respectively. Some of them are retold in verse in the poems of William Morris.
6. You have already learnt something about the "forms" of Shakespeare's verse. In a later reading you will investigate the "forms" used by Milton. Here is the chief form of Early English verse, from the Anglo-Saxon poem *The Battle of Brunanburgh*, translated as closely as possible into modern English:

Here Athelstan, king of earls the lord,  
Of heroes the ring-giver, and his brother eke,  
Edmund Atheling, life-long glory  
In battle won with edges of swords  
Near Brumby.

7. What racial elements were blended to make the English nation? Are all these elements present in the Scots?

8. Describe any traces of the Norman occupation to be found near your own home.

### THE LETTER (page 105)

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-96) wrote a collection of story poems somewhat similar to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, drawn from classical and mediæval sources and entitled *The Earthly Paradise*. Among these story poems is *The Man born to be King*, from which this extract is taken.

1. Study the structure of the verse in this extract.
2. Is the language of this poem simple or difficult? Does the poet do anything to break the even flow of the four-foot line? Are many of the lines end-stopped?
3. Give an estimate of the character of the warder of the castle.
4. Try to put the extract from Carlyle at the foot of page 106 into verse, using the same line and rhymes as in this extract.
5. Compare the details of the picture with those of the poet's descriptions of the garden and the people in it. Be as critical as you please. Does the princess look young enough? Is the posture of Michael convincing?
6. Estimate the character of the princess and of her attendant.
7. What noun is understood after "such" in line 24 on page 110?
8. What change comes over the princess when she learns of Michael's danger (page 112)?
9. Make a list of unusual words, e.g. "maund," and guess at the meaning of those not to be found in your dictionary.
10. Put Michael's philosophy (pages 116-117) into your own words.
11. Apply some of the story tests to this narrative. (See page 295.)
12. What is your thought about the ending of this story?

### THE TYRANNY OF BIRDS (page 119)

This paper is a sample of the interesting nature articles which are continually appearing in all the better kind of newspapers—that is, in those which do not "star" the murders.

1. Look up the words "irony" and "banter" in the dictionary. Have they any connection with this story?
2. Show that the writer was a very close observer of nature.
3. Why did he not clear away the birds' nests?
4. Certain bird books are named on page 298. Others are *The Romance of Bird Life*, by J. Lea; *The Birds and their Story*, by R. B. Lodge; *Birdland's Little People*, by Oliver G. Pike; and *The Quest of the White Merle*, by L. Gask.

MR. CROWFOOT (page 122)

E. F. BENSON, a well-known novelist, has given us in *David of Kings* the best college story in our literature, not even excepting *Tom Brown at Oxford*, the successor to *Tom Brown's School Days*, by Thomas Hughes.

1. What was Mr. Crowfoot's occupation? What is he called in a later part of the reading?
2. Note the finished picture of Mr. Crowfoot lecturing in the first paragraph. What details would an artist need to fill in the picture?
3. Did he lecture on science or literature? How do you know?
4. Was he a helpful lecturer? Why do you think so?
5. Why would the second paragraph make a good film picture?
6. Do you think that Mr. Crowfoot was described from real experience or from imagination? Is the description sarcastic or affectionate?
7. Why do most people love those who have little peculiarities in their characters? (Have you read Charles Lamb's essay entitled *All Fool's Day*?)
8. If a caricaturist drew Mr. Crowfoot as a bird, what bird would he choose? (There is a good hint in the first paragraph.)
9. Where are you told that Mr. Crowfoot lectured at Cambridge?
10. What do you think about Mr. Crowfoot's "key to poetry"?
11. Test the effect of David's method of part-singing.
12. Which do you think the funniest part of this reading?
13. What would have prevented the voices becoming flatter and flatter?
14. What is your impression of the character of David Blaize as gathered from this reading?

THE LEMNIAN (page 131)

JOHN BUCHAN (born in 1875) is one of our best-known writers of adventure stories. If you have read one of the following, you will want to read the others: *Prestor John*, *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *Mr. Standfast*, *Greenmantle*, *The Path of the King*, *A Book of Escapes*, *Huntingtower*, *Midwinter*, *The Three Hostages*, and *John Macnab*.

1. What historical and racial information have you gleaned from this story? Show that race finally asserted itself in Atta.
2. What evidences of a very early stage of civilization do you gather from the first paragraph?
3. Apply the usual story tests to this narrative. (See page 295.)
4. Try to describe shortly John Buchan's style of writing.
5. Which modern poet sailed with another navy to the seas which Atta frequented?

6. Copy the map on page 133, and show Atta's movements by means of a dotted line.

7. Would this story make a good film? Give your reasons.

8. "They do not share our vows." The leader of the Spartans was Leonidas, who had been sent by the Spartans with only three hundred men to oppose the Persian army. Leonidas held the post long after his allies had fled, while the Persians had to be scourged by their officers to attack the Three Hundred. In later days this epitaph was set up at Thermopylae: "Stranger, tell the Spartans that we lie here in obedience to their laws."

9. Select from the top portion of page 146 the central idea of this story.

10. Choose a fine word-picture from page 147.

11. Does the author sympathize with Atta's people, or the Greeks, or the Persians?

### ATTA'S SONG (page 150)

1. Study the poetic structure of these lines. Write out the first stanza in prose form. Is it really prose?

2. What details of the story of the fight in the Pass can be gathered from this song?

3. What were Atta's ideas of a life beyond so-called death?

### JOHN MILTON (page 159)

JOHN MILTON (1608-74) writes, as a rule, for those who have had a classical education—that is, those who are familiar with Greek and Latin literature. Consequently it is not easy to read his poetry, but the effort is well worth while. His greatest work is *Paradise Lost*, but many of his shorter poems, including his sonnets, are as well known as the Bible, which was his inspiration and solace throughout his life. He served for a period as Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell, Latin being used at that time for corresponding with foreign Powers.

1. Investigate the meaning of the musical terms *allegro* and *allegretto*.

2. Do you find anything forced in Milton's cheerfulness? What kind of pleasures does he commend?

3. Investigate the poetic structure of *L'Allegro*.

4. Which expressions of *L'Allegro* have become proverbial?

5. Look for end-stopped lines in this poem.

6. Where does Milton mention his greatest predecessor? On page 225 you will find a mention of Milton by Wordsworth.

7. Who is the "greater Man" mentioned in line 4, page 163?

8. The first book of Genesis was said to have been composed by Moses. How does Milton refer to this belief?

9. Milton's classical education makes him speak of the temple of



Jehovah on Mount Sion (Jerusalem) as an oracle. (See the reference to Delphi on page 136.)

10. Is the sixteenth line on page 163 a boast or a statement of fact?

11. Compare the versification of the three passages from *Paradise Lost* with that of the extracts from Shakespeare's plays (pages 83 to 90.)

12. Collect old-fashioned or "archaic" words from the Milton extracts, and suggest, from the context, the meaning of each.

13. What is "the wakeful bird" that "sings darkling"?

14. What is the great contrast in the lines invoking celestial Light?

15. Make a careful study of the adjectives or epithets in the description of Eden.

16. According to the Talmud, or Jewish Bible, Satan (Lucifer) was once an archangel, but was cast out of heaven with one-third of the celestial host for rebelling against Jehovah. He is really the chief character—or, if you prefer it, the hero—of *Paradise Lost*. In classical story Prometheus defied Zeus, the ruler of heaven, and was chained to a rock as a punishment.

17. Which part of the description in "Satan's Defiance" is rather out of place, if not a little comic?

18. Three sonnets of Milton are printed on pages 169-170. Compare their structure with those of Shakespeare, noting both similarities and differences. The first and second of the Miltonic sonnets are printed to show the *octet* and the *sestet* respectively.

19. Make an estimate of Milton's personal character as indicated both directly and indirectly in these sonnets.

20. Which lines of these sonnets are most easily remembered?

### THE SPANIARDS ON THE SEA (page 171)

PROFESSOR G. C. COULTON is one of our most interesting and competent historians, who has written much on the life of the people of the Middle Ages. Here he gives a story from Sir John Froissart's Latin *Chronicles*, beautifully translated into simple, dignified English. Other stories from the same *Chronicle* can be read in *The Boy's Froissart*, by Sir Henry Newbolt.

1. Is the story modestly or boastfully told? Is any credit given to the Spaniards?

2. Of what great Book or books does the style of this translation remind you? Choose one or two "quaint" pieces, and translate them into the English of to-day. Have you improved them?

3. Why did the King of England (Edward III.) "hate the Spaniards sore"?

4. Of course the early draughtsman could not draw very well, but compare the picture on page 173 with the description on page 172. Why does he introduce three black hulls? Why are the sails furled?

5. What is the most striking difference between this sea fight and one of to-day?

6. How did the king prepare for action ?
7. "I may not *tell* them." See first footnote on page 160.
8. Find a word in line 24 of page 174 which exactly describes a sea fight of this period.
9. Find near the top of page 175 a portion of the description which expresses sense by sound.
10. Read the incident of the rescue of the prince again and again. It is in all respects an almost perfect piece of English prose.
11. What is the meaning of the first sentence of the third paragraph on page 177 ? Which English leader outshone the rest ?

#### MARY AMBREE (page 178)

1. This is an old ballad, date unknown, dealing with fighting in Flanders. Study the structure of the verses. What is the refrain ?
2. A phrase in the first line is used as the title of a book by Rudyard Kipling. Can you guess which it is ?
3. What hint of the period of this fighting is given in the eleventh stanza ?
4. There are many books of ballads or story poems in our libraries, and one of the best is *The Ballad Book*, by W. Allingham.

#### FOR THE TRAINING OF BIROO (page 184)

DR. C. W. DOYLE is the author of a book of short stories about India, entitled *The Tuning of the Jungle*, from which this tale is taken. His knowledge of the country and people was drawn from personal experience.

1. Apply the usual story tests. Note the method of beginning the story and especially the deft way in which the characters are introduced.
2. Is this a story of the present day ? How do you know ?
3. Give an estimate of Ram Deen's character.
4. Do you think that there is enough action in this story to make a good film ?
5. Had Tara heard good or evil of Ram Deen and "his doings" ?
6. Why is a deaf man's voice flat and toneless ?
7. Which do you consider the prettiest incidents of this story ?
8. Is the humour of this story of the kind which makes you laugh loudly or smile ?
9. Did Tara speak the truth in her reply to Ram Deen's last question ? (Answer to yourself only.)
10. Is there any connection of ideas between the story and the verses which follow ?
11. Note that the Veda is the ancient Hindu Bible, written in Old Sanskrit.

12. Compare this Vedic hymn with the description of morning at sea on page 39, and with the verses on pages 130, 159, and 163.

### RICHARD CHANCELLOR'S VISIT TO RUSSIA (page 191)

This story is taken from *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, a big collection of tales of travel, edited by Richard Hakluyt, and published in 1589, which accounts for its quaint English style. The complete work is difficult to get, but you might read *Stories from Hakluyt* in the "King's Treasures Series."

1. Is the writing in this travel story ever obscure? If so, where? Comment on the style of the writing, comparing it with that of other early books known to you.

2. What is the name of the "castle" near Moscow?

3. What interests you most in the description of the manners and customs of the Russians?

4. Show from sentences on pages 193-194 that the whole of the story is not in Chancellor's own words.

5. Was there much ease and comfort at the banquet?

6. If you like travel books, read *Travels of Marco Polo*; *Life of Columbus*, by Sir A. Helps; *Anson's Voyages*; *Cook's Voyages*; *The Voyage of the Beagle*, by Charles Darwin; *Gatherings from Spain*, by Richard Ford; *The Bible in Spain*, by George Borrow; *The Naturalist on the Amazons*, by H. W. Bates; *Travels in South Africa*, by David Livingstone; *Journey to the Polar Sea*, by Sir J. Franklin; *First Footsteps in East Africa*, by Richard Burton; *Letters from High Latitudes*, by Lord Dufferin; *Eöthen*, by A. W. Kinglake; *Discovery of the Sources of the Nile*, by J. H. Speke; *Farthest North*, by Dr. Nansen; *The North Pole*, by R. F. Peary; *South*, by Sir E. Shackleton; *The Last Secrets*, by John Buchan.

### "AND DID THOSE FEET" (page 196)

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827) was poet, artist, engraver, and mystic. His best-known books of verses are *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, the former including "The Lamb," "The Tiger," and other well-known pieces, many of which have been set to music.

1. Study the structure of these verses.

2. Blake lived during the Industrial Revolution. How does he refer to the new factories? Are any of them still remaining? Do you know of a modern factory or mill or works which is not "dark Satanic"?

3. Why is this song so well known and so often sung to-day?

4. In what sense could Blake be considered a seer or prophet?

**"THERE WERE SHEPHERDS" (page 200)**

1. Study the structure of these lines. Are they prose or verse? Pay special attention to the rhymes.
2. Which line on page 200 shows the wonderful brilliance of the Star?
3. Note how the shepherds try to pronounce the Latin of the hymn sung by the Angel. Why is it sung in Latin?
4. Is the rough, uneducated, simple character of the shepherds well maintained? Which shepherd was most intelligent?
5. "Let us to be hent" on page 203 means "prevent us from being carried away."
6. Which songs, familiar to these men, are mentioned?
7. How do the shepherds (page 203) anticipate the crisis of the story? (The old play-writer, probably a monk, was not well practised.)
8. What is the effect upon each shepherd of the sight of the Babe? Comment upon their gifts.
9. Which line on page 206 gives very simply the sense of the New Testament words, "The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God"?
10. Deduce from the end of this scene the mediæval ideas of how a good Christian life should be spent.
11. Why should such a play be called a "morality"?

**THE STORY OF YUNG CHANG (page 208)**

ERNEST BRAMAH is one of our most amusing writers of short stories. The following is taken from *The Wallet of Kai Lung*.

1. Investigate the meaning of the words *circumlocution* and *grandiloquence*. Note that these are two things which, as a rule, a good writer of English prose carefully avoids.
2. What is the opposite of circumlocution?—of grandiloquence? Why does an Englishman dislike both?
3. Recall Mr. Micawber of *David Copperfield*, the novel by Charles Dickens. Why do we laugh at him?
4. Investigate the meaning of the words *depreciation* and *flattery*. What do we think of a man who is always depreciating himself and flattering you?
5. China has been called "the flowery land." This may be taken literally or figuratively. Is there any figurative explanation of the expression in this story?
6. How does the story-writer describe the surroundings or "back scene" in the second paragraph?
7. Why did the people object to Ti Hung's "travellers"? What method of trading did they prefer?
8. Why are Chinese names so difficult to remember?

9. Are there any signs of ancestor worship among ourselves?
10. Which paragraph shows that the story-teller was a poet?
11. A great deal of the effect of the remarks in this story is obtained by *contrast*. Note, for example, the expression "paper tiger," and watch for others as you read.
12. This story is full of indirect description of Chinese manners, customs, philosophy, and religion. Name some outstanding examples.
13. What is meant by saying that this story has "an economic basis"?
14. Do you think that Ning had passed any examinations, literary or commercial?
15. What is Li Ting's circumlocutory flower expression for killing his enemy?
16. Make a collection of proverbs or proverbial sayings (aphorisms) drawn from this story.
17. Give another title to this story which will sum up the central idea.
18. What is there which is very modern about the style of Ti Hung's announcement?
19. Apply the usual story tests. Be very critical, and point out any weaknesses of construction which appear to you to be obvious.
20. Other writers of amusing short stories are W. W. Jacobs (sea and river yarns), Morley Roberts (adventure stories), W. Pett Ridge (Cockney tales), and A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), (sea and land stories, especially of Cornwall).

### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (page 220)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) is best remembered by his shorter poems, most of which deal with the simple incidents and ordinary emotions of a quiet life, and especially of a life spent in close touch with nature. He spent the greater part of his life in the English Lake District.

1. Study the poetical structure of the story poem *Fidelity*. Show how the presence of two unrhymed lines makes the stanza uncommon and avoids monotony.
2. What relationship of construction and idea is there between this poem and a fable?
3. What effect upon the telling of this story is obtained by the use in the first two stanzas of the present tense?
4. Which do you consider the most pictorial of the stanzas of *Fidelity*?
5. Can you guess who "the Boy" was? (Page 222.)
6. Find lines in *There was a Boy* which express the sense by the sound.
7. What is the structure of this poem? How many end-stopped lines are there?

8. Study the structure of *Influence*. Do you prefer to read these lines with speech-rhythm or in the *tum-ti-tum* manner?

9. What sharp contrast is drawn in the first lines of *Influence*? Do you know of any "mean and vulgar works of Man"?

The first lines of this passage form an address to the Spirit and Soul of Nature. Read them carefully, but do not try to analyse their meaning too closely.

10. What prevented the poet from ever being lonely?

11. Select from this passage a clear word-picture in the fewest possible words.

12. What effect is produced by the accented syllables in the following?—

"Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six—"

13. What can be heard in the following words?—

"All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate."

14. Which lines of *Influence* are most full of colour?

15. The lines in the lower part of page 224 (except the last) *must* be read quickly, almost breathlessly. Why?

16. Three sonnets are here printed (pages 225-226). Study their structure. Are they like the sonnets of Shakespeare or of Milton in form and rhyming?

17. What is the mental effect of the sixth line of *Westminster Bridge*?

18. Could Wordsworth see beauty in the country only? What would he have thought of London to-day?

19. The sonnet, *London, 1802*, shows how one great poet could appreciate another, and in the next sonnet we have Wordsworth's homage to both his great predecessors. What was happening in England in 1802?

20. Which line of *London* appears sweetest to your ear?

21. Which words of the last sonnet are most often quoted?

22. The lines *My Heart leaps up* might be said to contain Wordsworth's creed or belief. What do I mean?

23. The lines *She was a Phantom* are said to have been written about the poet's wife. (I wonder whether she liked to be called a machine!)

24. Study the structure. Which line of the first stanza is obscure? Are the lines regular? Would they be better if they were?

25. Note how the end of the poem turns back to the beginning. What is the effect of this device?

26. Which lines of *She was a Phantom* do you like best?

27. Wordsworth toured in Scotland with his sister Dorothy, and *The Solitary Reaper* is one of the results of his travels. Study its

structure, and note how many poetry patterns Wordsworth has at his command.

28. Is *The Solitary Reaper* a story in verse? If not, what is it? Which lines are often quoted? What would Wordsworth think about war?

29. An ode is a poem of a stately kind dealing with some important subject in a dignified and sometimes solemn manner.

30. The poet speaks to Duty as a person. Who is this person? Does he keep up the personification to the end of the poem?

31. What is meant by saying that the stanza of the *Ode to Duty* is made up of seven tetrameters and a single hexameter? (Here is yet another poetical pattern!) Is the *Ode* to be read slowly or quickly, and why?

32. What is the first word of the *Ode*. Is it accented? Why does the poet begin with this word? What is the mental effect of the long line at the end of each stanza?

33. What is meant by the line, "Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong"?

34. Study the verse patterns in *Lucy*. Do you feel that these poems should be read with speech-rhythm or with regular beat?

35. What is the poet's idea of a "lady"?

36. Two of the most perfect similes in English poetry are to be found in the *Lucy* poem. Can you discover them?

### ELDORADO (page 233)

BERNARD GILBERT (died 1927) devoted his life to describing the real English country-side. Instead of choosing an actual district, he invented "Bly District," which he said was "a section of three or four hundred square miles, offered as an example of rural England uncontaminated by English civilization. . . . Reference to the map shows it running up from the sea through successive belts of marsh, fen, sand, heath, moor, and limestone, embracing most kinds of soil and methods of cultivation, and nearly all classes of countrymen."

1. Where, if anywhere, was the real Eldorado? Why was the name suited to a particular potato?

2. Why does the author give an extract from the County Directory?

3. The long introductory stage direction is one of the features of the modern play. How does it differ from a descriptive introduction to an ordinary story?

4. Translate into English, "Said as they never expected nothing else."

5. "Did you tell 'em what I said?" Where do we first learn definitely who "'em" were?

6. What is the chief characteristic of James's character?

7. Why would it be easy to "dress" this play?

8. What effect has her father's meanness and ill-temper had upon Betsy?

9. Which phrase lights up the description of Emma Burrows in the middle of page 241?

10. Write down in twenty words an estimate of the character of Mrs. Burrows.

11. What was James Watson's method of doing business? Did his son follow in his steps?

12. Regard this play as a story, and apply the story tests.

13. Which do you consider the most exciting part of this play?

14. Show the significance in the working out of the plot of Betsy's request at the beginning for potatoes for dinner.

15. Why did Henry look horrified when he caught the falling potato (page 249)?

16. Did either side get the better of the other? If not, what settled the matter? Is there any moral to the story?

17. How would the course of events have been altered if Watson had at once done what Betsy asked him to do in the beginning?

*A Short Library List of Modern Plays:*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*; *Major Barbara*; *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*; *The Devil's Disciple*; *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. (The last three are in "Plays for Puritans.")

JOHN GALSWORTHY: *Strife*; *Loyalties*.

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE: *The Admirable Crichton*; *The Twelve-Pound Look*; *The Will*; *The Old Lady shows her Medals*.

JOHN MASEFIELD: *The Tragedy of Nan*.

JOHN DRINKWATER: *Abraham Lincoln*; *Oliver Cromwell*; *X=O, A Night of the Trojan War*.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY: *Midsummer Eve*.

J. M. SYNGE: *The Playboy of the Western World*; *Deirdre of the Sorrows*.

W. B. YEATS: *Cathleen ni Houlihan*; *The Land of Heart's Desire*; *The Countess Cathleen*.

LADY GREGORY: *Seven Short Plays*.

LORD DUNSANY: *The Gods of the Mountain*; *The Golden Doom*; *A Night at an Inn*; *The Laughter of the Gods*.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN: *Little Plays of St. Francis*.

**ROBERT BURNS** (pages 262 and 272)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-96) is Scotland's greatest poet. He wrote of the simple thoughts and feelings of ordinary people and put some of these emotions into exquisite homely Scottish words.

1. Study the structure of the stanza which Burns borrowed from Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.



2. "I ween" at the end of the first stanza is a "fill up." Can you find any others?
3. Which line in the first stanza strikes the keynote of all the poet's work?
4. Study the language of the poem, which is a rather curious mixture of English and Ayrshire. This blend gives the poet a wider choice of rhymes, as when he links the Ayrshire *speirs* (asks) with the English *hears*. Find other examples of this assorted rhyming.
5. Collect a few very expressive words like "stacher."
6. What was the poet's opinion on sacred music (page 265)?
7. Who was "the royal Bard"? Which is the Christian volume in the Bible?
8. "He who lone in Patmos." Who was this? (N.B.—Patmos is a small mountainous island in the Ægean Sea.)
9. Which do you consider the finest stanzas of this noble poem, and which the finest lines?
10. Had Burns learnt the lesson that "it takes all kinds to make a world"?
11. Study the structure of *My Heart's in the Highlands*. This is a lyric or song-poem. Why would it go well when set to music?
12. The poem *For a' that* is Burns's definite assertion of independence and the worth of manhood. Which part of it may be taken as a prophecy of the world peace for which we hope and work?
13. Study the structure of this poem. What is the effect of the refrain, and especially of the hard consonantal "t" in it?
14. The poem on page 272 is one of the many beautiful love songs of this poet. Note the climax or crescendo, and the sweetness of the vowels which help to make the poem sing of itself.

### HOW TO USE A REFERENCE LIBRARY (page 273)

This paper is for those who wish to use that part of the public library set apart for the assistance of students. Many modern libraries consider the reference section the most important part of their organization. There is also the lending library, from which those readers must borrow the books which as yet they cannot afford to buy.

The ideal, however, of every reader ought to be to possess a library of his own, for no one can learn to love borrowed books. Now there are so many books that it is difficult to know what to buy. It is a good plan, however, to use the public or other lending library to help you in forming a home library; for the book which is worth spending your money upon is the book which is worth reading again and again—or, to put it to another test, it is the book which you feel you want other people to learn to love as much as you do yourself. It is the "book for all time" of which you are to read in the next extract.

## KINGS AND STATESMEN (page 288)

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) is one of the authors who ought to find a place in your home library, and the first of his books to be bought for constant reference is *Sesame and Lilies*, from which this extract is taken.

1. Do you plead guilty to the charge at the end of the first paragraph?
2. In which part of this paragraph does the writer show his personal feelings?
3. Show that Ruskin is good at argument.
4. Name a few "books of all time" which have appealed to you.
5. Are all novels and books of travel mere "books of the hour"?

## LIBRARY LISTS

## BRITISH HISTORICAL FICTION

ROMAN BRITAIN.—"A Centurion of the Thirtieth," "On the Great Wall," "The Winged Hats," in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, by Rudyard Kipling.

SAXON CONQUEST.—*The Banner of the White Horse*, by C. M. Case.

SAXON v. DANE (Alfred the Great).—*The Dragon and the Raven*, by G. A. Henty.

ANGLO-SAXON KING AND DANISH KING (Edmund Ironside and Canute).—*Alfgar the Dane*, by A. D. Craike.

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STEPHEN TO HENRY II.—*The Fool*, by H. C. Bailey.

HENRY II.—*The Betrothed*, by Sir Walter Scott. *Beauregard*, by Dorothy Brandon.

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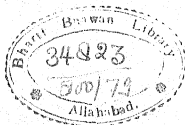
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